[illegible] 1818

THE

WORKS

OF

PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

WITH

A COPIOUS INDEX.

To which is prefixed

SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE.

803

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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1809.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.
803

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WORKS

OF

PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

VOL. II.

Printed by S. Hamilton, Weybridge.

SUBJECTS
FOR
PAINTERS.

Qui veut peindre pour l'immortalité
Doit peindre des sôts.

FONTENELLE.

TO THE READER.

THE rage for historical pictures in this kingdom, so nobly rewarded by Messrs. Boydell and Macklin, hath, with the great encouragement of two or three of the principal Muses, tempted me to offer subjects to the labourers in the graphic vineyard. When Shakespeare and Milton are exhausted, I may presume that the following Odes, Tales, and Hints, in preference to the labours of any other of our British Bards, may be adopted by the brush of genius.—Had I not thus stepped forward as the champion of my own merit, which is deemed so necessary now-a-days for the obtention of public notice, not only by authors, but by têtemakers, perfumers, elastic truss, and parliament speechmakers, &c. who, in the daily newspapers, are the heralds of their own splendid abilities, I might possibly be passed by without observation, and thus a great part of poetical immortality be sacrificed to a pitiful *mauvaise honte*.

THE TANJORE MAHA... SARASWATI MAHAL.

SUBJECTS FOR PAINTERS.

Scene—the Royal Academy.

PEACE and good will to this fair meeting !—
I come not with hostility, but greeting—
Not eagle-like to scream, but dove-like coo it—
I come not with the sword of vengeance, rhime,
To slash, and act as journeyman to Time—
The God himself is just arrived to do it.

To make each feeble figure a poor corse,
I come not with the shafts of satire sporting!
Then view me not like Stubbs's staring horse,
With terror on th' approaching lion snorting:
I come to bid the hatchet's labour cease,
And smoke with friends the calumet of peace.

Knight of the polar star, or bear, don't start,
And like some long-ear'd creatures, bray 'what art?'
Sir William, shut your ell-wide mouth of terror—
I come not here, believe me, to complain
Of such as dar'd employ thy building brain,
And criticise an œconomic error*.

* A large portion of the Royal Academy, raised at an extraordinary expense, fell to the ground lately; but as the knight is a favourite at court, no harm is done. The nation is able to rear it again, which will be a benefit ticket in Sir William's way.

I come not here to call thee knave or fool,
And bid thee seek again Palladio's school;
Or copy heav'n, who form'd thy head so thick,
To give stability to stone and brick;
No—'twould be cruel now to make a rout—
The very stones already have cry'd out.

I come not here, indeed, new cracks to spy,
And call thee for the workmanship hard names;
To point which wing shall next forsake the sky,
And tumble in the Strand, or in the Thames.

Nor come I here to cover thee with shame,
For putting clever Academic men*,
Like calves or pigs, into a pen,
To see the king of England and his dame,

'Midst carts and coaches, golden horse and foot;
'Midst peopled windows, chimneys and old walls;
'Midst marrowbones and cleavers, fife and flute,
Passing in pious pilgrimage to Paul's;

Where, as the show of gingerbread went by,
The rain, as if in mockery from the sky,
Dribbled on ev'ry academic nob,
And wash'd each pigtail smart, and powder'd bob:

Wash'd many a visage, black, and brown, and fair,
Giving to each so picturesque an air;
Resembling that of drooping, rain-soak'd fowls,
Or, what's a better picture, parboil'd owls;
Whilst thou, great Jove upon Olympus aping,
Didst sit majestic, from a window gaping.

* Sir William actually gave orders for the non-admission of the Royal Academicians into the academy, to see the royal procession to St. Paul's, as he had some women and children of his acquaintance who wished to see the show. Half a dozen boards were consequently ordered to be put together on the outside of the building for their reception.

O, West! that fix'd and jealous eye forbear,
Which scowling marks the bard with doubt and fear;
Thy forms are sacred from my wrath divine;
'Twere cruel to attack such crippled creatures,
So very, very feeble in their natures,
Already gasping in a deep decline!

I seek them not with scalping thoughts, indeed,
Too great my soul to bid the figures bleed:
No—peace and happiness attend 'em;
Where'er they go, poor imps, God mend 'em.

I come not to impart to thee the crime
Of over dealing in the true sublime;
I scorn with malice thus thy fame to wound;
Nor cruel to declare, and hurt thy trade,
That too divine effects of light and shade
Were ever 'midst thy labours to be found.

Nor swear to blast an atom of thy merit,
That elegance, expression, spirit,
Too strongly from the canvass blaze;
And damn thee thus with Raphael's praise:
Besides, against the stream I scorn to rush;
The world ne'er said, nor thought it of thy brush.

Were I to write thy epitaph, I'd say,
'Here lies below a painter's clay,
Who work'd away most furiously for kings,
And prov'd that fire of inclination,
For pleasing the great ruler of a nation,
And fire of genius, are two different things.'

Nor come I here t' inform some men so wise,
Who shine not yet upon the R. A. list,
That limbs in spasms and crack'd, and goggling eyes,
With grandeur cannot well exist.

Nay, let it be recorded in my rhime,
Convulsions cannot give the true sublime.

St. Vitus might be virtuous to romance—
  Peace to the *manes* of that capering saint;
  Yet let me tell the sons of paint,
Sublimity adorneth not his dance.

Wide saucer eyes, and dire distortion,
Will only make a good abortion.

No, landscape painters, let your gold streams sleep—
  Sleep, golden skies and bulls, and golden cows,
And golden groves and vales, and golden sheep,
  And golden goats, the golden grass that brouse,

Which with such golden lustre flame,
As beat the very golden frame.
Peace to the scenes of Birmingham's bright school!
Peace to the brighter scenes of Pontypool!

Aw'd I approach, ye sov'reigns of the brush,
With modesty's companion sweet, a blush,
  And hesitation nat'ral to her tongue:
And eye so diffident, with beam so mild,
Like Eve's when Adam on her beauties smil'd,
  And led her blushing, nothing loath, along,
To give the lady a green gown so sweet,
On beds of roses, love's delicious seat.

Yes, sober, trembling, Quaker-like, I come
      To this great dome
  To offer subjects to the sons of paint;
Accept the pleasant tales and hints I bring,
Of knight and lord, and commoner and king,
  Sweeter than hist'ry of embowell'd saint:
Or martyr beat like Shrovetide cocks with bats,
And fir'd like turpentin'd poor roasting rats.

    Inimical as dogs to pigs,
    Or wind and rain to powder'd wigs,
Or mud from kennels to a milk-white stocking;
  Hostile to Peter's phiz as if a pest,
  Why springs the man of hist'ry, Master West,
And cries, 'Off, off! your tales and hints are shocking;

Inventions—fabrications—lies—damn'd lies ;
Kings, and the world besides, thy spite despise !

'Sir, you're a liar, ev'ry body knows it ;
Sir, every stupid stanza shows it ;
  Sir, you know nothing of a king and queen ;
In spheres too high their orbs superior roll
By thy poor little grov'lling, mole-ey'd soul,
  Thou outcast of Parnassus ! to be seen.

'Sir, they do honour to their god-like station,
The two first luminaries of the nation,
  So meek, good, gen'rous, virtuous, humble, wise ;
Whilst thou a savage, a great fool so fat,
Curs'd with a consience blacker than my hat,
  Art rival to that fiend the prince of lies.

'Go, pour thy venom on my Lear*—
A whisper, Hopkins, Sternhold, in thy ear :
  King Lear, to mortify thee, goes
Where majesty delights with West to prate,
Much more than ministers of state,
  Where thou shalt never show thy nose !

'Where pages fancy it a heinous crime,
Thou foul-mouth'd fellow, to repeat thy rhime ;
  Where ev'ry cook, it is my firm belief,
Would nobly make it a religious point,
Rather than put thy trash upon a joint,
  To let the fire consuming burn the beef.

'There's not a shopkeeper in Windsor town [drown,
That would not hang thee, shoot thee, stab thee,
  That doth not damn thy stuff, thy odes and tales ;
That doth not think thy odes would give disease
To ev'ry thing they wrapp'd—to bread, to cheese,
  Nay, give contagion to a bag of nails.

    'The very Windsor dogs and cats,
    The very Windsor owls and bats,

* A pretty iron-staring sketch now in the exhibition.

Would howl and squall, and hoot and shriek to meet,
Like thee a raggamuffin in the street.

'The servant maids of Windsor from each shop,
Some pointing brooms, and some a scornful mop,
Their loyal sentiments would disembogue,
And taunting cry, "there goes a lying rogue."

'Behold rank impudence thy rhimes inspire;
 Consummate insolence thy verse provoke!
Fool! to believe thy muse a muse of fire,—
 A chimney-sweeper's drab, a muse of smoke.

'The very bellman's rhimes possess more merit;
Nay, Nichols' magazine exceeds in spirit:
A printer's devil with conceit so drunk,
Who publishes for gentleman and trunk;

'Who sets up author on old Bowyer's scraps;
Bowyer, whose pen recorded all the raps
That hungry authors gave to Bowyer's door,
To swell the curious literary store:

'Who on a purblind antiquarian's back,
A founder'd, broken-winded hack,
 Rides out to find old farthings, nails, and bones—
On darkest coins the brightest legend reads,
On traceless copper sees imperial heads,
 And makes inscriptions older than the stones.

'Too bids, to give his customers surprise,
A Druid altar from a pigstie rise.
Yes, Nichols, aping wisdom through his glasses,
Thee, thee Apollo's scavenger, surpasses.

'Soon shall we see the Fleet thy carcase wring,
 Mean thro' the prison grate for farthings angling,
Suspending feet of stockings by a string,
 Or glove or nightcap for our bounty dangling:

'Whilst issuing from thy mouth begrim'd with beard
 (Thy pale nose poking through thy prison hole),
The hollow voice of mis'ry will be heard,
 "Kind ge'mman, pity a poor hungry soul;

Have pity on a pris'ner's case so shocking—
Good lady, put a farthing in the stocking!"

'What impudence, thus bold a face to push,
Arm'd with a winking light of paltry rush,
As if with truth's bright torch, into our room!
To dart on ignorance the fancied rays—
To bid of barbarism the empire blaze,
And kind illumine error's midnight gloom.

'Get out, and pertly don't come troubling *me*;
A dog is better company than *thee*.'

I thank ye—much oblig'd t'ye, Master West,
For thoughts so kind, and prettily exprest;
Yet won't I be refus'd, I won't, indeed;
You must, you shall have tale, and ode, and hint;
This memory of mine contains a mint;
And thus, in bold defiance, I proceed.

Yet mind me,—as to our bright king and queen,
Their names are sacred from the poet's spleen—
Peace to their reign! they feel no more my jokes,
Whether to Hanover they wisely roam,
Or full as wisely count their cash at home,
My satire shall not hurt the gentlefolks.

Pleas'd in a hut to broil my mutton bone,
I sigh not for the ven'son of a throne:
Nay, slavery doth not with my pride agree;
A toadeater's an imp I don't admire;
Nor royal small-talk doth my soul desire—
I've *seen* my sovereigns—that's enough for *me*.

A thousand themes for canvass I could name,
To give the artist beef and fame:

Lo! Hodsell in his country seat so fine,
Where, 'midst his tulips, grin stone apes with parrots,
Where Neptune foams along a bed of carrots,
Instead of cleaving through his native brine.

Where Phœbus strikes to cabbages his strings,
Where love o'er garlic waves his purple wings,
Where Mars to vanquish beets heroic leans;
And, arm'd with lightnings, with terrific eyes,
The great and mighty Ruler of the skies,
Sublimely thunders through a bed of beans;

Close by whose side the haymakers are mating,
And Dutchmen to their knees in onions skaiting.

A mighty warrior in the House of Lords,
Swallowing, alas! a bitter, bitter pill;
Eating, poor man, his own sad words,
Exceedingly against his noble will;

Whilst Rawdon by his side, with martial face,
Commandeth him to swallow with a grace;
Would make an interesting scene, indeed,
And show the courage of King Charles's breed!

How like a doctor, forcing down the throat
Of some poor puling child a dose of salts,
At which its little soul revolts,
With wriggling limbs, wry mouths, and piteous note;
Yet forc'd to take the formidable purge,
Or taste a bitt'rer dose, the threat'ned scourge!

Or Richmond*, watchful of the state's salvation,
Sprinkling his ravelins o'er the nation;

* The duke absolutely ordered cannon to be made of leather, from a snuff-box maker, which, at Wool-

Now buying leathern boxes up by tuns,
Improving thus the nature of great guns;
Guns blest with double natures, mild and rough,
To give a broadside, or a pinch of snuff.
Or Richmond† at the enormous reck'ning struck,
At Portsmouth battling hard about a duck.

A certain high and mighty duchess,
Hugging her husband in her cat-like clutches,
  Biting and tearing him with brandy zeal;
Whose flax in heaps is seen to fly around,
Whilst he, pale wight, emits a plaintive sound,
  Like animals that furnish man with veal;

Would make another pleasing scene,
Showing the mettle of an arrant queen;
Longing to shine a first-rate star at court,
For satire's pen a subject of rare sport;
Longing to purify a luckless blood,
Deep-stain'd, and smelling of its native mud.

The valiant Gloster at the army's head,
  Drawn as the glorious Macedonian youth;
In battle galloping o'er hills of dead,
  Would glow with such an air of truth!—

wich, on Saturday the second day of May 1789, were seriously tried, and, like many a nobleman, found too *soft*.

† At Portsmouth his grace, not long since, bespoke a dinner for a few friends; and because no impression had been made on a roasted duck, Charles Lenox, Duke of Richmond, Earl of March, Master General of the Ordnance, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Sussex, Duke of Lenox in Scotland, and Aubigny in France, Knight of the most noble order of the Garter, &c., thought it a grievous imposition, and consequently ordered the landlord of the inn to deduct the eighteen pence, the price of the duck, from the bill, which was done accordingly.

Not on a jackass mounted, but a steed
Of old Bucephalus's breed.

Salisb'ry examining the iron hands
Of Fame's and sweet St. Giles's blackguard bands,
That clap our kings to parliament and play—
Salisb'ry, too, gauging all their gaping throats,
Exciseman-like, to find the best for notes,
That money may'nt be thrown away:

Resolv'd from those same legions of vulgarity,
To get full pennyworths of popularity;
Resolv'd his master shall be fairly treated,
And not, as usual, by his servants cheated.

Suppose to give this humour-loving isle
A pretty opportunity to smile,
You paint the Solomon of yon fam'd place*,
Where fair philosophy, the heav'nly dame,
By barb'rous usage cover'd deep with shame,
No longer shows her exil'd face;
Where *cent. per cent.* in value rise,
Toads, tadpoles, grasshoppers, and flies.

Suppose you paint Sir Joseph all so blest,
With many a parasitical dear guest,
Swoll'n by their flatt'ries like a bladder big,
Throwing away of learning such a waste,
And proving his superior classic taste,
By swallowing the *sumen* of a pig.

* The Royal Society.

Pitt trying to unclench Britannia's fist,
  Imploring money for a king;
Telling most mournful tales of civil list,
  The lady's tender heart to wring.

Tales of expense in doctors' bills,
High price of blisters, bolusses, and pills,
Long journey to St. Paul's t'oblige the nation,
And give God thanks for restoration:
Britannia with arch look the while,
Partaking strongly of a smile,
Pointing to that huge dome*, the nation's wealth;
Where *people* sometimes place their cash by stealth,
And all so modest with their secret store,
Inform the world they're poor, ah, very poor.

Brudenell and Symonds† with each other vying,
Sweet youths! for little Norman's‡ favours sighing,
  A picturesque effect would form;
That hugging mother for the daughter's charms,
This with the yielding damsel in his arms,
  Taking the citadel by storm;
That running with the girl in triumph off,
This with the dog, the mother, and the muff.

A great law chief, whom God nor demon scares,
Compell'd to kneel and pray§, who swore his pray'rs,

* The Bank of England.

† Lord B. and Sir Richard S.s's contest for the charming prize is well known to the Opera House.

‡ A pretty black-eyed figurante at the Opera.

§ On the thanksgiving day at St. Paul's.

The dev'l behind him pleas'd and grinning,
Patting the angry lawyer on the shoulder,
Declaring nought was ever bolder,
Admiring such a novel mode of sinning:

Like this, a subject would be reckon'd rare,
Which proves what blood-game infidels can dare;
Which to my mem'ry brings a fact,
Which nothing but an English tar would act—

In ships of war on Sundays pray'rs are given;
For though so wicked, sailors think on Heav'n,
Particularly in a storm;
Where, if they find no brandy to get drunk,
Their souls are in a miserable funk,
Then vow they to th' Almighty to reform,
If in his goodness only once, once more,
He'll suffer them to clap a foot on shore.

In calms, indeed, or gentle airs,
They ne'er on week-days pester Heav'n with pray'rs;
For 'tis amongst the jacks a common saying,
'Where there's no danger, there's no need of praying.'

One Sunday morning all were met
To hear the parson preach and pray,
All but a boy, who, willing to forget
That pray'rs were handing out, had stol'n away;
And, thinking praying but a useless task,
Had crawl'd to take a nap, into a cask.

The boy was soon found missing, and full soon
The boatswain's cat sagacious smelt him out;
Gave him a clawing to some tune—
This cat's a cousin German to the knout*.

'Come out, you sculking dog,' the boatswain cry'd,
And save your damn'd young sinful soul:'
He then the moral-mending cat apply'd,
And turn'd him like a badger from his hole.

* A common punishment in Russia.

Sulky the boy march'd on, and did not mind him,
Although the boatswain flogging kept behind him:
'Flog,' cried the boy, 'flog—curse me, flog away—
I'll go—but mind—God d-mn me if I'll *pray*.'

THE

KING OF SPAIN AND THE HORSE.

IN sev'nteen hundred sev'nty-eight,
The rich, the proud, the potent king of Spain,
Whose ancestors sent forth their troops to smite
The peaceful natives of the western main,
With faggots and the blood-delighting sword,
To play the devil, to oblige the Lord!

For hunting, roasting heretics, and boiling,
Baking and barbecuing, frying, broiling,
Was thought Heav'n's cause amazingly to further;
For which most pious reason, hard to work
They went, with gun and dagger, knife and fork,
To charm the God of Mercy with their murther!

I say, this king in sev'nty-eight survey'd,
In tapestry so rich, portray'd
A horse with stirrups, crupper, bridle, saddle:
Within the stirrup, lo, the monarch try'd
To fix his foot the palfry to bestride;
In vain!—he could not o'er the palfry straddle!

Stiff as a Turk the beast of yarn remain'd,
And ev'ry effort of the king disdain'd,
Who, 'midst his labours, to the ground was tumbled,
And greatly mortified, as well as humbled.

Prodigious was the struggle of the day,
The horse attempted not to run away;
At which the poor-chaf'd monarch now 'gan grin,
And swore by ev'ry saint and holy martyr,
He would not yield the traitor quarter,
Until he got possession of his skin.

Not fiercer fam'd La Mancha's knight,
Hight Quixote, at a puppet-show,
Did with more value stoutly fight,
And terrify each little squeaking foe;
When bold he pierc'd the lines, immortal fray!
And broke their pasteboard bones, and stabb'd their hearts of hay.

Not with more energy and fury
The beauteous street-walker of Drury
Attacks a sister of the smuggling trade,
Whose winks, and nods, and sweet resistless smile,
Ah, me! her paramour beguile,
And to her bed of healthy straw persuade;
Where mice with music charm, and vermin crawl,
And snails with silver traces deck the wall.
And now a cane, and now a whip he us'd,
And now he kick'd, and sore the palfry bruis'd;
Yet, lo, the horse seem'd patient at each kick,
And bore with Christian spirit whip and stick;
And what excessively provok'd this prince,
The horse so stubborn scorn'd ev'n once to wince.

Now rush'd the monarch for a bow and arrow,
To shoot the rebel like a sparrow;
And, lo, with shafts well steel'd, with all his force,
Just like a pincushion, he stuck the horse!

Now with the fury of the chaf'd wild boar,
With nails and teeth the wounded horse he tore;
Now to the floor he brought the stubborn beast;
Now o'er the vanquish'd horse that dar'd rebel,
Most Indian-like the monarch gave a yell,
Pleas'd on the quadruped his eyes to feast;

Blest as Achilles when with fatal wound
He brought the mighty Hector to the ground.

Yet more to gratify his god-like ire,
He vengeful flung the palfry in the fire!
Showing his pages round, poor trembling things,
How dang'rous to resist the will of kings.

LORD B. AND THE EUNUCH.

A LORD, most musically mad,
Yet with a taste superlatively bad,
  Ask'd a squeal eunuch to his house one day—
A poor old *semivir*, whose throat
Had lost his love-resounding note,
  Which art had giv'n, and time had stol'n away.

'Signor Squalini,' with a solemn air,
The lord began, grave rising from his chair,
  Taking Squalini kindly by the hand;
'Signor Squalini, much I fear
I've got a most unlucky ear,
  And that 'tis known to all the music band.

'Fond of abuse, each fiddling coxcomb carps,
And, true it is, I don't know flats from sharps:
  Indeed, Signor Squalini, 'tis no hum;
So ill doth music with my organs suit,
I scarcely know a fiddle from a flute,
  The hautbois from the double drum.

'Now though with lords a number of this nation,
I go to op'ras, more through fashion
  Than for the love of music, I could wish
The world might think I had some little taste,
That those two ears were tolerably chaste,
  But, sir, I am as stupid as a fish.

Get me the credit of a *cognoscente*,
Gold shan't be wanting to content ye.'—

'*Bravissimo!* my lor,' replied Squalini,
With acquiescent bow, and smile of suavity,
De nobleman muss never look de ninny.'—
'True,' cry'd the noble lord, with German gravity.

'My lor, ven men vant money in der purse,
Dey do not vant de vorld to tink dem poor,
Because, my lor, dat be von shabby curse;
Dis all same ting wid ignorance, my lor.'—

'Right,' cry'd his lordship in a grumbling tone,
Much like a mastiff jealous of his bone.

'But first I want some technicals, signor'—
Bowing, the eunuch answered,—'Iss, my lor;
I teash your lorship queekly, queekly, all,
Dere vat be call de *sostenuto* note,
Dat be ven singer oppen vide de troat,
And den for long time make de squawl—
Mush long, long note, dat do continue while
A man, my lor, can valk a mile.

'My lor, der likewise be de *cromatique*,
As if de singer vas in greef, or sick,
And had de colick—dat be ver, ver fine:
De high, oh, dat musician call *soprano*;
De low voice, *basso*; de soff note, *piano*—
Bravoura, queek, bold—here Marchesi shine.

Dis Mara, too, and Billington, do know—
Allegro, quick; *adagio*, be de slow:
Pomposo, dat be manner make de roar:
Maestoso, dat be grand and nobel ting,
Mush like de voice of emperor, or de king;
Or you, my lor,
When in de house you make de grand oration,
For save, my lor, de noble Englis nation.'

Thus having giv'n his lesson, and a bow,
With high complacency his lordship smil'd:

Unravell'd was his lordship's pucker'd brow,
His scowling eye, like Luna's beams, so mild:

Such is th' effect, when flatteries sweet cajole
That praise-admiring wight yclep'd the soul;
And from the days of Adam 'tis the case,
That great's the sympathy 'twixt soul and face.

'Signor Squalini,' cry'd the lord,
'The op'ra is begun, upon my word—
Allons, signor, and hear me—mind,
As soon as ever you shall find
A singer's voice above or under pitch,
Just touch my toe, or give my arm a twitch.'

'Iss, iss, my lor,' the eunuch straight reply'd,
I sheet close by your lorship's side;
And den, accordin to your lorship wish,
I give your lorship elbow little twish.'

Now to the opera, music's sounds to hear,
The old castrato and the noble peer
Proceeded—near the orchestra they sat,
Before the portals of the singers' throats!
The critic couple mousing for bad notes
With all the keenness of a hungry cat.

Now came an out-of-tunish note—
The eunuch twitch'd his lordship's coat:
Full-mouth'd at once his lordship roar'd out 'Psha!'
The orchestra, amaz'd, turn round
To find from whence arose the critic sound,
When, lo! they heard the lord, and saw!

The eunuch kept most slily twitching,
His frowning lordship all the while,
(Not in the cream of courtly style)
Be-dogging this poor singer, that be-bitching,
Uniting too, a host of damning pshas,
And reap'd a plenteous harvest of applause:—
Grew from that hour a lord of tuneful skill,
And though the eunuch's dead, remains so still.

TO THE ACADEMICIANS.

SUPPOSE you paint the Dev'l with smiling mien,
Whisp'ring deceit to any king or queen,
'Tis what the prince of soot hath often done—
For lo, with many a king and many a queen,
In close *confab* the gentleman is seen—
With such hath Satan oft a world of fun—
More fun, or diadems are much bely'd,
Than all the little under world beside.

The Dev'l's a fellow of much sterling humour,
If we may credit public rumour,
And all so civil in each act and look,
That whensoever we incline
On some rare dish of sin to dine,
We can't employ a nicer cook.

Who, too, so generous disdains
To take a sixpence for his pains—
Nay, at our money would be vext;
Happy to please us *gratis* with his art,
Provided, when from *this* world we depart,
We join his fire-side in the next.

Like Gloucester, who for pay can leave his party,
Some years ago I join'd his corps so hearty,
Thinking the Prince of Erebus ill treated:
Fir'd by the subject, in my rhiming mode
I complimented Satan with an ode,
Which, for the brushmen's sake, shall be repeated.

ODE TO THE DEVIL.

Ingratum Odi.

PRINCE of the dark abodes! I ween
Your highness ne'er till now hath seen
Yourself in metre shine;
Ne'er heard a song with praise sincere,
Sweet warbled in your smutty ear,
Before this Ode of mine.

Perhaps the reason is too plain,
Thou triest to starve the tuneful train,
Of potent verse afraid;
And yet I vow, in all my time
I've not beheld a single rhime
That ever spoil'd thy trade.

I've often read those pious whims—
John Wesley's sweet damnation hymns,
That chant of heav'nly riches.
What have they done?—those heav'nly strains,
Devoutly squeez'd from canting brains,
But fill'd John's earthly breeches?

There's not a shoeblack in the land,
So humbly at the world's command,
As thy old cloven foot;
Like lightning dost thou fly, when call'd,
And yet no pickpocket's so maul'd
As thou, O Prince of Soot!

What thousands, hourly bent on sin,
With supplication call thee in,
To aid them to pursue it;
Yet, when detected, with a lie
Ripe at their fingers' ends, they cry,
'The Devil *made* me do it!'

Behold the fortunes that are made
By men through roguish tricks in trade!
Yet all to thee are owing—
And though we meet it every day,
The sneaking rascals dare not say,
This is the *Devil's* doing.

As to thy company, I'm sure
No man can shun thee on that score;
The very best is thine:
With kings, queens, ministers of state,
Lords, ladies, I have seen thee great,
And many a grave divine.

I'm sorely griev'd at times to find,
The very instant thou art kind,
Some people so uncivil,
When aught offends, with face awry,
With base ingratitude to cry,
'I wish it to the Devil.'

Hath some poor blockhead got a wife,
To be the torment of his life,
By one eternal yell—
The fellow cries out coarsely, 'Zounds,
'I'd give this moment twenty pounds
To see the jade at hell.'

Shou'd Heav'n their prayers so ardent grant,
Thou never company wouldst want
To make thee downright mad;
For mind me, in their wishing mood,
They never offer thee what's good,
But every thing that's bad.

My honest anger boils to view
A snuffling, long-faced, canting crew,
So much thy humble debtors,
Rushing, on Sundays, one and all,
With desp'rate pray'rs thy head to maul,
And thus abuse their betters.

To seize one day in ev'ry week,
On thee their black abuse to wreak,
By whom their souls are fed
Each minute of the other six,
With ev'ry joy that heart can fix,
Is impudence indeed!

Blushing I own thy pleasing art
Hath oft reduc'd my vagrant heart,
And led my steps to joy—
The charms of beauty have beeu mine;
And let me call the merit thiue,
Who brought'st the lovely toy.

No, Satan—if I ask thy aid,
To give my arms the blooming maid,
I will not, through the nation all,
Proclaim thee (like a graceless imp)
A vile old good-for-nothing pimp,
But say, ''tis thy vocation, Hal.'

Since truth must out—I seldom knew
What 'twas high pleasure to pursue,
Till thou hadst won my heart—
So social were we both together,
And beat the hoof in ev'ry weather,
I never wish'd to part.

Yet when a child—good Lord! I thought
That thou a pair of horns hadst got,
With eyes like saucers staring!
And then a pair of ears so stout,
A monstrous tail and hairy snout,
With claws beyond comparing.

Taught to avoid the paths of evil,
By day I us'd to dread the Devil,
And trembling when 'twas night,
Methought I saw thy horns and ears,
Then sung or whistled to my fears,
And ran to chase my fright.

And every night I went to bed,
I sweated with a constant dread,
And crept beneath the rug:
There panting, thought that in my sleep
Thou slily in the dark wouldst creep,
And eat me, though so snug.

A haberdasher's shop is thine,
With sins of all sorts, coarse and fine,
To suit both man and maid:
Thy wares they buy, with open eyes;
How cruel then, with constant cries,
To vilify thy trade!

To speak the truth, indeed, I'm loath—
Life's deem'd a mawkish dish of broth
Without thy aid, old sweeper:
So mawkish, few will put it down,
E'en from the cottage to the crown,
Without thy salt and pepper.

O Satan, whatsoever geer
Thy Proteus form shall choose to wear,
Black, red, or blue, or yellow;
Whatever hypocrites may say,
They think thee (trust my honest lay)
A most bewitching fellow.

'Tis order'd (to deaf ears, alas!)
To praise the bridge o'er which we pass;
Yet often I discover
A numerous band who daily make
An easy bridge of thy poor back,
And damn it when they're over.

Why art thou then with cap in hand,
Obsequious to a graceless band,
Whose souls are scarce worth taking;
O prince, pursue but my advice,
I'll teach your highness in a trice
To set them all a quaking.

Plays, op'ras, masquerades, destroy;
Lock up each charming *fille de joie*;
Give race-horses the glander—
The dice box break, and burn each card—
Let virtue be its own reward,
And gag the mouth of slander;

In one week's time, I'll lay my life,
There's not a man, nor maid, nor wife,
That will not glad agree,
If thou wilt charm 'em as before,
To show their nose at church no more,
But quit their God for thee,

'Tis now full time my ode should end;
And now I tell thee, like a friend,
Howe'er the world may scout thee;
Thy ways are all so wondrous winning,
And folks so very fond of sinning,
They cannot do without thee.

THE TENDER HUSBAND.

LO, to the cruel hand of fate,
My poor dear Grizzle, meek-soul'd mate,
Resigns her tuneful breath—
Though dropp'd her jaw, her lip though pale,
And blue each harmless finger nail,
She's beautiful in death.

As o'er her lovely limbs I weep,
I scarce can think her but asleep—
How wonderfully tame!
And yet her voice is really gone,
And dim those eyes that lately shone
With all the lightning's flame.

Death was, indeed, a daring wight,
To take it in his head to smite—
To lift his dart to hit her;
For as she was so great a woman,
And car'd a single fig for no man,
I thought he fear'd to meet her.

Still is that voice of late so strong,
That many a sweet capriccio sung,
And beat in sounds the spheres?
No longer must those fingers play
'Britons strike home,' that many a day,
Hath sooth'd my ravish'd ears?

Ah me! indeed I'm much inclin'd
To think I now may speak my mind,
Nor hurt her dear repose;
Nor think I now with rage she'd roar,
Were I to put my fingers o'er,
And touch her precious nose.

Here let me philosophic pause—
How wonderful are nature's laws,
When ladies' breath retires,
Its fate the flaming passions share,
Supported by a little air,
Like culinary fires!

Whene'er I hear the bagpipe's note,
Shall fancy fix on Grizzle's throat,
And loud instructive lungs:
O Death, in her, though only one,
Are lost a thousand charms unknown,
At least a thousand tongues.

Soon as I heard her last sweet sigh,
And saw her gently-closing eye,
How great was my surprise!
Yet have I not, with impious breath,
Accus'd the hard decrees of death,
Nor blam'd the righteous skies.

Why do I groan in deep despair,
Since she'll be soon an angel fair?
Ah! why my bosom smite?
Could grief my Grizzle's life restore?—
But let me give such ravings o'er—
Whatever is, is right.

Oh, doctor! you are come too late;
No more of physic's virtue prate,
That could not save my lamb:
Not one more bolus shall be giv'n—
You shall not ope her mouth by heav'n,
And Grizzle's gullet cram.

Enough of bolusses, poor heart!
And pills, she took, to load a cart,
Before she clos'd her eyes;
But now my word is here a law,
Zounds! with a bolus in her jaw,
She shall not seek the skies.

Good sir, good doctor, go away;
To hear my sighs you must not stay,
For this my poor lost treasure:
I thank you for your pains and skill;
When next you come, pray bring your bill;
I'll pay it, sir, with pleasure.

Ye friends who come to mourn her doom,
For God's sake gently tread the room,
Nor call her from the blest—
In softest silence drop the tear,
In whispers breathe the fervent pray'r,
To bid her spirit rest.

Repress the sad, the wounding scream:
I cannot bear a grief extreme—
Enough one little sigh—
Besides, the loud alarm of grief,
In many a mind may start belief,
Our noise is all a lie.

Good nurses, shroud my lamb with care;
Her limbs, with gentlest fingers, spare;
Her mouth, ah! slowly close;
Her mouth a magic tongue that held—
Whose softest tone, at times, compell'd,
To peace my loudest woes.

And, carpenter, for my sad sake,
Of stoutest oak her coffin make—
I'd not be stingy sure—
Procure of steel the strongest screws;
For who would paltry pence refuse
To lodge his wife secure?

Ye people who the corpse convey,
With caution tread the doleful way,
Nor shake her precious head;
Since fame reports a coffin tost,
With careless swing against a post,
Did once disturb the dead.

Farewel, my love, for ever lost;
Ne'er troubled be thy gentle ghost,
That I again will woo—
By all our past delights, my dear,
No more the marriage chain I'll wear,
P-x take me if I do!

THE SOLDIER AND THE VIRGIN MARY.

A TALE.

A SOLDIER at Loretto's wondrous chapel,
To parry from his soul the wrath divine,
That follow'd mother Eve's unlucky apple,
Did visit oft the Virgin Mary's shrine;

Who ev'ry day is gorgeously deck'd out,
  In silks or velvets, jewels, great and small,
Just like a fine young lady for a rout,
  A concert, opera, wedding, or a ball.

At first the soldier at a distance kept,
  Begging her vote and interest in heav'n—
With seeming bitterness the sinner wept,
  Wrung his two hands, and hop'd to be forgiv'n:
Dinn'd her two ears with Ave-Mary flummery;
  Declar'd what miracles the dame could do,
  Ev'n with her garter, stocking, or her shoe,
And such like wonder-working mummery.

What answer Mary gave the wheedling sinner,
Who nearly, and more nearly mov'd to win her,
The mouth of hist'ry doth not mention,
And therefore I can't tell but by invention.

One day as he was making love and praying,
And pious aves, thick as herrings, saying,
  And sins so manifold confessing;
He drew, as if to whisper, very near,
And twitch'd a pretty diamond from her ear,
  Instead of taking the good lady's blessing.

Then off he set with nimble shanks,
Nor once turn'd back to give her thanks:
A hue and cry the thief pursu'd,
Who, to his cost, soon understood
That he was not beyond the claw
Of that same long-arm'd giant christen'd Law.

With horror did his judges quake—
  As for the tender-conscienc'd jury.
They doom'd him quickly to the stake,
  Such was their dev'lish pious fury,
However, after calling him hard names,
  They ask'd if aught he had in vindication,
To save his wretched body from the flames,
  And sinful soul from terrible damnation.

The soldier answered them with much *sang froid,*
Which show'd, of sin, a conscience void,
That if they meant to kill him, they might kill:
As for the diamond which they found about him,
He hop'd they would by no means doubt him,
That madam gave it him from pure good will.

The answer turn'd both judge and jury pale:
The punishment was for a time deferr'd,
Until his holiness should hear the tale,
And his infallibility be heard.

The pope, to all his counsellors, made known
This strange affair—to cardinals and friars,
Good pious gentlemen, who ne'er were known
To act like hypocrites, and thieves, and liars.

The question now was branded to and fro,
If Mary had the pow'r to *give* or *no*.

That Mary *could not* give it, was to say,
The wonder-working lady wanted pow'r—
This was a stumbling block that stopp'd the way—
This made pope, cardinals, and friars low'r.

To save the Virgin's credit, lo!
And keep secure the di'monds that were left;
They said, she *might*, indeed, the gem bestow,
And consequently it might be no theft:

But then they pass'd immediately an act,
That ev'ry one discovered in the fact,
Of taking presents from the Virgin's hand,
Or from the saints of any land,
Should know no mercy, but be led to slaughter,
Flay'd here, and fry'd eternally hereafter.

Ladies, I deem the moral much too clear
To need poetical assistance;
Which bids you not let men approach too near,
But keep the saucy fellows at a distance:
Since men you find, so bold, are apt to seize
Jewels from ladies even upon their knees!

AN ODE TO EIGHT CATS,

Belonging to Israel Mendez, a Jew.

SCENE—*The Street in a Country Town.*

The Time, *Midnight—the Poet at his Chamber Window.*

SINGERS of Israel, oh ye singers sweet,
Who, with your gentle mouths from ear to ear,
Pour forth rich symphonies from street to street,
And to the sleepless wretch the night endear;

Lo! in my shirt, on you these eyes I fix,
Admiring much the quaintness of your tricks;
Your friskings, crawlings, squalls, I much approve;
Your spittings, pawings, high-rais'd rumps,
Swell'd tails, and merry-andrew jumps,
With the wild minstrelsy of rapt'rous love.

How sweetly roll your gooseb'rry eyes,
As loud you tune your am'rous cries,
And, loving, scratch each other black and blue!
No boys in wantonness now bang your backs,
No curs, nor fiercer mastiffs, tear your flax,
But all the moon-light world seems made for you.

Singers of Israel, you no parsons want
To tie the matrimonial cord;
You call the matrimonial service, cant—
Like our first parents, take each other's word:
On no one ceremony pleas'd to fix—
To jump not even o'er two sticks.

You want no furniture, alas!
Spit, spoon, dish, frying-pan, nor ladle;
No iron, pewter, copper, tin or brass;
No nurses, wet or dry, nor cradle,
Which custom, for our Christian babes, enjoins,
To rock the staring offspring of your loins.

Nor of the lawyers have you need,
Ye males, before you seek your bed,
To settle pin-money on madam:
No fears of cuckoldom, heav'n bless ye,
Are ever harbour'd to distress ye,
Tormenting people since the days of Adam.

No schools you want for fine behaving,
No powdering, painting, washing, shaving,
No nightcaps snug—no trouble in undressing
Before you seek your strawy nest,
Pleas'd in each other's arms to rest,
To feast on love, heav'n's greatest blessing.

Good gods! ye sweet love-chanting rams!
How nimble are you with your hams
To mount a house, to scale a chimney-top;
And peeping down that chimney's hole,
Pour in a tuneful cry th' impassion'd soul,
Inviting Miss Grimalkin to come up:

Who, sweet obliging female, far from coy,
Answers your invitation note with joy,
And scorning 'midst the ashes more to mope;
Lo! borne on love's all-daring wing,
She mounteth with a pickle-herring spring,
Without th' assistance of a rope.

Dear mousing tribe, my limbs are waxing cold—
Singers of Israel sweet, adieu, adieu!
I do suppose you need not now be told
How much I wish that I was one of you.

SONG TO DELIA.

FORLORN I seek the silent scene,
To keep the image of my fair;
Pale o'er the fountain's brink I lean,
And view the spectre of despair.

Why should my heart forget its woe?
The virgin would have mourn'd for me—
O nymph, th' eternal tear shall flow;
The sigh unceasing breathe of thee.

Forgetful of his parted maid,
Too many an unfeeling swain
Forsakes of solitude the shade,
For pleasure's gay and wanton train.

Yet, yet of constancy they boast!—
Their easy hearts their tongues belie—
Who loves, reveres the fair one's ghost,
And seeks a pleasure in a sigh.

SIR J. BANKS AND THE THIEFTAKERS.

SIR Joseph, fav'rite of great queens and kings,
Whose wisdom, weed and insect hunter sings;
And ladies fair applaud, with smile so dimpling;
Went forth one day, amidst the laughing field,
Where nature such exhaustless treasure yields,
A simpling!

It happen'd on the self-same morn so bright,
The nimble pupils of Sir Sampson Wright,
A simpling too for plants call'd thieves, proceeded:
Of which the nation's field should oft be weeded.

Now did a thieftaker so sly,
Peep o'er a hedge with cunning eye,
And quick espy'd the knight with solemn air,
Deep in a ditch where watercresses grow;
On which he to his comrades cry'd, 'See, ho!'
Then jump'd (unsportsman like) upon his hare.

Hare-like Sir Joseph did not squeak, but bawl'd,
With dread prodigiously appall'd—
The thieftakers no ceremony us'd;
But taking poor Sir Joseph by the neck,
They bade him speak;
But first with names their captive knight abus'd.

'Sir, what d'ye take me for?' the knight exclaim'd—
'A thief!' reply'd the runners with a curse:
'And now, sir, let us search you, and be damn'd!'
And then they search'd his pockets, fobs, and purse:

But 'stead of pistol dire, and crape,
A pocket-handkerchief they cast their eye on,
Containing frogs and toads of various shape,
Dock, daisy, nettletop, and dandelion,
To entertain, with great propriety,
The members of his sage Society:
Yet would not alter they their strong belief,
That this their pris'ner was no thief!

'Sirs, I'm no highwayman,' exclaim'd the knight—
'No—there,' rejoin'd the runners, 'you are right—
A footpad only—Yes, we know your trade—
Yes, you're a pretty babe of grace:
We want no proofs, old codger, but your face;
So come along with us, old blade.'

'Twas useless to resist, or to complain—
In vain, Sir Joseph pleaded—'twas in vain
That he was highly titled, that he swore—
The instant that poor Banks his titles counted,
Which to an F. R. S. and knight amounted,
His guardians laugh'd, and clapp'd, and cry'd 'en-
core!'

Sir Joseph told them, that a neighb'ring 'squire
  Should answer for it that he was no thief:
On which they plumply damn'd him for a liar,
  And said such stories should not save his beef;
    And if they understood their trade,
    His *mittimus* would soon be made;
And forty pounds be theirs, a pretty sum,
For sending such a rogue to kingdom come.

Now to the 'squire mov'd pris'ner knight and *Co.*
The runners taking him in tow,
  Like privateers of Britain's warlike nation,
Towing a French East-Indiaman, their prize,
So black, and of enormous size,
  Safe into port for condemnation.

Whether they tied his hands behind his back,
  For fear the knight might run away,
And made, indelicate, his breeches slack,
  We've no authority to say.

And now the country people gather'd round,
And star'd upon the knight in thought profound,
  Not on the system of Linnæus thinking—
Fancying they saw a rogue in ev'ry feature;—
Such is the populace's horrid nature
  Tow'rds people through misfortune sinking.

At length amidst much mob and mire,
  Indeed amidst innumerable ranks,
Fatigu'd, they reach'd the mansion of the 'squire,
  To prove th' identity of Joseph Banks.

Now to the 'squire, familiar bow'd the knight,
Who knew Sir Joseph at first sight—
  What's strongly mark'd, is quickly known agen—
And with a frown that awe and dread commanded,
The thieftakers severely reprimanded
  For thus mistaking gentlemen.

Then bade them ask a pardon on their knees,
  Of him that was a knight and F. R. S.—

Who, rather than the higher pow'rs displease,
  Imagin'd that they could not well do less—

Then on their knuckles rais'd they hands and eyes,
  And crav'd Sir Joseph's pardon for belief,
That when they jump'd upon him by surprise,
  They took so great a *gemman* for a thief,
Hoping to mind th' advice of godly books,
  Viz. not to judge of people by their *looks*.

SOLOMON AND THE MOUSETRAP.

A MAN in rather an exalted station,
Whose eyes are always eyes of admiration,
Without distinction, fond of all things novel,
Ev'n from the lofty sceptre to the shovel—
Just like stray'd bullocks saunt'ring thro' the lanes,
Made frequent curiosity campaigns;
Sometimes caught grasshoppers—now more profound,
Would sometimes find a pin upon the ground;
Where if the head towards him happ'd to point,
  His mind was wonderfully struck—
Indeed he felt a joy in ev'ry joint,
  Because it always brings good luck.

This gentleman, *hight* Solomon, one day
In quest of novelty pursu'd his way;
Like great Columbus, that fam'd navigator,
Who found the world we've lost across the water;
But rather on a somewhat narrower scale,
Lo! on dry land the gentleman set sail—
    That day it chanc'd to be his will,
    To make discoveries at Salthill;
  Where bounce he hopp'd into a widow's house,
Whose hands were both employ'd so clever,

Doing their very best endeavour
To catch that vile free-booter, Monsieur Mouse;
Whose death she oft did most devoutly pray for,
Because he eat the meat he could not pay for:

Resembling Christians in that saving trick,
Who, wanting to obtain good cheer,
Invented an ingenious scheme call'd *tick*,
That purchases, like money, beef and beer:
Possess'd of *tick*, for cash man need not range,
Nor toil in taking or in giving change.

Eager did Solomon so curious clap
His rare round optics on the wondrous trap
That did the duty of a cat;
And always fond of useful information,
Thus wisely spoke he with vociferation:
'What's that?—What, what? hæ, hæ! what's that?'

To whom, reply'd the mistress of the house,
'A trap, an't please you, sir, to catch a mouse.'

'Mouse!—catch a mouse!' said Solomon with glee—
'Let's see—let's see—'tis comical—let's see—
Mouse!—mouse!'—then pleas'd his eyes began to roll—
'Where, where doth he go in?' he marvelling cry'd—
'There,' pointing to the hole, the dame reply'd.—
'What here?' cry'd Solomon; 'this hole, this hole?'

Then in he push'd his finger 'midst the wire,
That with such pains that finger did inspire,
He wish'd it out again with all his soul:
However, by a little squall and shaking,
He freed his finger from its piteous taking—
That is to say, he got it from the hole.

'What makes the mouse, pray, go into the trap?—
Something,' he cry'd, 'that must their palates please.'—
'Yes,' answer'd the fair woman, 'sir, a scrap
Of rusty bacon, or of toasted cheese.'

'Oh! oh!' said Solomon, 'oh! oh! oh! oh!
Yes, yes, I see the meaning of it now—
The mouse goes in, a rogue, to steal the meat,
Thinking to give his gums a pretty treat.'
Then laugh'd he loudly, stretch'd his mouth a mile,
Which made the muscles of the widow smile.

'Let's see, let's see,' cry'd Solomon—'let's see—
Let me, let me, let me, let me, let me.'
Then took he up some bacon, and did clap
A little slice so clever in the trap.
Thus did he by his own advice,
Induce himself to bait a trap for mice!

Now home he hied so nimbly, whelm'd with glory,
And told his family the wondrous story
About the widow's cheese and bacon scrap!
Nought suffer'd he to occupy his head,
Save mouse ideas, till he went to bed,
Where blest he dreamt all night about the trap.

Here let me pause, and Heav'n's great goodness chant—
How kind it is in gracious Heav'n to grant
To full-grown gentlefolks of lofty station,
A pow'r of relishing most trifling things,
Pleasures ordain'd for brats in leading strings,
By way of happy harmless relaxation!

Next day the man of wisdom came,
All glorious, to the house of this fair dame,
To know if master mouse had smelt to bacon;
When, lo! to fill with joy his eager eyes,
And load those staring optics with surprise,
A real mouse was absolutely taken!

Not more did Rodney's joy this man's surpass,
When in his cabin first he saw De Grasse!
Not more the hair-brain'd Macedonian boy,
Leap'd, like a Bedlamite, for joy,
Than Solomon to see the mouse in jail!
Not Alexander, foe of great Darius,

(Men that with rich comparison supply us)
  When blest he caught the Persian by the tail.

Around the room the mouse he bore,
Insulting the poor pris'ner o'er and o'er;
Laughing and peeping through the wire,
As if his eyes and mouth would never tire!

How like to Tamerlane the great,
Possess'd of most unlucky Bajazet,
  Who kept the vanquish'd hero in a cage;
Mock'd him before his mighty host,
With cruel names and threats, and grin and boast,
  And daily thus indulg'd imperial rage!

Now o'er the widow's cat, poor watching puss,
  He triumph'd too, and ask'd the cat,
When he would act heroically thus?—
  And if he dar'd to venture on a rat.

To whom the cat, as if in answer, mew'd,
  Which made the man of wisdom cry, 'Oh! oh!'
As if with knowledge of cat speech endu'd,
  He thought that puss had answered 'No.'
On which he laugh'd, and much enjoy'd the joke—
Then told the widow what the cat had spoke.

Six days the man of wisdom went
Triumphant to Salthill, with big intent,
  To catch the bacon-stealing mouse;
Six mice successively proclaim'd his art,
With which safe pocketed he did depart,
  And show'd to all his much-astonish'd house.

But pleasures will not last for aye;
Witness the sequel of my lay—
The widow's vanity, her sex's flaw,
  Much like the vanity of other people—
A vapour, like the blast that lifts a straw,
  As high, or higher, than Saint Martin's steeple:

This vanity then kidnapp'd her discretion,
  Design'd by God Almighty for her guard;

And of its purpose got the full completion,
  And all the widow's future glories marr'd:

For, lo! by this same vanity impell'd,
  And to a middle-siz'd balloon,
With *gas* of consequence sublimely swell'd,
  She burst with the important secret soon.

Loud laugh'd the tickled people of Salthill—
  Loud laugh'd the merry Windsor folks around—
This was to Solomon an ugly pill!—
  Her fatal error soon the widow found—
For Solomon relinquish'd mouse campaign,
Nor deign'd to bait the widow's trap again!

PETITION TO TIME

IN FAVOUR OF THE

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

TOO long, O Time, in *Bienseance's* school
Have I been bred, to *call* thee an old fool;
Yet take I liberty to let thee know,
That I have always *thought* thee so:
Full old art thou to have more sense—
Then, with an idle custom, Time, dispense.

Thou really actest now, like little misses,
  Who, when a pretty doll they make,
  Their curious fingers itch to take
The pretty image all to pieces:
Thus, after thou hast form'd a charming fair,
  Thou canst not quit her for thy soul,
Till, meddling, thou hast spoil'd her bloom and air,
  And dimm'd her eye, with radiance taught to roll.

But now forbear such doings, I desire—
Hurt not the form that all admire—
  Oh, never with white hairs her temple sprinkle—
Oh, sacred be her cheek, her lip, her bloom,
And do not, in a lovely dimple's room,
  Place a hard mortifying wrinkle.

Know, shouldst thou bid the beauteous duchess fade,
Thou, therefore, must thy own delights invade;
And know, 'twill be a long, long while,
Before thou giv'st her equal to our isle—
Then do not with this sweet *chef d'œuvre* part,
But keep, to show the triumph of thy art.

ŒCONOMY.

ŒCONOMY's a very useful broom;
Yet should not ceaseless hunt about the room
  To catch each straggling pin to make a plumb—
Too oft œconomy's an iron vice,
That squeezes ev'n the little guts of mice,
  That peep with fearful eyes, and ask a crumb.

Proper œconomy's a comely thing—
Good in a subject—better in a king;
  Yet push'd too far, it dulls each finer feeling—
Most easily inclin'd to make folks mean;
Inclines them too to villany to lean,
  To over-reaching, perjury, and stealing.

Ev'n when the heart should only think of grief,
It creeps into the bosom like a thief,
And swallows up th' affections all so mild—
Witness the Jewess, and her only child.

THE JEWESS AND HER SON.

POOR Mistress Levi had a luckless son,
Who, rushing to obtain the foremost seat,
In imitation of th' ambitious great,
High from the gall'ry, ere the play begun,
He fell all plump into the pit,
Dead in a minute as a nit:
In short, he broke his pretty Hebrew neck;
Indeed and very dreadful was the wreck!

The mother was distracted, raving, wild—
Shriek'd, tore her hair, embrac'd and kiss'd her child—
Afflicted every heart with grief around:
Soon as the show'r of tears was somewhat past,
And moderately calm th' hysteric blast,
She cast about her eyes in thought profound:
And being with a saving knowledge bless'd,
She thus the playhouse manager address'd:—

'Sher, I'm de moder of de poor Chew lad,
Dat meet mishfarten here so bad—
Sher, I muss haf de shilling back, you know,
Ass Moses haf nat see de show.'

But as for av'rice, 'tis the very devil;
The fount, alas! of ev'ry evil;
The cancer of the heart—the worst of ills:
Wherever sown, luxuriantly it thrives;
No flow'r of virtue near it thrives—
Like aconite, where'er it spreads, it kills.

In ev'ry soil behold the poison spring!
Can taint the beggar, and infect the king.

The mighty Marlb'rough pilfer'd cloth and bread;
  So says that gentle satirist 'squire Pope;
And Peterborough's earl upon this head,
  Affords us little room to hope,
That what the Twitnam bard avow'd,
Might not be readily allow'd.

THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH

AND THE MOB.

THROUGH London streets upon a day,
The Earl of Peterborough took his way,
  All in his pompous coach—perhaps to dine—
The mob of London took it in their head,
This was the Duke of Marlborough, so dread
  To Frenchmen on the Danube and the Rhine.

Unable such high merit to reward,
The mob resolv'd to show a great regard;
And so uniting, join'd their forces
To draw his carriage, and dismiss the horses.

The earl from out his carriage pok'd his face,
And told the mob that he was not his grace;
  Then bid them be convinc'd and look:
Hard of belief, as ev'n the hardest Jew,
They told him that they better knew,
Then swore by G— he was the duke:
Then threw their hats in air with loud huzzas,
And form'd a thunder of applause.

Loud bawl'd the earl that they were all deceiv'd—
Loud bawl'd the mob he should not be believ'd—

'Zounds!' cry'd the earl, 'be converts then this
minute;'
So throwing sixpence to them, 'there, there, there,
'Take that,' cried Peterborough, with a sneer—
'Now if you think I'm *he*, the devil's in it.'

ODE TO A DISTRESSED BEAUTY.

SWEET girl, forbear to droop thy head with shame—
What though the parson did not tie the knot?
What though the boy should come?—he'll bring thee
fame—
The world's an ass, and custom is a sot—
Hold up thy head, and meet mankind with pride,
And throw thy blushes and thy fears aside.

Eve had no parson—for no priest was Adam,
And yet not out of countenance was madam;
Her modesty receiv'd no grievous shocks,
When Master Cain was put upon the stocks;
Nor when, t'increase the number at her table,
She set about the frame of Master Abel.

Once more, then, do not be afraid;
Without thy boy, a wonder may be missing—
A likeness of my charming maid,
The boy may do a credit to thy kissing.

Thou putt'st me of the morning much in mind,
Who seems afraid to peep upon mankind—
So slow her motions! all so very slow!
And then her cheeks so deep with crimson glow:

But safe deliver'd of her boy, the *sun*,
The lusty lad, so proud his race to run,

Mounts high exulting in his birth;
Dries up her tears, her blushes puts to flight,
Tow'rs in bold triumph o'er the cloud of night,
And pours a flood of radiance o'er the earth.

Then let me kiss away thy tears—
Oh! cease thy sighs, and be a happy mother;
And when this chopping boy appears,
Suppose we give the lad a little brother?

THE GENTLEMAN AND HIS WIFE.

PEOPLE may have too much of a good thing—
Full as an egg of wisdom thus I sing!

A man of some small fortune had a wife,
Sans doute, to be the comfort of his life;
And pretty well they bore the yoke together:
With little jarring liv'd the pair one year;
Sometimes the matrimonial sky was clear,
At times 'twas dark and dull, and hazy weather.

Now came the time when mistress in the straw
Did, for the world's support, her screams prepare;
And Slop appear'd with fair obstetric paw,
To introduce his pupil to our air;
Whilst in a neighb'ring room the husband sat,
Musing on this thing now, and now on that;

Now sighing at the sorrows of his wife;
Praying to Heav'n that he could take the pain;
But recollecting that such pray'rs were vain,
He made no more an offer of his life.

As thus he mus'd in solemn study,
Ideas sometimes clear, and sometimes muddy,
In Betty rush'd with comfortable news—
'Sir, sir, I wish you joy, I wish you joy—
Madam is brought to bed of a fine boy—
As fine as ever stood in shoes.'

'I'm glad on't, Betty,' cry'd the master—
'I pray there may be no disaster;
All's with your mistress well, I hope?'
Quoth she, 'All's well as heart can well desire
With madam and the fine young 'squire;
So likewise says old Doctor Slop.'

Off Betty hurried fast as she could scour,
Fast and as hard as any horse
That trotteth fourteen miles an hour—
A pretty tolerable course.

Soon happy Betty came again,
Blowing with all her might and main;
Just like a grampus or a whale;
In sounds, too, that would Calais reach from Dover,
'Sir, sir, more happy tidings; 'tis not over—
And madam's brisker than a nightingale:

'A fine young lady to the world is come,
Squalling away just as I left the room—
Sir, this is better than a good estate.'
'Humph!' quoth the happy man, and scratch'd his [pate.

Now looking up—now looking down;
Not with a smile, but somewhat like a frown—
'Good God,' says he, 'why was not I a cock,
Who never feels of burd'ning brats the shock;
Who, Turk-like, struts amidst his madams picking,
Whilst to the hen belongs the care
To carry them to eat, or take the air,
Or bed beneath her wing the chicken?'

Just as this sweet soliloquy was ended,
He found affairs not greatly mended;

For in bounc'd Bet, her rump with rapture jigging,
'Another daughter, sir—a charming child.'—
'Another!' cry'd the man, with wonder wild;
'Zounds! Betty, ask your mistress if she's *pigging*.'

THE PARSON-DEALER.

WHAT pity 'tis, in this our goodly land,
That 'mongst the apostolic band,
So ill divided are the loaves and fishes!
Archbishops, bishops, deans, and deacons,
With ruddy faces blazing just like beacons,
Shall daily cram upon a dozen dishes;
Whilst half th' inferior cassocks think it well
Of beef and pudding ev'n to get a *smell*.

A plodding hostler willing to be master,
And rise in this good world a little faster,
Left broom and manger at the Old Blue Boar;
Meaning by *pars'ning* to support a table,
Lo, of divines he kept a liv'ry stable—
A pretty stud indeed—about a score.

Of diff'rent colours were his gospel hacks—
Some few were whites, indeed—but many blacks;
That is, some tolerable—many sad:
And verily, to give the devil his due,
The man did decency pursue,
Which shows he was not *quite* so bad.

For, lo! to dying persons of nobility,
He sent his parsons of gentility,
To give the necessary pray'r—
To parting people of a mean condition,
Wanting a soul physician,
He suited them with blackguards to a hair.

To such as were of mild disorders dying,
  Viz. of the doctor, gouts, or stones, or gravels,
He sent *good* priests—of manners edifying—
  To comfort sinners on their travels:

But to low people in infectious fever,
  Or any other dangerous one in vogue,
Such was his honesty, the man for ever
  Most scrupulously sent a rogue.

It happen'd on a day when fate was raging,
Crimp-like, for other regions troops engaging,
  When clergymen were busy all as bees;
A poor old dying woman sent
To this same parson-monger compliment,
  Begging a clergyman her soul to ease.

Unluckily but one was in the stall,
And *he* the very best of all!—
    What shou'd be done?
Necessitas non habet legs—
So to the priest he goes and begs
  That he would visit the old crone.

'Sir,' quoth the parson, 'I agreed
To go to *gentlefolks* in time of need,
  But not to every poor old lousy soul.'—
'True,' cry'd the patron; 'to be sure 'tis true;
But, parson, do oblige me—prithee do—
  Let's put her decently into the hole:

'All my black tribe, you know, are now abroad—
I'd do it, if I could, myself, by G—d!
  Then what a dickens can I do or say?—
Go, mumble, man, about a pray'r and half;
Tell the old b—ch her soul is safe;
  Then take your fee and come away!!!

BIENSÉANCE.

THERE is a little moral thing in France,
Call'd by the natives *bienseance*;
Much are the English mob inclin'd to scout it,
But rarely is *Monsieur Canaille* without it.

To *bienseance* 'tis tedious to incline,
In many cases;
To flatter, *par exemple*, keep smooth faces
When kick'd, or suff'ring grievous want of coin.

To vulgars, *bienseance* may seem an oddity—
I deem it a most portable commodity;
A sort of magic wand,
Which, if 'tis us'd with ingenuity,
Although an utensil of much tenuity,
In place of something solid, it will stand.

For verily I've marvell'd times enow
To see an Englishman, the ninny,
Give people for their services a guinea,
Which Frenchmen have rewarded with a bow.

Bows are a bit of *bienseance*
Much practis'd too in that same France;
Yet call'd by quakers, children of inanity;
But as they pay their court to people's vanity,
Like rolling-pins they smooth where'er they go
The souls and faces of mankind like dough!
With some, indeed, may *bienseance* prevail
To folly—see the under-written tale.

THE PETIT MAITRE, AND THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

AT Paris some time since, a murd'ring man,
A German, and a most unlucky chap,

Sad, stumbling at the threshold of his plan,
Fell into justice's strong trap.

The bungler was condemn'd to grace the wheel,
On which the dullest fibres learn to feel;
His limbs *secundum artem* to be broke
Amidst ten thousand people, p'rhaps, or more:
Whenever Monsieur Ketch apply'd a stroke,
The culprit, like a bullock, made a roar.

A flippant *petit-maitre* skipping by,
Stepp'd up to him, and check'd him for his cry—
'Boh!' quoth the German; 'an't I 'pon de wheel?
D'ye tink my nerfs and bons can't feel?'

'Sir,' quoth the beau, 'don't, don't be in a passion;
I've nought to say about your situation;
But making such a hideous noise in France,
Fellow, is contrary to *bienseance*.'

THE TRIUMPH OF ISIS,

OR

DR. CHAPMAN's THESIS.

OXFORD's Vice Chancellor, a man
Who fear'd the Lord, and lov'd the courtier clan,
By virtue of his trade a Thesis* order'd,
Which curs'd the terrible assassination
Intended for the monarch of our nation
By Marg'ret Nicholson, in mind disorder'd;

* A Latin Thesis is annually given out by the vice chancellor for the subject of a poem, and twenty pounds allotted to the prize andidate.

That likewise prais'd the royal peep
On Oxford and the arts so deep.

So violent was Doctor Chapman's zeal,
He quite forgot Latinity and graces:
Poor Priscian's head, whose wounds he cannot heal,
Was broken in half a dozen places.

Yet though a simple doctor, how amazing!
He set the univerity a-blazing—
Such was the kindling zeal that he inherits—
A farthing candle in a cask of spirits!

Richards of Trinity, who won the prize,
Now strutted victor forth with scornful eyes;
Bringing to mind the bards and tuneful dames
Who vied for conquest at th' Olympic games.

Forth march'd, too, *vice—videlicet*, the doctor,
Who, purring for preferment, slily *mouses*,
Attended by each dog-whipper, called proctor,
And *eke* the heads and tails of all the houses.

Forth march'd the nobles in their Sunday's geer;
Forth strutted, too, each beadle, like the peer,
With silver staffs, blue gowns, and velvet caps—
A set of very pompous-looking chaps!

Whilst Hayes*, who sticks like stag-hounds to a haunch,
Mov'd on in all the majesty of paunch:
To greet of all our ears the trembling drums,
The piper play'd ' The conquering hero comes!'

Loud groan'd the organ through his hundred pipes,
As if the poor machine had got the gripes;
As if, too, 'twas the organ's firm persuasions,
He oft had roar'd on more sublime occasions.

Now Chapman took, 'midst great compeers, his station—
Crew open'd subject in a fair oration—

* The organist.

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Then clapp'd was Crew—to him applause was
news—
Now 'gan the bard his poem to recite,
And, soaring, bade poor common sense good night,
So lofty were the pinions of his muse!

Thick as the pattering hail his praises show'r—
So strong his poetry's mechanic pow'r,
High mounts the monarch by his tuneful lever;
His muse's magnifying art so great,
Behold his George, an Alfred form complete;
Small Peg, Goliah, and her knife her cleaver!

Now back the sable bodies mov'd again,
Like beetles all so thick, a crawling host;
Whilst contemplation wrapp'd the loyal train,
Expecting, by the next day's post,
To see their acts in pompous print display'd,
And wreaths of glory crown the cavalcade!

A SERIOUS REFLECTION.

How useless was th' above! each person grieves,
And, with the grieving doctor, cries out shame,
That so much loyal zeal for nought should flame,
Not ev'n obtain a pair of coarse lawn sleeves,
Which poor Saint David giveth to support
The holy oil-of-fool men of a court.

ODE TO PATIENCE.

SWEET daughter of religion, modest fair,
 Thy hands upon thy bosom so *tranquille*,
With eyes to Heav'n, with so divine an air,
 So calmly smiling, so resign'd thy will;
Oh sent to teach us, and our passions cool,
I wish thou hadst a little larger school!

Lo, man, so great his want of grace,
If he but cuts a pimple on his face
 When shaving;
Like man bewitch'd he jumps about,
Kicks up a most infernal rout,
 And seemeth absolutely raving;
And, lo, all this for want of thy tuition—
Thus travel souls of people to perdition!

Stand at my side, oh stoic dame—
On starling Martyn bid me cry out 'shame,'

 Instead of knocking the dull fellow down,
When up the ninny-hammer starts to preach,
And impudently interrupts a speech
 Of orators of fair and first renown,
Just like the owl that scares the moonlight hour,
Whilst Philomela warbles from her bow'r.

And, oh! attend me when my eyes
View dedications fill'd with fulsome lies,
 In praise of *gen'rous* queens and kings;
Heav'n swell the fountains of their hearts,
That seldom water the poor arts,
 However sweetly adulation sings:

Eke, when I hear that stupid parson H—
God's house with ev'ry nonsense fill,
 And then with blasphemy each sentence cramm'd;
And when I hear th' impostor cry,

'I've news, you raggamuffins, from the sky;
I'm come to tell ye, that you'll all be damn'd;
I'm come from God, ye strumpets—come from God—
I'm God Almighty's servant—hear my voice.'—
Which if it were so would be vastly odd,
Since Heav'n would show bad judgement in the choice:

Dead all his money-loving soul's desires,
When subtle Hawkesb'ry talks of patriot fires,
And yielding places up to save the nation;
When of importance braggeth simple Leeds;
When Gloster's far-fam'd wife for meekness pleads;
And Gloster's duke breathes war and desolation;

When Brudenell talks of elegance and ease:
When Thurlow turns the first of devotees,
And, to astound the million, builds a church;
When royal folks of purest friendship boast,
Make generosity their constant toast,
Yet leave poor pining merit in the lurch;

When wonders through his spy-glass Marlb'rough views,
And sends to Banks the great, th' important news,
Fresh from his *cranium's* philosophic fogs;
When Dick descants on any thing but croute,
When Thompson aught performs beyond a scout,
And Mawbey talks of any thing but hogs:
Sweet Patience, sooth me with thy saint-like note,
Or, driv'n to madness, I shall cut my throat!

TO A NEST OF LORDS.

BED-CHAMBER utensils, you seem distress'd,
And swear with horror that my rhimes molest

Of certain folks so great the sweet repose;
Running about with horrors, groans, and sighs,
And floods, produc'd by onions, in your eyes,
So strong your friendship, and so vast your woes!

Dear humming lords, on friendship bray no more,
Nor thus the bard's depravity deplore;
Lo! like yourselves each man his trumpet bears,
In tame credulity's wide-gaping ears,
Of friendship the sublimity to sound—
Friendship! in dictionaries only found!

Perchaunce, my lords, in foreign parts you've been—
Perchaunce your optics fair Versailles have seen;
Likewise the Vatican, with all its state,
And *eke* th' Escurial, pride of Spain confest;
But, 'midst those scenes, did e'er your eye-balls blest
See a pig hanging in a gate?

If e'er you did this last great sight behold,
You need not, lords, so sapient, to be told
What most untuneful notes the pris'ner makes:
Indeed the hog his mouth and lungs employs
In raising such ear-crucifying noise,
As if he really was transfix'd with stakes.

Now near him should there happen to be hogs
Passing their happy hours among the bogs,
Grunting soft things to their own flesh and blood;
That is, unto their sweethearts and their brides,
Lying like ancient Romans on their sides,
And dining on the dainties of the mud;

Forgetting love, and dainty mud so fatt'ning,
In which they had been batt'ning,
Up leaps the herd of swine for his protection;
Just like the herd that had the devil,
Away they scamper, all so civil,
Resolving or to free him or to die—
Such is of swine the friendly quality,
Although proverbial for brutality!

But when at Newgate to be hung,
A Christian pours a dying song,
I grant that numbers hasten to the wretch,
Most pig-like—but, alas! lift not a hand
To keep him longer in the land,
And snatch him from the talons of Jack Ketch.

No; on the contrary, so fond their eyes
Of seeing how a brother dies,
I, from the bottom of my soul believe
They would not wish him a reprieve.

Thus, were your good friend Pitt condemn'd to swing—
Nay, ev'n were *greater people* I could name,
For whom with goodly zeal you seem to flame—
I don't believe you'd wish to cut the string,
Were you but tolerably sure
The next in pow'r would give you sixpence more.

Learn, then, my lords, though with contempt you treat 'em,
Friendship from hogs, as well as eat 'em.

At length my Subjects end, and now
To folly let me make my best court bow—
O goddess, still monopolise the *great:*
Then oft, to please the palate of the times,
The Muse shall ride to market with her rhimes,
And thrive upon her Helicon estate.

EXPOSTULATORY ODES

TO A

GREAT DUKE

AND A

LITTLE LORD.

——— *Torrens dicendi copia multis,*
Et sua mortifera est facundia! ———

JUVENAL.

Full many a wight hath suffer'd for a song,
And curs'd his volubility of tongue.

That Peter may not *thus* have cause to say
With Juvenal, poor fellow, let us pray!

EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

MY LORDS,

YOUR *uncommon attention* to my late publications demands a return of gratitude. Permit me to present to your lordships the following Lyric Trifles, which, if possessed of merit sufficient to preserve them from oblivion, will inform posterity that you existed.

I am, my Lords,

&c. &c. &c.

PETER PINDAR.

EXPOSTULATORY ODES.

ODE I.

MOST noble peers, there goes an odd report,
That you, prime fav'rites of an *honest* court,
Are hunting treason 'midst my publications—
Hunting, like blood-hounds, with the keenest noses,
Which hound-like hunting nat'rally supposes
The bard dares satirize the king of nations.

Ye sharp state-mousers, with your watering jaws,
God keep me from the vengeance of your claws:
An Asiatic fight may be renew'd;
What feathers flying, what a field of blood,
'Twixt falcon Burke and Sheridan, so brave,
And heron Hastings, such a dainty dish,
So wont to cram on Asiatic fish,
The largest, fattest of the eastern wave!

Yes, yes, I hear that you have watch'd my note,
And wish'd to squeeze my tuneful throat;
When Thurlow your designs most wisely scouted,
Swearing the poet should not yet be knouted.

Thus when grimalkin in its cage espies
A linnet or canary bird, so sweet;
The scoundrel lifts, so sanctified, his eyes,
Contriving how the warbler's back to greet:

He squints, and licks his lips, stalks round, and
round,
Twinkling with mischief fraught his tiger tail;
Now on his rump he sits, in thought profound,
Looks up with hungry wishes to assail;
When sudden enters master with a roar,
And kicks the scheming murderer to door.

ODE II.

RIGHT honest watchdogs of the state,
I like to smile at kings, but treason hate—

Most busy Jenkinson, Bute's once best friend,
A praise that stamps a character divine!
Believe not thus the poet can offend;
Ye gods! can Peter pour th' unloyal line?

I Peter, perpetrate so foul a thing!
I offer mischief to so good a king!
Now be it known to all the realms around,
I would not lose my liege for twenty pound!

Mild Osborne, softer than the down of goose,
I beg you will not let suspicion loose—
If so—of history I'll turn compiler—
Divulge some tame amours with Mistress C-yl-r:
So tame, indeed, so singularly stupid,
As gave a blush to little pimping Cupid!

O Heav'ns! can Jenkinson and Osborne long,
Foes to the Muse, to cut out Peter's tongue?
Arm'd with the Jove-like thunders of the crown,
To knock with those dread bolts a simple poet down?

Lo! into life against my will I tumbled,
And, says my nurse, I made a horrid clatter;
Kick'd, sprawl'd, and sputter'd, gap'd, and cry'd,
and grumbled,
Quite angry, seemingly, with mother Nature;

Who, *queen-like*, thinking all she does is right,
Against my wishes lugg'd me into light;
And what is harder, and worse manners still,
She'll kick me out of it against my will.

Yet since on this world's theatre I'm thrown,
Which with my temper now begins to suit;
And since its *drama* pleases, I must own
I should be sorry to remain a mute;
Inclin'd to say, like Beckford*, undeterr'd,
'By G— I'll speak, and d-mme I'll be heard.'

My lords, I fain would live a little longer,
For lo! desire, as to a bosom wife,
Undoubtedly the greatest bliss of life,
Hath taken deeper root and stronger.

Would He who made the world look down, and say,
'Peter, wilt live on earth a thousand years?'
'Lord, Lord,' I should delighted roar away,
'Ten thousand, if to thee it meet appears.'
'So long! what for?' the Deity might cry,
'O great Divinity,' quoth I,
'A thousand reasons; principally one,
To see the present Prince of Wales,
Whom many an aspic tongue assails,
Aloft on Britain's envied throne.

Where half the monarchs that have sat before
Have only sat to eat, and drink, and snore;
To damn the credit of the age,
And load with folly hist'ry's blushing page.'

* The House of Commons frequently resounded with those emphatic expressions of the late angry patriotic alderman, when gentlemen, by scraping, hemming, coughing, and groaning (to adopt the phraseology of my old friend Dr. Johnson) meant to oppugn the impetuosity of pecuniary arrogance, and annihilate the ebullition of pertinaceous loquacity.

And, Jenkinson, should thy hard face behold
A George the Fourth upon the throne,
Adieu at once thy age of gold;
Behold thy hopes of higher honours gone!

Then get thyself an earldom quick, quick, quick,
For fear of Fortunes wild vagaries;
Thus shall thy daughters all, like mushrooms thick,
Rise Lady Joans and Madges, Nells and Marys.

ODE III.

I OWN I love the prince—his virtues charm—
I know the youth receiv'd from heav'n a heart:
In friendship's cause I know his bosom warm,
That maketh *certain folk* with wonder start.

'Tis true that from my soul the man I hate,
Immers'd in mammon, and by mis'ry got;
Who, to complete his dinner, licks his plate,
And wishes to have ev'ry thing for nought:

Who if he gam'd, the dice would meanly cog;
Rob the blind beggar's scrip, and starve his dog—
And that there are such wretches near a throne,
Degraded nature tells it with a groan.

Perdition catch the money-grasping wretch,
With hook-like fingers ever on the stretch;
Who sighing, vents on Charity a curse,
That asks for *want* a penny from his purse:

The heart that lodges in that miser's breast,
For money feels the hunger of the shark;
Resembling too, the rusty iron chest
That holds his idol—close, and hard, and dark.

Give me the youth who dares at times unbend,
And scorning moderation's prude-like stare,
Can to her teeth, and to the world, declare,
Ebriety a merit with a friend.

When friendship draws the corks, and bids the dome
  With mirth and sallies of the soul resound:
When friendship bids the bowl o'erflowing foam,
  Till morning eyes the board with plenty crown'd;
Behold the *virtues* that sublimely soar,
Instead of meanly damning, cry '*encore.*'

ODE IV.

WITH you, my lords, I'm ev'ry thing that's evil;
  There's scarce a crime I've not committed;
The very essence of the devil;
  Deserving by the dæmon to be spitted;

Just like a turkey, goose, or duck,
  Prepar'd by Joan the cook to go to fire;
So wanton have you both been pleas'd to pluck
  The swan that imitates his Theban sire.

Of ev'ry quality am I bereft,
Not ev'n the shadow of a virtue left;
Not one small moral feather in my wings,
When dead, to lift me to the King of Kings.

My lords, beware—by mouthing oft my name
Unwisely, you may damn me into fame:
By letting thus your spleen on Peter loose,
He builds triumphal arches on abuse!

In vain the bard turns oculist, and tries
To purge the film from this world's darken'd eyes:
In vain to printers and to printers' devils
I fly, and advertise to cure king's evils:
With huge contempt you look on me, alack!
My *nostrums* curse, and call the bard a quack.

In general, authors are such coward things,
They fear to speak their sentiments of kings,
  Till those same kings are dead, and then the crowd,
Just like a pack of hounds, historian, bard,

With throats of thunder run his mem'ry hard,
 And try to tear him piecemeal from his shroud.

Now, if we wish a monarch to reclaim,
 In God's name let us speak before he's dead,
Or else 'tis ten to one we miss our aim,
 By staying till the fates have cut his thread:
After this operation of their knife,
I ne'er knew reformation in my life.

And yet, what is the greatest king when dead,
When dust and worms his eyes and ears o'erspread,
And low he lies beneath the stone?
The man who millions call'd his own,
Howe'er his spectre may be willing,
Cannot give change t'ye for a shilling!

ODE V.

YOUR taunting voices now, my lords, I hear,
 And thus they grate the poet's loyal ear:
'Bard, we are both superior to thy lays—
Deaf to thy censure, and despise thy praise.

'Know that our monarch lifts his head sublime,
Beyond the reach of groveling rhime,
 An Atlas hiding midst the thickest clouds;
Whilst thou a beetle, doom'd to buz below,
In circles, envious rambling to and fro,
 Survey'st the shining mist his head that shrouds.

'Thy rhimes, insulting kings with pigmy pride,
 Are like the sea's mad waves that make a pother,
Wild rushing on some promontory's side,
 One noisy blockhead following another.

'The stately promontory seems to say,
 Aspiring fools, go back again, go home:
At once the shoulder'd bullies dash'd away,
 Sink from his stately side in fruitless foam.

'Thou, with rabscallions like thyself,
A poor opiniated elf,
Letting on kings thy pen licentious loose,
Art like an impudent lane goose,
Who, as the trav'ller calmly trots along,
Starts from amongst his flock, an ill-bred throng,
Waddling with pok'd-out neck, and voice so coarse,
As if to swallow up the man and horse:
With rumpled feathers to the steed he steals,
And, like a coward, snaps him by the heels;
Then to his gang with out-stretch'd pinions hobbling,
The fool erect returns *te deum* gobbling,
And from each brother's greeting gullet draws
The mingled triumph of a coarse applause,
As if the trotting enemies were beaten,
And man and palfry kill'd and eaten.

Poor rogue, thou hast not got the trifling spirit
To own thy king e'er did one act of merit.'

My lords, with great submission to your sense,
Giving the lie, yet hoping no offence;
An act is his my heart with rapture hails—
George gave the world the Prince of Wales;
A prince, who when he fills Old England's throne,
  The virtues and fair science shall surround it;
And when he quits the sceptre, all shall own
  He left it as *unsullied* as he found it.

ODE VI.

GREAT was the bard's desire to sing the queen,
  Vast in her soul, majestic in her mien;
But fierce George Hardinge* swore if pens or pen
Of woman, women, man or men,

* Solicitor to the Queen.

In any wise or shape, in ode or tale,
Dar'd mention that superior lady, lo!
The law should deal them *such* a blow!—
Hang, pill'ry, or confine for life in jail!

And as a kite, on whom the small birds stare,
That tow'ring critic of the air,
Is oft beset by tribes of rooks and crows,
Amidst the crystal fields of heav'n;
By whose hard beaks and wings, no common foes,
Sad knocks to gentle kite are giv'n;

Surrounded thus amidst that lofty hall,
Nam'd Westminster, the gentle bard
Might of the sable legions taste the gall:
He therefore wisely means to play his card:
The poet's *quidlibet audendi* waves,
And thus his hide an old companion saves.

Ah, me! the legislators of Parnassus,
In liberty, though Englishmen, surpass us!
What's sound at Hippocrene, the poet's Spa,
Is not at Westminster sound law!

Parnassus never with rare genius wars;
But aiding, lifts his head to strike the stars:
At Westminster how diff'rent is his fate?
Where if he soars sublime, and boldly sings,
The sheers of law, like fate's, shall snip his wings,
And bid him warble through an iron grate.

Perchaunce law neckcloths, form'd of deal or oak,
Like marriage, often an unpleasant yoke,
Shall rudely hug his harmless throat,
And stop his Apollinian note;
The empire of fair poetry o'erturning,
And putting every muse in mourning.

ODE VII.

YOU tell me both, with grievous malice carping,
On one dull tune eternally I'm harping—
You would have said to Milton just the same;
Who through twelve books the head of Satan maul'd—
Such names the prince of darkness call'd,
As must have made you roar out shame.

You would (or greatly I mistake) have said,
'What! Milton, always plaguing the poor devil,
For ever beating Nick about the head;
How canst thou be so dev'lishly uncivil?

'Was not *one* book sufficient for thy spleen,
But must thou to a mummy beat him,
And, like a pickpocket, so barb'rous treat him,
Through books a dozen or fourteen?'

Suppose these things you could have mutter'd,
And glorious Milton, like a ninny,
Had answer'd, 'There is sense and reason in ye—
Thank ye, kind gentlemen, for all you've utter'd;
The hint you offer not amiss is;
I'll tear my Paradise to pieces.'

Suppose I ask you what had been the evil?
Believe me, something to the world's sad cost—
By such civility to spare the devil,
My lords, a second Iliad had been lost.

Thus from poor Peter take the *great* away;
Of fun you rob him of cart loads—
What would his customers all do and say?
P'rhaps, curse you for the loss of odes.

You'll say, 'Let satire meaner subjects look.'
Well, Jenky*, grant my satire flies at *you*,

* Here seemeth to be a contradiction; but when

Who'd buy my melancholy vulgar book?—
  Adieu fair fame, and fortune's smiles adieu!

But if we daring trim a royal jacket,
Lord! what a buying, reading, what a racket!
How spruce the metamorphos'd bard appears!
With what a confidence he pricks his ears?
Who just before, in piteous chop-fall'n plight,
Look'd of the woful face, *La Mancha's Knight!*

Who runs to see a monkey in a trap?
  But let the noble lion grace the gin,
Lo! the whole world is out to see him snap,
  To hear him growl, and triumph o'er his grin!

Cut off the head of a great lord,
  Not wiser than the head of a great goose,
Tow'r Hill at once with gapers will be stor'd,
  As if the world was all broke loose;

But when a little villain haps to swing,
What a poor solitary string!
How few by curiosity are fetch'd
To see the rope of justice stretch'd!

Scarce any but the hangman and the priest
  To do their duty at the culprit's side,
With hemp and pray'rs his neck and soul assist,
  And wish the lonely trav'ller a good ride.

ODE VIII.

HARK! hark! I hear you courtier pair exclaim,
  'This Peter is the most audacious dog;
The fellow hath no rev'rence for a name—
  A king to him is scarce above a log.'

the reader is informed that Jenky cannot withou mocker*r* be ranked amongst the *great*, the mystery stands explained.

Sometimes *below** a log, sirs, if you please;
A bold assertion, to be prov'd with ease.

But, goodly gentlemen, I do desire ye,
T'avoid in this affair minute inquiry
Concerning their respective merit;
I fear less prudence will be seen than spirit;
Logs universally are useful things;
A *postulatum* not allow'd to kings.

'For us, on Honour's pinnacle,' you cry,
'Whose heads are nearly level with the sky,
High basking in the blaze of regal pow'r;
This Peter, seldom from rank pride exempt,
Calls us, with scowling eyes of fix'd contempt,
A pair of jackdaws perch'd upon a tow'r.

'Archbishops, bishops, servants of the Lord,
Head servants, too, who preach the purest word,
With waving hands enforcing goodly matter,
No more by him, the scorner, are accounted
Than sweepers on their chimneys mounted,
That wield their brush, and to the vulgar chatter.'

True, my dear lords—for merit only warm,
Rank and fine trappings long have ceas'd to charm—
And yet, their eyes the stupid million bless,
For barely getting sights of rank and dress!

When judges a campaigning go,
And on their benches look so big,
What gives them consequence, I trow,
Is nothing but a bushel wig:

Yet bumpkins, gaping with a bullock stare,
See learning lodg'd in ev'ry hair,
But heads, not hair, my admiration draw;
Not wigs, but wisdom, strikes *my* soul with awe.

* A few foreign monarchs justify the poet's assertion.

ODE IX.

THE man who printeth his poetic fits,
Into the public's mouth his head commits;
Too oft a lion's mouth, of danger full,
Or flaming mouth of Phalaris's bull;
He pours the sad repentant groan in vain,
The cruel world but giggles at his pain.

For, lo! our world, so savage in its nature,
Would rather see a fellow under water,
Or, from the attic story of a house
Fall down souse
Upon a set of cursed iron spikes;
Than see him with the blooming lass he likes,
Blest on a yielding bed of down or roses,
Where Love's fond couples often join their noses.

Upon me what a host I've got!
Who by their black abuses boil their pot,
Ay, that's the reason—wide-mouth'd hunger calls,
And from the hollows of each stomach bawls!

Thus the poor silk-worms, born to bless mankind,
Whilst for the shiv'ring world the robe they spin,
In ev'ry ring a thousand insects find,
Gnawing voraciously their harmless skin.

And thus the lambs, whose useful fleeces trea
With coats and blankets people of all stations,
By preying maggots are beset,
Harb'ring whole stinking nations;
Which from their backs the crows so kindly pick,
Enough to make a Christian sick.

Oh, would some critic crow but eat the pack
Now nestling in my lyric back,
That daily in their hosts increase,
And try to spoil the finest fleece.

Why am I persecuted for my rhimes,
That kindly try to cobble kings and times?

To mine, Charles Churchill's rage was downright [rancour.
He was a first-rate man of war to *me*,
Thund'ring amidst a high tempestuous sea;
I'm a small cockboat bobbing at an anchor;
Playing with patereroes that alarm,
Yet scorn to do a bit of harm.

My satire's blunt—his boasted a keen edge—
A sugar-hammer mine—but his a blacksmith's sledge!

And then *that* Junius!—what a scalping fellow;
Who dar'd such treason and sedition bellow!

Compar'd to them, whose pleasure 'twas to stab,
Lord! I'm a melting medlar to a crab!
My humour of a very diff'rent sort is—
Their satire's horrid hair cloth, mine is silk—
I am a pretty nipperkin of milk;
They two enormous jugs of *aqua fortis.*

Compar'd to their high floods of foaming satire,
My rhime's a rill—a thread of murmuring water:
A whirlwind they, that oaks like stubble heaves—
I, zephyr, whisp'ring, sporting through the leaves.

And such all candid people must conclude it—
The world should say of Peter Pindar's strain,
'In *him* the courtly Horace lives again—
Circum præcordia Petrus ludit.'

Which easy scrap of Latin thus I render—
No man by Peter's verse is harshly bitten;
Like lambkins bleats the bard so sweet and tender,
And playful as the sportive kitten.

So chaste his *similes*, so soft his style,
That ev'n his bitt'rest enemies should smile;
He biddeth not his verse in thunder roar—
His lines perpetual summer—sunshine weather—
He tickles only—how can he do more,
Whose only instrument's a feather;

ODE X.

LIKE children, charm'd with praise's sugar'd song,
How much the great admire the cringing throng;
And how most *lovingly* the men they hate,
Who to the stubbornness of conscience born,
Tenacious of the rights of nature, scorn
To hold the censer to the nose of state!

Too many a weak-brain'd man, and silly dame,
Are made ridiculous by fulsome fame;
Rais'd on high pedestals in rich attire,
For half the globe to laugh at, not admire.

You bid the bard in panegyric shine;
With courtly adulation load the line:
Sirs, adulation is a fatal thing—
Rank poison for a subject, or a king.

My lords, I do declare that it requires
A brain well fortified to bear great flatt'ries;
Such very dangerous mask'd batt'ries,
That keep on great men's brains such ceaseless fires!
I hope that God will give such great men grace
To know the gen'ral weakness of the place.

Pray do not fancy what I utter strange—
The love of flatt'ry is the soul's rank mange,
Which, though it gives such tickling joys,
Instead of doing service, it destroys:
Just as the mange to lapdog's skins applied
Though pleasing, spoils the beauty of the hide.

A sonnet now and then to please the fair,
With flatt'ry spic'd a little, does no harm—
That talks of flames, perfections, hope, despair,
And hyperbolically paints each charm.

P'rhaps to a fault at times, my muse's art,
By admiration swell'd, hath soar'd too high;

But Cynthia knew the lover's partial art,
  And chid her poet for the tuneful lie.

Perhaps too loud the bard had struck the lyre;
And when th' enthusiast, with a lover's fire,
  More bright than angels, gave the nymph to glow;
By Truth's delightful dictates solely sway'd,
Ought of his fav'rite Cynthia to have said,
  'She triumphs only o'er the world *below*.'

ODE XI.

MY lords, I won't consent to be a bug,
  To batten in the royal rug,
  And on the backs of monarchs meanly crawl,
  And more, my lords, I hope I never shall.
Yet certain vermin I can mention, love it,
You know the miserables that can *prove* it.
I cannot, Papist-like (a dupe to kings),
Create divinities from wooden things.

Somewhere in Asia—I forget the place—
  Ceylon I think it is—Yes, yes, I'm right;
There kings are deem'd of heav'nly race,
  And blasphemy it is their pow'r to slight.

Like crouching spaniels down black lords must lie,
Whene'er admitted to the royal eye,
And say, whene'er the mighty monarch chats
To those black lords about their wives and brats,
  That happen in the world to tumble;
'Dread sire, your slave and bitch my wife,
  Hath brought to bless your dog so humble,
One, two, three, four, five puppies into life;
All subject to your godlike will and pow'r,
To hang or drown in half an hour.'

This is too servile, I must dare confess—
'Twixt man and man the diff'rence should be less,

I own I brought two wond'ring eyes to town,
Got bent by mobs my ribs like any hoop,
To see the mighty man who wore a crown—
To see the man to whom great courtiers stoop.

Much had I read, which *certès* some time since is,
My Bible so replete with kings and princes,
And thought kings taller than my parish steeple;
I thought too, which was natural enough,
Jove made their skins of very diff'rent stuff
From that which clothes the bones of common people.

But mark! by staring, gaping, ev'ry day,
The edge of admiration wore away,
Like razors' edges rubb'd against a stone;
Kings ceas'd to be such objects of devotion,
I saw the beings soon without emotion,
And thought like mine their bodies flesh and bone.

Like many thousands, I was weak enough
To think Jove kept a soul and body shop—
Like mercers, had variety of stuff,
For such whose turn it was to be made up;

And that he treated with great liberality
Folks born to figure in the line of quality;
Giving souls superfine, and bones and bloods,
In short, the choicest of cœlestial goods:

But on the lower classes when employ'd,
It struck me, that he work'd with much *sang froid*,
Not caring one brass farthing for the chaps;
Forming them just as girls themselves amuse
In making workbags, pincushions, and shoes—
Videlicet—from scraps.

Now can't I give a thimblefull of praise,
E'en to an emp'ror, if uncrown'd by merit;
A starving principle, 'faith, now a-days,
And unconnected with the courtier's spirit—
You, sirs, I think, can give it with a ladle,
And rock of grinning idiotism the cradle.

ODE XIII.

SO much abus'd, I lose my lyric merit—
  Evaporated half its spirit;
Reduc'd from alcohol to phlegm :
From solid pudding to whipp'd cream !

There was a time when, not one bit afraid
Of aught the people roar'd, or sung, or said;
I carelessly my fav'rite trade pursu'd ;
Invok'd Apollo, and the Muses woo'd :
And with the stoicism that sooths a stone,
I sat me down and pick'd my mutton bone.

Thus when amidst the tumbling world of waves
The cloud wrapp'd genius of the tempest raves,
  And midst the hurrying mass of spectr'd gloom,
Fate mounted on the wild wing of the blast,
Shouts desolation through the twilight waste,
  And, thund'ring, threats a system's doom;

Lo! with light wing a gull the billows sweeps,
Sports on the storm, and mocks the bellowing deeps;
Now on the mountain surge compos'd he squats,
Adjusts his feathers, and looks round for sprats.

I now may say with righteous David, 'Lord,
  With foes I'm sore encompassed about;'
And rhime like Sternhold, once for verse ador'd,
  'I wote not when I shall get out;
So craftily the heathen me assail,
My canticle doth not a whit avail.'

Lo! almost every one at Peter's head
  Levels his blunderbuss, and takes a pop—
Bounce on my dear *os frontis* falls the lead,
  But harmless yet, thank God, I've seen it drop:

Yet by and by some luckless shot
  May knock about the brains of tuneful Peter—

Thousands will smile to see him go to pot,
And mock him in his grave with shameless metre:

Not so our gracious king and queen, I know it—
They've pity, if not pence to give a poet.

Patient as Job, when Satan, all so vile,
Betting his skin against the Lord's,
Adding a most contemptuous smile,
As well as most indecent words,
Cover'd the man of Uz with boils,
At which with horror ev'ry heart recoils:

Yes, patient as the man of Uz am I,
Though forc'd on envy's burning coals to fry.

Seek I the court?—Lords, lordlings fly the place—
The ladies, too, so full of loyal grace,
Turn their gay backs when there I show my head;
As happen'd at St. James's t'other day,
When up the stairs I took my solemn way,
And fill'd the fine-dress'd gentlefolks with dread.

Off Brudenell flew, and with his star so blazing;
Off flew the frighten'd Sir John Dick, so stout,
Who won his blazing star by means amazing—
By manufacturing sour crout.

Off flew with this great crout-composing Dick,
Thomson and Salisb'ry, Harcourt, and gold-stick;
Such was the terror at the man of rhimes,
As though he enter'd to divulge their crimes.

Thus on a bank upon a summer's day,
Of some fair stream of East or Western Ind,
When puppies join in wanton play,
Free from the slightest fear of being skinn'd;

If from that stream, which all so placid flows,
A sly old alligator pokes his nose;
P'rhaps with a wish to taste a slice of cur;
At once the dogs are off upon the spur;
Nor once behind them cast a courtly look,
To compliment the monarch of the brook.

ODE XIII.

DESERTED in my utmost need by fate,
  Like fam'd Darius, great and good;
Fall'n, fall'n, poor fellow, from a large estate;
  Forc'd, forc'd to browse, like goats, the lanes for
    food!

Alas! deserted quite by ev'ry friend;
  And what than friendship can be sweeter;
Lo! not a soul will kind assistance lend;
  Lo! ev'ry puppy lifts his leg at Peter!

Like some lone insulated rock am I,
  Where midst th' Atlantic vast, old Æol raves;
Shook by the thunders of each angry sky,
  And roll'd on by the rushing world of waves!

So hard, indeed, the critic tempest blows,
I scarce can point against the gale my nose—
  A storm more violent was never seen!
So dread the war!—indeed it must be dread,
When from his shop John Nichols pops his head,
  And pours the thunders of his Magazine.

For heavier artill'ry ne'er was play'd:—
  And yet, not all th' artill'ry is his own;
Hayley, a close ally, in ambuscade
  Behind, assists the war of furious John.

John Nichols, with Will Hayley for his 'squire,
  Are serious things, howe'er the world may laugh—
And therefore dread I much to face the fire
  Of this intrepid *Hudibras* and *Ralph*.

You too, my lords, combin'd with those dread foes
  To tear the bard to pieces for his rhimes,
Is very cruel, Heav'n well knows,
  And does no sort of credit to the times.

Yet let me feel myself—I'm not yet dead,
Though maul'd so terribly about the head:
By printers' devils and allies surrounded:
P'rhaps, like the Prussian monarch, I may rise
Herculean, to the world's surprise,
And see my enemies confounded.

Full many a cock hath won ten pound,
Though seeming dead, stretch'd out amidst the pit—
Leap'd up, and giv'n his foe a fatal wound—
Then why not mine, ye gods, the lucky hit?

ODE XIV.

WITH your good leave, my lords, I'll now take mine,
Not deem'd, *perchaunce*, a poet quite divine—
Perchaunce with beasts at Ephesus I've warr'd,
Like that prodigious orator St. Paul,
And for my stanzas, p'rhaps both great and small,
You kindly wish me feather'd well and tarr'd.

You think I loathe the name of king, no doubt—
Indeed, my lords, you never were more out:
I am not of that envious class of elves;
Though Dame M'Auley turns on kings her tail;
With great *respect* the sacred names I hail,
That is, of monarchs who *respect* themselves.

But should they act with meanness, or like fools,
The muse shall place a fool's cap on their skulls.

Stubborn as many a king, indeed, I am—
That is, as stubborn as a halter'd ram:
A change in Peter's life you must not hope:
To try to wash an ass's face,
Is really labour to misplace;
And really loss of time, as well as sope.

ODE XV.

PRAY let me laugh, my lords, I must, I will—
 My lords, my laughing muscles can't lie still:
Unpolish'd in the supple schools of France,
I cannot burst to pleasure complaisance.

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt;
And ev'ry grin, so merry, draws one out:
 I own I like to laugh, and hate to sigh,
And think that risibility was giv'n
For human happiness, by gracious Heav'n,
 And that we came not into life to cry:

To wear long faces, just as if our Maker,
The God of goodness, was an undertaker,
Well pleas'd to wrap the soul's unlucky mien
In sorrow's dismal crape or bombasin.

Methinks I hear the Lord of nature say,
Fools, how you plague me! go, be wise, be gay;
 No tortures, penances, your God requires—
Enjoy, be lively, innocent, adore,
And know that Heav'n hath not one angel more
 In consequence of groaning nuns and friars.
Heav'n never took a pleasure or a pride
In starving stomachs, or a horsewhipp'd hide.

'Mirth be your motto—merry be your heart;
 Good laughs are pleasant inoffensive things;
And if their follies happen to divert,
 I shall not quarrel at a joke on kings.'

ODE XVI.

IF monarchs (the suggestion, p'rhaps, of liars)
  Turn housebreakers, and rob the nuns and friars;
Steal pictures, crucifixes, heav'nly chattels,
To purchase swords and guns and souls for battles:

In spite of all the world may say or think,
If empresses will punk-like kiss and drink:

If kings will sell the hares and boars they kill,
And snipe and partridge blood for mammon spill,
Denying thus themselves a dainty dish,
And go themselves to market with their fish:

Pleas'd with the vulgar herd to join their name,
If kings, ambitious of a blacksmith's fame,
Not wondrously ambitious in their views,
Instead of mending empires, make horse shoes:

Dead to fair science, if to vagrant hogs,
To toymen, conjurors, and dancing dogs,
Great princes, pleas'd, a patronage extend;
Whilst modest genius pines without a friend:

  Dismissing grandeur as an idle thing,
If on bob wigs, slouch'd hats, and thread-bare coats,
Upon vulgarity a monarch doats,
  More pleas'd to look a coachman than a king:

If with their bullocks kings delight to battle;
  On hard horse chesnuts make them dine and sup,
Resolv'd to starve the nice-mouth'd cattle
  Until they eat the chesnuts up;
Poor fellows, from the nuts who turn away,
And think it dev'lish hard they can't have hay:

If kings will mount old houses upon rollers,
Converting sober mansions into strollers,
Heraclitus's gravity can't bear it—
I must laugh out, and all the world must hear it.

ODE XVII.

JUST one word more, my lords, before we part—
Do not vow vengeance on the tuneful art;
'Tis very dangerous to attack a poet—
Also ridiculous—the end would show it.
Though not to *write*—to *read* I hear you're able:—
Read, then, and learn instruction from a fable.

THE PIG AND MAGPIE,

A FABLE.

COCKING his tail, a saucy prig,
A magpie hopp'd upon a pig,
To pull some hair, forsooth, to line his nest;
And with such ease began the hair attack,
As thinking the fee simple of the back
Was by himself, and not the pig possest.

The boar look'd up as thunder black to Mag,
Who, squinting down on him like an arch wag,
Inform'd mynheer some bristles must be torn;
Then busy went to work, not nicely culling;
Got a good handsome beakful by good pulling,
And flew, without a 'Thank ye,' to his thorn.

The pig set up a dismal yelling;
Follow'd the robber to his dwelling,
Who, like a fool, had built it midst a bramble:
In manfully he sallied, full of might,
Determin'd to obtain his right,
And midst the bushes now began to scramble.

He drove the magpie, tore his nest to rags,
And, happy on the downfall, pour'd his brags:
But ere he from the brambles came, alack!

His ears and eyes were miserably torn,
His bleeding hide in such a plight forlorn,
He could not count ten hairs upon his back.

This is a pretty tale, my lords, and pat:
To folks like you, so clever, *verbum sat.*

A
BENEVOLENT EPISTLE

TO

SYLVANUS URBAN,

ALIAS

MASTER JOHN NICHOLS, PRINTER,

Common-Councilman of Farringdon Ward,
And Censor General of Literature:

NOT FORGETTING

MASTER WILLIAM HAYLEY:

To which is added,

AN ELEGY TO APOLLO;

ALSO

SIR J. BANKS AND THE BOILED FLEAS,

AN ODE.

How now, prithee, John,
Do not quarrel, man,
Let us be merry, and
Drink about.

CATCH.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poet commenceth in a sublime Strain of happy Imitation of Classic Simplicity; with the Ille ego—*Self-consequence of the Mantuan Bard; giving an Account of the various Themes of his Muse, from* Majesty *to Mr. John Nichols—He asketh the Reason of John's great Anger, and freeth himself from the Imputation of Illiberality, by telling the World what handsome Things he hath said of the Printer—The Poet attacketh John in Turn for* his *Want of Candour—speaketh Oracles to John—maketh a fine Comparison between himself and purling Streams; also between Curs, Cats, and Courtiers—The Poet declaimeth virtuously and politically against Swearing in a Passion—complaineth of Instances of John's Cruelty towards him for barely administering a few admonitory Lashes to the Back of the* President *of the* Royal Society, *Mrs. Piozzi, and Mr. Boswell—The Poet again complaineth of John's disingenuousness; praising at the same Time his own Sweetness of Dis-*

position—he mentioneth the Horrors of dying People at the Thought of being exhibited in John's Magazine, in which the Poet is supposed to allude to the Letters of the Rev. Mr. Badcock and others, as well as scandalous Anecdotes collected from Families, to give a Zest to his monthly Lumber—The Poet informeth John of the Appellation given him by some People—also other People's Idea of a more appropriate Appellation, though a very rude one, and which the Poet was always too delicate to use—the Poet confesseth that he marvelled at John's Impudence in assuming the Management of the Gentleman's Magazine after Dr. Johnson; on which Dr. Johnson the Poet passeth a just Stricture with unprecedented Delicacy—the Poet challengeth John to say he ever exposed him for his Praises of such as contributed to his Magazine —or when he tried to eclipse the biographical Fame of Plutarch, by his Anecdotes of poor old Bowyer—The Poet exhibiteth more Instances of Grandeur of Soul—still more Nobleness—still more—The Poet maketh a most luminous Remark on the Difference between the Happiness of Fools *and* Wise Men, *and concludeth with advising John to make a proper Application of his Talents.*

A

BENEVOLENT EPISTLE,

&c. &c.

I, WHO, ambitious that the brats, my rhimes,
Shou'd see the gentlefolks of future times;
Rise like antiques in value, nor expire,
Till ruin spreads his universal fire:
Dread thought! that to destruction must be giv'n
This charming world, this handsome work of Heav'n
I, who, regardless of the courtier throng,
To kings, and lords, and commons, tun'd the song;
Bade Tom* no more indulge the golden dream,
And kindly wish'd his wit a wiser theme;
Struck to the lime and mortar knight† the string;
And hail'd of butterflies the nursing king‡,
Who scorning suns and moons, with happier eyes,
Beholds from dunghills purple emp'rors§ rise;
More blest on this our earth a frog to see,
To find a cockleshell, and boil a flea||,

* Mr. Warton. † Sir William Chambers.
‡ Sir Joseph Banks. § A rare species of butterfly
|| See the ode at page 103.

Than dwell in yonder skies, with glory crown'd,
Where frogs, nor fleas, nor cockleshells abound;
More blest to mark a bat's than angel's wing;
To hear a grasshopper than seraph sing;
More pleas'd to view (if rumour justly paints)
The tails of tadpoles than the heads of saints;
And hear (to fame if credence may be giv'n)
One humming-bird than all the host of heav'n:
I, who to men of canvass struck the lyre,
And set with rhimes th' Academy on fire*;
O'er Mount Parnassus Jove-like cast my shoe;
At poets smil'd, and poetesses too;
Preferr'd the ballads of the good Old Bailey,
To all the cold pomposities of Hayley,
Whose rhimes†, as soon as litter'd, join the heaps,
Where midst her shadowy gulf oblivion sleeps:
So deep, who scarce can dive into himself!
So lofty, too, the tenant of the shelf!
Now stiffer than recruits so raw at drill;
Now *petit-maitre* of the muse's hill:
I, who to grave reviewers sigh'd my pray'r,
Submissive bending at the critic chair;
And blushing begg'd one little laurel sprig,
To bring importance, and adorn my wig:
I, who Sam Whitbread's brewhouse prais'd in song,
So highly honour'd by the royal throng;
Berhim'd a goodly monarch and his spouse,
Miss Whitbread's curt'sies, *Mister* Whitbread's bows,
Amounting, hist'ry says, to many a score,
Such, too, as Chiswell street ne'er saw before;

* [*The Academy on fire*] *i. e.* produced an emulation amongst the ingenious artists—this passage seemed to want an explanation, as an illiberal reader might have imagined that I meant that my academic odes had put the members into a violent passion; an idea so very foreign to my wishes.

† Such is really the present sunk condition of this *Odies'* author.

Not e'en forgetting with my classic force,
The brewer's bulldog, and his marv'lling horse;
The curious draymen into puncheons creeping,
And charm'd with greatness, through the bungholes
I, who to Pitt the chords in anger struck, [peeping;
Who whelm'd his prince so gracefully with muck;
Lycurgus Pitt, whose penetrating eyes
Behold the fount of freedom in *excise*;
Whose patriot logic possibly maintains
Th' identity of liberty and chains:
I who of Leeds and Hawkesb'ry deign'd to sing,
The blessed fav'rites of a blessed ****;
High on the lab'ring pinions of an ode,
Heav'd Brudenell's folly, what a leaden load!
Brudenell who bids us all the proverb feel,
'The largest calves are not the sweetest veal;'
I, who on such rich subjects deign'd to shine,
Now tune to once a printer's dev'l the line;
But now no more a dev'l—with Atlas mien,
The great supporter of a Magazine*;
No more, no more a dev'l with humble air,
But fit companion for our great Lord May'r!
How like the worm which crawls at first the earth,
But, getting a new coat, disdains its birth;
Spreads its gold tissue to the solar ray,
And wings o'er trees and tow'rs its airy way!

With anger foaming, and of vengeance full,
Why belloweth John Nichols like a bull?
Say, goddess, could a few poetic stripes
Make John, so furious, kick about his types;
Spin round his pandemonium like a top,
And, thund'ring, to its centre shake the shop?
Could satire's twig produce so dire a din?
And dwells such softness in a printer's skin?

* The *Gentleman's*, as it is modestly called; to whose *gentility* Mr. Hayley is a constant contributor, in the way of *ingenious* rhime and *liberal* criticism.

Illib'ral! never, never have I said,
That thou wert not an honest man in trade!
Whether from principle or jail dismay
Springs thy morality, we dare not say:
Since jails, those iron agents of the law,
Keep many a graceless rogue in pious awe.
Yet, son of ink, devoutly let us hope
Thou lov'st a virtue more than dreadst a rope;
Nay, to thy honour let me this declare,
To make the rigid sons of conscience stare,
That when thou money lendest, such thy purity,
Detesting bad, thou seekest good security.
Inclin'd for ever, John, to take thy part,
Thus have I pour'd the dictates of my heart:
'If 'midst a vulgar mass his stars unkind
Have plac'd most niggardly a pigmy mind,
'Tis not John's fault—John should not blush for
shame,
His parsimonious planets are to blame.
What though in wisdom's crucible his head
Prove that it dealeth less in gold than lead;
Unskill'd on classic ground to cut a caper,
Yet knoweth John the price of print and paper:
His nice discerning knowledge none deny,
On crown, imperial, foolscap, and demy.
On blanket, sheepskins*, urine, John can think;
Myself would take his sentiments on ink:
Myself would take his sentiments on letters:
On syllables, indeed, I'd ask his betters.
The meanest mortal let us not deride:
Lo! beasts of burden oft must be our guide;
Yes, through the dark and unknown track, of course,
I yield up all opinion to my horse.'
Truth, let fair truth for ever rule my rhimes!
I'm told this lady visits *thee* sometimes!
How kind! how humble! thus the god of day
Deigns to a mudpool to impart his ray!

* Necessary for making printers' balls.

Amidst the passions' roar, a clam'rous host,
Oft is the gentle voice of reason lost!
How try'st thou, butcher-like, to carve my work,
And treat each sweet-soul'd stanza like a Turk!
From such sad readers Heav'n the muse protect,
Proud to find fault, and raptur'd with defect!
Yet though thou *frown'st* on Peter's every line,
Behold the diff'rence, John!—he *smiles* on *thine*.
Say not I hate each man of verse and prose;
I rev'rence genius, John, where'er it grows:
Whene'er it beams through ignorance's night,
I mark the stranger with as keen delight,
As looks the pilgrim on Bassora's tow'rs,
Her streams, ambrosial blooms, and myrtle bow'rs;
Who, long denied of hope's sweet cup to taste,
Had sigh'd amidst the solitary waste.

Blame not the bard, thou man of *letter'd* pride,
Who taking not dame Prudence for thy guide,
Didst stone the poet's mansion like an ass,
Forgetting that thy own was made of glass.
Know, John, that passion maketh man a swine:
Know this, and bid thy conduct copy mine.
When deeming me a Saracen in heart,
Why, simple John, attempt my road to thwart?
Amidst thy walks should bullies meet thine eye,
Compos'dly let those bullies pass thee by.
To bustling bravoes, for my ease and pride,
I give the wall, and smiling turn aside.
Thus if a rock or log the stream oppose,
That sweetly lambent from its fountain flows;
No foamy turbulence the rills betray,
But, easy yielding, wind in peace away.
My hate of courtiers how thine anger drew!
I own I loathe St. James's servile crew:
Where'er the smiles of royalty are found,
The lazy clan of courtiers crouch around:
Thus on the country towns when Phœbus shines;
Amidst the radiance ev'ry cur reclines;

And lo! neglectful of the mice and rats,
Each street presents us with a line of cats.

Truth needs not, John, the eloquence of oaths,
Not more so than a decent suit of clothes
Requires of broad gold lace th' expensive glare,
That makes the linsey-woolsy million stare;
Besides, a proverb, suited to my wish,
Declares that swearing never catcheth fish.
'Tis vulgar—I have said it o'er and o'er;
Then keep thy temper, man, and swear no more.
Struck, nay, half petrified, that Banks should dare,
Indecent fellow! ravish Newton's chair;
Mock such as wisdom's sacred mines explore,
And kick the arts and sciences to door;
Making (methinks a monstrous impropriety)
A fly-club of a great and fam'd society:
The muse, with virtuous indignation stung,
In rhime's strong chains the brazen culprit hung;
When with the fury of a thousand foes,
Howl'd the wild tempest of thy verse and prose!
Shock'd that an idle gossip, Madam Thrale*,
And he†, a feather genius in thy scale,
High panting for the echo of a name,
Should meanly crucify poor Johnson's fame;
I own I glow'd with more than mortal ire,
And fix'd to satire's scourge my sharpest wire;
When lo! the poet's visage to begrime,
Forth rush'd thy muddy sluice of prose and rhime:
For this against my will, indeed with tears,
I show'd a grinning land thy ass's ears.

Fir'd that the muse should daringly suggest
That stars have beam'd upon the blackest breast;
Just like their heav'nly cousins all so bright,
O'er the dark mantle of old mother night;
Should hint (by fortune's wild vagaries plac'd:
That crowns may feel themselves at times disgrac'd;

* Now Madame Piozzi. † Mr. James Boswell.

To take a king's and courtier's part so prone,
Full at my forehead didst thou fling the stone;
But thanks to Phœbus, who secur'd my crown,
Thou couldst not bring the great Goliah down!

Griev'd that th' ambitious muse a prince should praise,
Whose name diffuses lustre o'er her lays;
A prince whose only fault is want of art,
Whose horrid vice, benevolence of heart;
Which little abject souls profusion call,
And o'er each action vainly spit their gall:
Griev'd that the muse attack'd with scorn a man,
Unlucky form'd on Nature's hungry plan;
Who, lord of millions, trembles for his store,
And fears to give a farthing to the poor;
Proclaims that penury will be his fate,
And, scowling, looks on charity with hate;
Whose matchless avarice is meat and drink,
That dreads to spill a single drop of ink;
On each superfluous letter vents a sigh,
And saves the little dot upon an *i*;
Happy e'en Nature's tenderest ties to slight,
And vilely rob an offspring of his right;
Forth rush'd thy venom—harmless, too, it flow'd,
For man defies the poison of a toad;
Vex'd that the muse (as if she utter'd treason)
Shou'd try to bring poor Boswell back to reason;
(Herculean toil, to keep such folly under!)
Loud from thy head's dark cloud I felt thy thunder!
When mad t' induce the world to deem thee wise,
Thou star'dst through spectacles with sapient eyes;
Say, did I cry, th' impostor to expose,
'See John's whole stock of wisdom on his nose!'
Cat-like, because the world my lyrics read,
Thine envy claw'd the laurel on my head;
Yet claw'd I not again with cat-like spleen,
The drooping leaves of thy sad magazine:

Touch'd not *thy* trash, nor Hayley's tinsel stuff;
Nor fresh, stale, new antiquities of Gough*:
Indeed I'm tender consciene'd on that score,
And learn to look with pity on the poor:
No mohawk I, in scenes of horror bred,
I scorn to scalp the dying or the dead;
Yet well thou knowest that with trifling toil,
On satire's gridir'n I cou'd bid thee broil—
Turn tuneful butcher, cut thee into quarters,
And give thee, John, for one of folly's martyrs.
I see thy vanity in all its fulness;
The turbot, ven'son of aspiring dulness!
And let me, oh! rare epicure, remark,
That thou hast got a gullet like a shark.
Myself as merciful as man can be,
I grieve to find that mercy not in *thee*.
Behold, amidst their short'ning, panting breath,
Poor souls! the dying dread thee more than death:
'Oh! save us from John Nichols!' is the cry,
'Let not that death-hunter know where we lie;
What in *delirium* from our lips may fall,
Oh! hide—our letters, burn them, burn them all!
Oh! let not from the tomb our ghosts complain!
O Jesu! we shall soon be up again;
Condemn'd, alas! to grin with grisly mien,
Midst the pale horrors of his magazine:
Like felons first in Newgate ballads sung,
Then (giv'n to infamy) on Hounslow hung!'
Know, when thou took'st of Aristarch the chair,
My eyes expanded only to a stare:
Softly, indeed, unto myself I sigh'd,
'Johnson, thy place is d-mnably supplied†;

* A maker of antiquities, and one of Sir Joseph Banks's copper-farthing oracles, and constant tea and toast men.

† The late Dr. Johnson superintended this magazine; a post of honour assumed afterwards by Mr. John Nichols.

Not that I think this idol of the million,
Longinus, Aristotle, or Quintilian;
Who gives (against sound taste so apt to sin)
A pyramid's importance to a pin;
On ev'ry theme alike his pompous art,
The general conflagration or a f——.'
When into Fame's fair dome, t' insult her throne,
So free, as if the house had been thy own,
Thou dar'dst to shove a vile conundrum crew,
Fellows that Phœbus nor the Muses knew;
Speak, did I tell the nation with my pen,
How Fame in anger kick'd them out agen;
Threw at their heads the lumber of their brains,
And call'd thee a pert puppy for thy pains?
On such mark'd impudence did I harangue,
And give to public scorn the pigmy gang?
Short are the hours that smuggled praise can last,
An echo, a poor meretricious blast;
A sudden gust that bids old ruins stare,
And, howling, whirls a feather through the air,
Flatt'ry, a little, sly, deceiving lass,
With smile resistless, and a front of brass,
Shall reign, perchance, the idol of a day;
Then, like a batter'd harridan, decay;
Whilst Truth, unfading, lifts the head sublime,
And dares the formidable test of time.
Thou dragon of th' Hesperian fruit, call'd praise,
Whose leather-stretching conscience interest sways;
Shame, that through sordid avarice and spleen,
None taste but such as cram thy magazine.
Charm'd as a child whose doting eye regards
Its imitation of St. Paul's with cards;
When fir'd by Plutarch's venerable name,
Whose genius rais'd a pyramid to fame;
Thou gav'st of Bowyer's life a gossip's story,
And only rear'dst a dunghill to thy glory;
I rail'd not at thy infant emulation,
Nor spread thy weakness, John, around the nation;

Nay, griev'd was I, as all the world can tell,
That thou shou'dst write a book that would not sell*,
When tort'ring the poor gamut wild and loud,
Thou scrap'dst harsh discords on thy muse's crowd;
What though I stopp'd my ears with all my pow'rs,
I mourn'd the labour of thy tuneless hours.
Oft have I whisper'd to myself, 'Enough
Of this most tiresome fellow's monthly stuff:
A magazine! a pedlar's, huckster's shop,
That harbours brush, and cabbage net, and mop,
Pan, gridir'n, button, buckle, bodkin, bead,
Tape, turnip, malkins, nightcaps green and red,
Pins, pipkins, garters, oatmeal, jorden, dish,
Stale loaves, and rusty nails, and stinking fish;'
Yet bade I not the world its laughs prepare,
To meet thy miserable monthly ware:
Nay, man, I've *prais'd* thee—for example, said,
'Lo! in his cumbrous magazine display'd
Once in a year a verse to raise our wonder,
Which proves that John may make a lucky blunder;
How like the heavy mountain, on whose side
A daisy starts in solitary pride!'
Lo! from ebriety their sons to save,
The Greeks oft show'd the lads a drunken slave:
I thus might thee, O gingling John, display,
A sad example in the rhiming way
For printers and their demons to avoid,
Whose labours might more wisely be employ'd;
But pity sweetly whispers in my ear,
'Expose not childhood that deserves a tear;

* Unfortunately for poor John, every book that he has published has been possessed of so much of the *vis inertiæ* as not to be able (if I may use the booksellers' phrase) to *move off*; witness the Life of old Bowyer, the guttings of old magazines and Ladies' Diaries, called Miscellanies, the Progresses of Queen Elizabeth, editions of trash of every denomination, &c. &c.

Set not the roaring lion at a rat,
Nor call down thunder to destroy a gnat.'
When mad for honours*—softly have I said,
'What imp could put it in the printer's head?
Oh! may the fates the maniac over-rule,
For titles cannot dignify a fool!'
Complain not that I've wrong'd thy reputation,
By calling thee the silliest in the nation;
No, John, be comforted—it cannot be;
I think I know a few that equal thee.
Swear, swear not that I've said, to wound thy fame,
That hirelings wrote each work which bears thy name;
How false! I know thou wrotest many a line,
Lo! all the blunders of the books are thine.
A literary jackdaw thou, God wot!
Yet by that thievish name I call'd thee not;
A carrion crow, that lives upon the dead;
Yet hawk-like pounc'd I not upon thy head;
A daring coiner, lo! I let thee pass,
Nor once impeach'd thy literary brass!
Speak—when enamour'd of thy monthly hash,
Thou clapp'st another sixpence on thy trash;
Once didst thou hear me in a passion roar,
'Was ever impudence like this before?'
Instead of making in th' affair a fuss,
In mild soliloquy I whisper'd thus:

* John's ambition to be a common-council man was violent for a long time; great were the pains used, manifold were the contrivances employed, and prodigious was the interest made for the obtention of this honour—A vacancy happening in Farringdon ward, John's more lucky *genius* prevailed, and his wishes were gratified; thus is he in the way of being what I have in an ode augured of Mr. Auctioneer Skinner,

'If things go fair,
Proud London's proud lord may'r.

'How blest the fool! he thinks he all things knows;
With joy he wakes, with joy his eyelids close;
Pleas'd through the world to spread his own renown,
With calm contempt he looks on others down;
Self and his own dear works th' eternal theme,
His daily idol and his nightly dream;
Thrice envied being, whom no tongue can wound,
In pride's impenetrable armour bound!
How much in happiness beyond the wise,
Who view the greatest men with pitying eyes;
O'er human imbecility who groan,
And sigh to think how little's to be known!'
Oh do not to the Muse's hill resort,
Æsop's dull brute*!—a bumpkin midst a court:
With brother council crack the clumsy joke;
Midst beer and brandy, bread and cheese, and smoke;
Descend the ladder to the clouds below,
Where *ordinary* men of twopence go;
Where vagrant knives and forks are bound in chains,
And never tablecloth is spoil'd by stains;
Where in the board's black hole (superb design!)
Pepper and salt in matrimony join;
And in another hole with frown and smile,
Much too like marriage, vinegar and oil!—
Where for a towel (œconomic thought!)
A monstrous mastiff after dinner brought,
Complacent waits on *gentlemen's* commands,
And yields his back of shag to wipe their hands—
Such is the scene where thou shouldst ever sit,
Form'd to thy taste, and suited to thy wit—
Deal not in hist'ry; often have I said
'Twill prove a most unprofitable trade:
Talk not of Painting, for thou know'st her not;
Such coy acquaintance will not boil thy pot:
Nor make strong love to Music, 'tis a dame
Who smiles not on the souls of earth, but flame.

* The fable of the Gentleman, the Ass, and the Lapdog.

Push not thy brain to thought—thou canst not think—
From metaphysics should thy genius shrink!
To thee superior, see the goddess rise,
And hide her lofty head amidst the skies?
Behold eternal mist her beauties shroud,
And 'tis not thy weak eye can pierce the cloud:
Curs'd with the common *furor* of inditing,
Yet if thy head possess the mange of writing;
Go with biography and cool thy rage,
Pen lives that cannot well disgrace thy page;
Describe whom ev'ry nobler virtue curses,
A Pair who mump with millions in their purses.
If loftier subjects thy ambition call,
Descant upon the giants of Guildhall.

The Poet complaineth of the Cruelty of Authors, Authoresses, and the Blue-Stocking Club.

ELEGY TO APOLLO.

GREAT are my enemies in trade, God knows!
  There's not a poet but would stop my note;
With such a world of spite their venom flows,
  With such good will the knaves would cut my throat.

Yet how have I offended, Phœbus, say,
  To get so much ill blood, such cursing looks?
Is it because my more ambitious lay
  Disdains to visit trunk-makers and cooks?

To go with theirs to grocers, and to men
  Who fortune in that weed tobacco, see;
From thence come deeply laden back agen,
  With sugar, pigtail, pepper, and rappee?

The man of words, of stilt-supported phrase,
  The glist'ring Hayley scorns whate'er I write;
This will-o'wisp of verse disdains my lays;
  Tales, Odes, nor Lousiads yield the least delight!

So lofty, yet in ware so humbly dealing!
  So classically tasteless! big with nought!
So tender, yet so destitute of feeling!
  So sentimental too without a thought?

I see the band of Blue-stockings arise,
  Historic, critic, and poetic dames!
This lifts her palms, and that her marv'lling eyes,
  And squeaks, 'The fellow's stuff shou'd feel the flames;

'Such is the way his works should come to *light*:'
  Thus rail those dames of classic erudition;
Thus, leagu'd with wit, unmerciful they bite
  Thy fav'rite bard, O Phœbus, and physician!

And now I hear a score in union bawl,—
  'In cold contempt shall poor Piozzi sigh?
Miss Hannah More into oblivion fall?
  Dear Mistress Montague neglected lie?

'Those rich Corinthian pillars of our club,
  Sink to the ground so vile, with dust bespread;
Whilst *he*, of motley poetry the Scrub*,
  Erects, Colossus-like, his brazen head!

'Oh! let the scullion use his vapid book,
  Instead of dishclouts when her hands she wipes:
Oh! let the kindled leaves assist the cook,
  And of old washerwomen light the pipes!'

Thus in my condemnation they agree,
  The mighty cloud-*capp'd* petticoated wise;

* The poet here most fancifully alludeth to Mr. Scrub, the servant of all work, in Farquhar's play of the *Beaux Stratagem*.

Whilst pleas'd (as conscious of the just decree)
  In proud disdain their snuff-clad noses rise!

The misses sad of elegy, my foes,
  Say my rude genius wants the genuine fire;
Bald all my rhimes, my verses measur'd prose,
  That bears would better touch the Muse's lyre.

The riddle and conundrum-mongers cry,
  'Pshaw! d-mn his Lyrics, Lousiads—d-mn 'em all;
His strength in fields diarian dares he try?
  Soon would the Almanac record his fall!'

Thus with dread voice my enemies exclaim!
  Thus am I doom'd to gulp the bitter pill!
Themselves, 'fair traders of the Mount,' they name;
  But *me* a smuggler on thy sacred hill!

God of us lyrics, shall I rouse my rhime,
  Confound the gang, and vindicate my lay;
Or calmly leave them to devouring Time,
  Who dines upon such *witlings* every day?

A Discontent, mingled with some Grumbling, amongst the more enlightened Members of the Royal Society, *on Account of Sir Joseph's non-communication of Wisdom to the royal Journals, spurred the Knight on at last (without the Help of Balaam's Angel) to open his Mouth —He told an intimate Friend that he had made a Discovery that would astonish the World, enrich the Journals, and render himself immortal —with the most important Confidence and philosophic Solemnity, he affirmed that he was upon the very Eve of proving what had never entered the Soul of Man; viz. that Fleas were Lobsters— that Jonas Dryander was ordered to collect fifteen Hundred Fleas, and boil them; which, if they changed to the fine Crimson of the Lobster, would put the Identity of the Species beyond the Possibility of Doubt—at Length the Beds of the President were ransacked by his Flea-crimp, honest Jonas—Fifteen Hundred of the hopping Inhabitants were caught, and passed the dreadful Ordeal of boiling Water; with what Success, O gentle Reader, the Ode will inform thee.*

SIR J. BANKS AND THE BOILED FLEAS.

BLEST be the man who thought upon a college,
The market of all sorts of knowledge,
Th' *emporium*, as we classic people say:
Nay, *he* upon societies who thought,
To learning's stock a deal of treasure brought,
Dragging Obscurity so deep to day;
Making the dame turn out her bag,
Conceal'd beneath her inky cloak;
Examining the smallest rag,
Black'ned by time's most sacred smoke.

To use a *simile* a little rough,
Stripping dame Nature to her very buff;
Or to be somewhat more in speech refin'd,
By dint of pow'rs of eye and mind,
Enlight'ning what through darkness might escape,
Embroid'ring thus with silver spangles crape.

The mention of societies recalls
Of Somerset* the lofty walls,
The hive where fam'd Sir Joseph reigns queen bee;
Though men, to whom Sir Joseph is not known,
Most certainly must take him for a drone;
Whose face by sloven Nature's hard decree,
Seems form'd fair ladies' pockets to alarm,
Rather than steal fair ladies' hearts by charm.

Well! so much for Sir Joseph's face,
And eke about the hive-like place,
Where our Sir Joseph reigns queen bee;
And verily queen bee's a proper name,
For, reader, know it is a royal dame,
Who to her subjects issueth decree:

* The Royal Society hold their meetings there.

Sendeth her subjects east and west,
To pitch on flowers and weeds the best,
And bring sweet treasure to the hive;
She keepeth, too, of gentlemen a band,
To say soft things and flatter, kiss her hand,
Who eat the honey for such deeds, and thrive.

Sir Joseph has his flatt'rers, too, in hand,
Who say soft things—yea, very soft indeed,
For which the gentle flatt'ring band
Gain butter'd toast, sweet flatt'ry's oily meed.

A girl for novelty where'er it lies,
In mosses, fleas, or cockle-shells, or flies,
Sir Joseph ever seeks for something new;
Of this, whene'er he sits, he gravely talks,
Or whilst he eats, or drinks, or runs, or walks,
Amidst his royal and attendant crew.

One morning at his house in Soho Square,
As with a solemn awe-inspiring air,
Amidst some royal sycophants he sat;
Most manfully their masticators using,
Most pleasantly their greasy mouths amusing
With coffee, butter'd toast, and birds'-nest chat;

In Jonas Dryander, the fav'rite, came,
Who manufactures all Sir Joseph's fame—
'What luck?' Sir Joseph bawl'd—'say, Jonas, say.'
'I've boil'd just fifteen hundred'—Jonas whin'd—
The dev'l a one change colour could I find'—
Intelligence creating dire dismay!

Then Jonas curs'd, with many a wicked wish,
Then show'd the stubborn fleas upon a dish.
'How!' roar'd the President, and backward fell—
'There goes, then, my hypothesis to hell!'
And now his head in deep despair he shook;
Now clos'd his eyes, and now upon his breast,
He mutt'ring dropp'd his sable beard unblest;
Now twirl'd his thumbs, and groan'd with piteous look.

Dead-struck sat Aubert, Blagdon, Planta, Woide,
Whose jaw-bones in the mumbling trade employ'd,
  Half open'd, gap'd, in sudden *stupor* lost;
Whilst from the mouth of ev'ry gaping man,
In mazy rill the cream-clad coffee ran,
  Supporting dainty bits of butter'd toast.

Now gaining speech, the parasitic crowd
Leap'd up and roar'd in unison aloud:
  'Heav'ns! what's the matter! dear Sir Joseph, pray?'
Dumb to their questions the great man remain'd:
  The knight, deep pond'ring, nought vouchsaf'd to say:
Again the *gentlemen* their voices strain'd;
Sudden the President of Flies, so sad,
Strides round the room with disappointment mad,
  Whilst ev'ry eye enlarged with wonder rolls;
And now his head against the wainscot leaning,
'Since you *must* know, *must* know (he sigh'd) the meaning,
  Fleas are not lobsters, d-mn their souls*.'

* The author would not have so frequently taken the liberty of putting vulgarisms into the worthy President's mouth, had he not previously known that Sir Joseph was the most accomplished swearer of the Royal Society.

A
ROWLAND FOR AN OLIVER,

OR A

POETICAL ANSWER

TO THE

BENEVOLENT EPISTLE OF

MR. PETER PINDAR.

ALSO THE

MANUSCRIPT ODES, SONGS, LETTERS,

&c. &c.

Of the above Mr. Peter Pindar,

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED BY SYLVANUS URBAN.

Sir, you lie!—I scorn your word,
Or any man's that wears a sword.
For all you huff, who cares a t—d?
Or who cares for you?

CATCH.

LITTLE did I think that a man of my mild and peaceable disposition, that would not hurt a cat, should be forced out to battle:—but such is the audacity of the times—(*O tempora, ô mores!*) I have ventured forth to attack this Goliah of Ode and Impudence; and I hope, with God's assistance, like little David, to cut off his head. I communicated with my good friend, Mr. William Hayley, who is a constant communicant to my Gentleman's Magazine, both in verse and prose, that is to say, in rhime and criticism;—whom I may rightly term one of the great pillars of my Gentleman's Magazine, which every gentleman in the kingdom, I hope, reads,—which, if he doth not read, I hope he will read, as it is not only the greatest favourite with our most gracious sovereign, who is the greatest monarch upon earth,—but also with his nobles, who are men of judgement and learning; also with foreign parts, who translate it constantly into their language:—so that, if I may be permitted to versify the praise of my monthly publication (for indeed I must own I have a great itch for poetry), I will do it in this poetical distich:

My Magazine all magazines excels;
And, what's still better too for John, it sells.

I asked Mr. Hayley, paying him the compliment first, if he would be the champion to encounter this great Mr. Peter Pindar. To this, Mr. Hayley replied, after some hesitation, and pondering, and blowing his nose in his handkerchief, that he did not much admire a public exhibition; that it would wear the aspect of a bruising-match, too much like a set-to of Johnson and Big Ben; but added that *I* might do it, if I thought proper, 'But,' says my good friend, 'I will privately attack him, under a fictitious signature;'—which he did indeed, and gave the audacious fellow many a good thump, in verse and prose:—but this was only small shot, with deference to Mr. Hayley; the grand artillery was reserved for me.

Kind reader, wilt thou permit me to say something of myself, in simplicity and candour, before I go to work with this Caliban? When I first took the chair of criticism, I own that I trembled; for I am not ashamed to confess, that so great was my ignorance, that when a correspondent sent me an account of an ancient coin, I did not know a syllable about it—neither the meaning of *reverse*, *exergue*, or *legend*: but now, thank God, I know every thing appertaining to *numismata*, if I may be indulged with a Latin expression. Indeed the legends used to perplex me much, in as much as I exposed myself greatly; for I am not ashamed to confess my ignorance. I thought that AUG. upon a Roman medal, meant the month in which it was struck off;

and therefore I deemed it August: and G. P. R. which I now know to be *Genio Populi Romani*, I verily thought to be a coin struck by one George Peter Richardson. The figures of *Romulus* and *Remus* sucking a she-wolf, I took to be two children milking a cow. D. M. for *Diis Manibus*, I took to be David Martin, or Daniel Musgrove. The half-word HEL. signifying *Heliopolis*, I imagined to be no other than the house of Satan. JAN. CLU. that is to say, *Janum clusit*, I took to be the name of a man. LUD. SÆC. F. I verily thought to be downright filthy, and blushed for the Romans: but, lo, I afterwards discovered it to be *Ludos sæculares fecit*. COS. I thought to be Cos Lettuces, which only meaneth *Consul*; M. F. Mr. Ford, which meaneth *Marci Filius*. N. C. (wouldst thou think it, reader?) I translated Nincompoop; when, lo, it meaneth *Nobilissimus Cæsar*. P. P. which signifieth *Pater Patriæ*, I thought might mean Peter Pounce, or Philip Pumpkin. R. P. I also thought might mean Robert Penruddock, or Ralph Pigwiggin, or any other name beginning with those initials: but, lo, its true meaning I find to be *Respublica*, signifying, in English, the Republic.—Thus it will appear that I am not ashamed to confess my error, which this enemy of mine dareth not.

TRIB. POT. which only meaneth *Tribunitia Potestate*, I actually imagined meant a Tribe of Potatoes, and that the coin was struck on account of a plentiful year of that fruit. S.P.Q.R. which mean-

eth only *Senatus Populusque Romanus*, unwisely yet funnily, did I make out to be Sam Paddon, a Queer Rogue; for as much as I was informed that the Romans struck coins on every trifling occasion. SCIP. AS. which signifieth no more than *Scipio Africanus*, I read literally Skip Ass; but for why, I could not say:—such was my ignorance.

Many were the impositions upon me:—rings for pigs' noses were sent me for nose-jewels worn by the Roman ladies; a piece of oxycroceum, just made in a druggist's shop, for the pitch that surrounded the body of Julius Cæsar; a large brown jorden, for a lacrymatory; a broken old black sugar-bason, for a druid urn; a piece of a watchman's old lantern, for a Roman lamp. The wig of the famous Boerhaave was also sent me as a curiosity; the roguery of which I did not discover till an engraving of the wig was nearly finished, costing me upwards of thirty shillings:—for, lo! reader, this great man never wore a wig in his life.—In my Obituary too I made great mistakes, from imposition; as I gave the deaths of many that were not dead, and others that never existed. Sometimes the wickedness of correspondents was such, that I have perpetuated the deaths of bull-dogs, greyhounds, mastiffs, horses, hogs, &c. in my Obituary, under an idea that they were people of consequence. Indeed I have not stuck to the letter of my assertion at the head of my Obituary, that declares it to be a record of considerable persons; for as much as I have sometimes put a sca-

venger over a member of parliament, a pig-driver over a bishop, a lamp-lighter over an alderman, and a chimney-sweeper over a duke: but as I was desired by the friends of the deceased to do it (for who is not ambitious ?), and as I was paid for it too (and who can withstand a fee ?), I have in some little measure disgraced my Journal, and forfeited my word.—My present antiquarian knowledge, gratitude maketh me confess that I owe it all to Mr. R. Gough, of Enfield, who some years ago was also an ignorant and illiterate gentleman, like myself,—but, by hard study, hath attained to his present perfection, as may be seen in our *Topographia Britannica*, which is not, as that arch enemy Peter Pindar hath asserted it to be, the idle production of a couple of fellows that want to make a fortune by a history of cobwalls, old chamber-pots, and rusty nails. My friend Mr. Gough's zeal for the promotion of antiquarian knowledge cannot be better proved than by his running the risk of being well trounced, for borrowing one of King Edward's fingers, as he lay exposed, a few years since, in Westminster Abbey; which finger, my friend, after having gently put it in his pocket, was, by order of the Bishop of Rochester, who, unluckily seing the deed, did, to the disgrace of the science, order him to be searched, and forced him to refund. Had it not been for this impertinent and hawk-eyed attention of the bishop, Sir Joseph Ayloffe, and other antiquarians present at the opening of the monarch's coffin,—such was the intrepidity of my antiquarian friend Gough, that he

would have attempted the head, instead of a pitiful finger, as he had on a large watchman's coat for the purpose. Nor must I omit the zeal of my friend Sir Joseph Banks on the occasion; who, on hearing what was going on, and suspecting that King Edward might have been lodged in pickle, galloped off with a gallon jug, in a hackney-coach, in order to fill it with the precious liquor, as a sauce for his future Attic entertainments in Soho-square: but unfortunately no pickle was found.

I confess that an impudent fellow sent me for my Obituary the following, which was really printed off (but cancelled) before I was informed, by a friend, of the fallacy—to wit: 'On Sunday night last died *Mrs. Margery Mouser*, a widow lady, beloved in life, and lamented in death; she was the only daughter of *Roger Grimalkin*, Esquire, of *Ratley*.—Ignorant indeed was I that it was an imposition; for, gentle reader, it was a dead cat!—Many a good customer have I gained by my Obituary, who liked to see themselves dead in my Magazine—I mean their relations liked to see their deaths displayed in a work of so much respectability as mine.—But enough of myself; and now for Master Peter.

In the fulness of my passion, I at first set me down, and said to myself, *facit indignatio versus*—when, behold! in less than two hours I knocked off the following poem. Some time after, however, after a deal of deep thought on the subject, it struck me that I might fight this poet Peter against him-

self; make him, like some game cocks, cut his own throat with his own spurs. Accordingly I set about it, and collected from every quarter his manuscript verses of every denomination; some written in Cornwall, others in Devon, others in the West Indies, others in Bath, others in London; as also some of his letters, particularly those to the King of the Mosquitoes, who was sent for by the Governor of Jamaica, soon after that gentleman arrived at his government. I have also collected some of his observations, and sayings, and speeches:—I may verily say, observations on men and manners, without any manners at all, or, in plainer phrase, much ill manners. Peter must not complain of my showing him no mercy by this publication, as he is the most merciless Mohawk that ever scalped.

——Nec lex est justior ulla
Quam necis artifices arte perire suâ.

A
POETICAL ANSWER,
&c.

O SON of wicked Satan, with a soul
Hot as his hell, and blacker than his coal!
Thou false, thou foul-mouth'd cens'rer of the times,
I do not care three straws for all thy rhimes.
Thy wit is blunter than old worn-out sheers:—
I'll make a riddle with thee for thy ears;
Write any sort of verse, thou blust'ring blade!
Egad! I'll say, like *Kecksy*, 'Who's afraid?'—
Thank God, I've talk'd to greater folks than thee:
In that I will not yield to any he;
No, not to any he that wears a head—
Again I'll say, like *Kecksy*, 'Who's afraid?'—
Thank God, whene'er I wish like kings to fare,
I go, unask'd, and dine with my lord may'r.
But thou, who asks thee, varlet! to their houses?
Fear'd by the husbands, dreaded by the spouses.
May God Almighty hear what now I speak!—
Some aldermen would gladly break thy neck.
Thou tell'st us thou hast struck thy lyre to kings—
Yes, faith, and sounded very pretty things.
Thou blockhead, thou pretend to think thy rhimes
Shall live to see the days of after-times!

Fool, to pretend on subjects great to shine,
Or e'en to printers' dev'ls to tune the line!
Sir, let me humbly beg you to be civil—
Thou know'st not that I was a printer's dev'l:
So, sir, your satire wants the pow'r to drub,
In thus comparing Nichols to a grub.
Whate'er thou say'st, I'm not of vengeance full,
Nor did I ever bellow like a bull:
And grant I am a bull, I sha'nt suppose
A cur like *thee* can nail me by the nose.
Thou liest when thou sayest, like a top,
With anger rais'd, I spinn'd about my shop:
Nor did I ever, madden'd by thy stripes,
Thou prince of liars, kick about my types.
Books have I written; books I still will write,
And give, I hope, to gentlefolks delight:
With charming print, and copper-plates so fine,
Whose magazine goes off so well as mine?
Who, pray, like *me*, the page so fond of filling?
Who gives more curious matter for a shilling?
England's first geniuses I keep in pay;
Much prose I buy, and many a poet's lay:
The silk-worm Hayley spins me heaps of verse,
And Gough, antiquities exceeding scarce:
Great Horace Walpole too, with sweet good-will,
Sends me choice anecdotes from Strawb'ry-hill:
Miss Seward, Mistress Yeardsley, and Miss More,
Of lines (dear women!) send me many a score.
These are the nymphs at whom thine envy rails—
Fool! of their gowns not fit to hold the tails—
These are the men, of prose and verse the knights,
With genius flashing, like the northern lights;
These are the men whose works immortal show
The men of literature from top to toe.—
But thou'rt a wen,—a blue, black, bloated tumour,
Without one single grain of wit or humour:
Thy Muse too all so consequential struts,
As if all Helicon were in her guts;—
A fish-drab, a poor, nasty, ragged thing,
Who never dipp'd her muzzle in the spring.

Thou think'st thyself on Pegasus so steady;
But, Peter, thou art mounted on a *Neddy:*
Or, in the London phrase,—thou Dev'nshire monkey,
Thy Pegasus is nothing but a donkey.
I own, my vanity it well may raise,
To find so many gaping for my praise;
Who send such flatt'ring things as ne'er were seen,
To get well varnish'd in my Magazine:
Indeed I often do indulge the elves,
And suffer authors to commend themselves;
Wits of *themselves* can write with happiest spirit,
And men are judges of their proper merit.
Lumps have I giv'n them too of beef, and pudding,
That helps a hungry genius in its studying;
And humming porter, when their Muse was dry—
For this be glory unto God on high!
And not to *me*, who did not make the pudding,
Nor beef assisting genius in its studying.
To authors, yes, I've giv'n both boil'd and roast,
And many a time a tankard with a toast—
But God forbid, indeed, that I should boast!
And halfpence too, and sixpences, ecod!
But boast avaunt!—the glory be to God!
To bards, goods shoes and stockings I have giv'n—
But not to *me* the glory, but to Heav'n!
Yes, yes, I see how much it swells thy spleen,
That I'm head master of the Magazine;
Who let no author see the house of Fame,
Before he gets the passport in my name.
Art thou a doctor? Yes, of thinning skill;
For thousands have been poison'd by thy pill.
But let my soul be calm:—it sha'n't be said
I fear thee, O thou monster!—' Who's afraid?'
What though I know small Latin, and less Greek,
Good sterling English I can write and speak:
Yet thousands, who presume to be my betters,
Can't spell their names, and scarcely know their letters.
Belike, the curious world would hear with joy
What trade I was design'd for, when a boy?

'A barber or a taylor,' said my mother—
'No,' cried my father, 'neither one nor t'other;
A soldier, a rough soldier, John shall wander,
Pull down the French, and fight like Alexander.'
But unto *letters* was I always squinting,
So ask'd my daddy's leave to study printing;
And got myself to uncle Bowyer's shop,
Where, when it pleas'd the Lord that he should drop,
The trade and good-will of the shop was mine;
Where, without vanity, I think I shine;
And where, thank God, in spite of dull abuse,
I'm warm, and married, and can boil my goose.
And had I been to swords and muskets bred,
P'rhaps I had shin'd a *Cæsar*, or the *Swede:*
Hadst thou a soldier been, thou sorry mummer,
Thy rank had never rose above a drummer.
How dar'st thou say, that should his Royal Highness
(A prince renown'd for modesty and shyness)
Be generalissimo of all our forces,
A jack-ass's old back, and not a horse's,
Should carry the good prince into the field,
Whose arm a broomstick, for a staff, should wield;
That very, very broomstick which his wife
Oft us'd to finish matrimonial strife?
Why dost not praise the virtues of the *****,
As great in soul, as noble in her mien,
Whose virtues make the soul of Envy sick,
Strong as her snuff, and as her di'monds thick?—
But wherefore this to Peter do I say?
Owls love the dark, and therefore loath the day.—
The ****, as wise a man as man can be;
The *****, so mild, who cannot kill a flea;
Brave Glo'ster's Highness, and his sober wife,
Who lead the softest, sweetest, calmest life;
Richmond and Leeds, each duke a first-rate star,
One fam'd for politics, and one for war;
The open Hawksb'ry, stranger to all guile,
Who never of a sixpence robb'd our isle;
The modest Pitt, the Joseph of the day,
Who never with lewd women went astray;

And many others, that I soon could mention,
Are much oblig'd, indeed, to thy invention!
But where's the oak that never feels a blast?
Or sun, at times, that is not overcast?
Alas! ev'n people drest in gold and ermine
May feel at times the bites of nasty vermin:
And when thou dar'st great quality attack,
What art thou but a bug upon its back?
What harm, pray, hath my friend Sir Joseph done,
So good, and yet the subject of thy fun?
Just in his ways to women and to men—
Indeed he swears a little now and then.
Behold, his breakfasts shine with reputation!
His dinners are the wonder of the nation!
With these he treats both commoners and quality,
Who praise, where'er they go, his hospitality:
Ev'n from the north and south, and west and east,
Men send him shell, and butterfly, and beast.
Sir William Hamilton sends gods and mugs;
And, for his feast a sow's most dainty dugs.
And shall such mob as thou, not worth a groat,
Dare pick a hole in such a great man's coat?
Whenever at St James's he is seen,
Is not he spoke to by the king and queen?
And don't the lords at once about him press,
And, like his sov'reigns, much regard profess?
Tell him they'll come one day to him, and dine,
Behold his rarities, and taste his wine?
Such are the honours, to delight the soul,
On which thy longing eyeballs vainly roll:
Such are the honours that his heart must flatter,
On which thy old dog's mouth in vain may water.
Whether in Dev'nshire thou hast got a house,
I value not three capers of a louse;
Whether in Cornwall thou a house hast got,
And at elections only, boil'st thy pot;
Whether a doctor, devil, or a friar,
I know not—but I know thou art a liar.
Whene'er I die, I hope that I shall read
This honest epitaph upon my head:—

'Here lies John's body; but his soul is seen
In that fam'd work, the Ge'mman's Magazine:
Brave, yet possess'd of all the softer feelings;
Successful with the Muses in his dealings;
Mild, yet in virtue's cause as quick as tinder—
Who never car'd one f— for Peter Pindar.'

Mr. Peter Pindar's Apology for the variety of entertainment in his pretty poetical Olio, is the first thing I shall present to the public.

PETER's APOLOGY.

LADIES, I keep a rhime-shop—mine's a trade;
I sell to old and young, to man and maid:
All customers must be oblig'd; and no man
Wishes more universally to please;
I'd really crawl upon my hands and knees,
T' oblige—particularly lovely woman.

Yet some (the Devil take such virtuous times),
Fastidious, pick a quarrel with my rhimes,
And beg I'd only deal in love-sick sonnet—
How easy to bid others cease to feed!
On beauty I can quickly *die* indeed,
But, trust me, can't *live long* upon it.

If there is not a deal of impudent *double entendre* in this sonnet, I do not know what purity meanneth—sweetly wrapped up, indeed, 'Squire Pindar!

Instead of a formal commentary on *every* composition, I shall make short work with them, by

giving them their true character in a few words, as for example:

Impudence, egotism, and conceit.

The expulsion of a most excellent set of players from Kingsbridge in Devonshire, with the asylum offered them by the Author's Barn in an adjoining parish, is the foundation of the following Ode.

ODE TO MY BARN.

SWEET haunt of solitude and rats,
Mice, tuneful owls, and purring cats;
Who, whilst we mortals sleep, the gloom pervade,
And wish not for the sun's all-seeing eye,
Your mousing mysteries to spy;
Blest, like philosophers, amidst the shade;

When Persecution, with an iron hand,
Dar'd drive the moral-menders from the land,
Call'd players,—friendly to the wand'ring crew,
Thine eye with tears survey'd the mighty wrong,
Thine open arms receiv'd the mournful throng—
Kings without shirts, and queens with half a shoe.

Alas! what dangers gloom'd of late around—
Monarchs and queens with halters nearly bound—
Duke, dukeling, princess, prince, consign'd to jail!
And, what the very soul of Pity shocks,
The poor old Lear was threat'ned with the stocks,
Cordelia with the cart's unfeeling tail.

Still cherish such rare royalty forlorn—
A Garrick in thy bosom may be born,

A Siddons too, of future fair renown:
  For Love is not a squeamish god, they say;
  As pleas'd to see his rites perform'd on hay,
As on the goose's soft and yielding down.

The same impudence, egotism, and conceit, as in the first Ode.

TO MY BARN.

BY Lacedæmon men attack'd,
  When Thebes, in days of yore, was sack'd,
And nought the fury of the troops could hinder;
  What's true, yet marv'lous to rehearse,
  So well the common soldiers relish'd verse,
They scorn'd to burn the dwelling-house of Pindar.

  With awe did Alexander view
  The house of my great cousin too,
And, gazing on the building, thus he sigh'd—
  'General Parmenio, mark that house before ye!
  That lodging tells a melancholy story:
There Pindar liv'd (great bard!) and there he died.

  'The king of Syracuse, all nations know it,
  Was celebrated by this lofty poet,
And made immortal by his strains:
  Ah! could I find like *him* a bard to sing me;
  Would any man, like *him*, a poet bring me;
I'd give him a good pension for his pains.

  'But, ah! Parmenio, 'mongst the sons of men,
  This world will never see his like agen;
The greatest bard that ever breath'd is dead!

General Parmenio, what think *you?*'—
'Indeed 'tis true, my liege, 'tis very true,'
Parmenio cry'd, and, sighing, shook his head:

Then from his pocket took a knife so nice,
With which he chipp'd his cheese and onions,
And from a rafter cut a handsome slice,
To make rare toothpicks for the Macedonians;
Just like the toothpicks which we see
At Stratford made, from Shakespear's mulb'ry-tree.

What pity that the 'squire and knight
Knew not to prophesy as well as fight;
Then had they known the future men of metre;
Then had the general and the monarch spied,
In Fate's fair book, our nation's equal pride,
That very Pindar's Cousin Peter!

Daughter of thatch, and stone, and mud,
When I, no longer flesh and blood,
Shall join of lyric bands some half a dozen;
Meed of high worth, and, 'midst th' Elysian plains,
To Horace and Alcæus read my strains,
Anacreon, Sappho, and my great old Cousin;

On *thee* shall rising generations stare,
That come to Kingsbridge and to Dodbrook fair*;
For such thy history, and mine shall learn;
Like Alexander shall they ev'ry one
Heave the deep sigh, and say, 'Since Peter's gone,
'With rev'rence let us look upon his Barn.'

* Held annually at those places.

The following Ode of Mr. Pindar's is what rhetoricians would call ironical. The leading feature seems to be impudence.

ODE TO AFFECTATION.

NYMPH of the mincing mouth, and languid eye,
And lisping tongue so soft, and head awry,
And flutt'ring heart, of leaves of aspen made;
Who were thy parents, blushful virgin? say—
Perchance Dame Folly gave thee to the day,
With Gaffer Ignorance's aid.

Say, virgin, where dost thou delight to dwell?
With maids of honour, startful virgin? tell—
For I have heard a deal of each fair Miss;
How wicked lords have whisper'd wicked things
Beneath the noses of good queens and kings,
And sigh'd for pleasures far beyond a kiss!

Great is thy delicacy, dainty maid;
At slightest things, thy cheek with crimson glows.
Say, art thou not asham'd, abash'd, afraid,
Whene'er thou stealest forth to *pluck* a rose?
Or hast thou lost, O nymph, thy pretty gall;
So never pluckest any rose at all?

I'm told, thou keepest not a single male;
Nothing but females, at thy board to cram;
That no he-lapdog near thee wags his tail,
Nor cat by vulgar people call'd a *ram*.

I've heard too, that if e'er, by dire mishap,
Some ravishers should make thy fav'rites wh—s,
Staring as stricken by a thunder-clap,
Thy modesty hath kick'd them out of doors.

'Tis said, when wag-tails thou behold'st, and doves,
And sparrow, busy with their feather'd loves;

Lord! thou hast trembled at their wicked tricks;
And snatching up thy blush-concealing fan,
As if it were a lady and a man,
Hast only peep'd upon them through the sticks.

And yet so variously thou'rt said to act,
That I have heard it utter'd for a fact,

That often on old Thames's sunny banks,
Where striplings swim, with wanton pranks,
On bladders some outstretch'd, and some on corks,
Thou squinting, most *indiff'rent* girl art seen,
In contemplation of each youthful skin,
Admiring God Almighty's handy-works.

Prim nymph, thou art no fav'rite with the world:
I hear the direst curses on thee hurl'd!
Sorry am I, so ill thy manners suit:
'Tis said, that if a mouse appear to view,
We hear a formidable screech ensue,
As if some huge devouring brute;

And if beneath thy petticoat he run,
Thou bellowest as if thou wert undone,
And kickest at a cow-like rate, poor soul;
When, if thou wert to be a little quiet,
And not disturb the nibbler by a riot,
The mouse would go into his proper hole.

I've heard it sworn to, nymph, that in the streets,
When running, dancing, capering at thy side,
Thy Chloe other dogs so brazen meets,
That, wriggling, ask thy bitch to be their bride;
Quick hast thou caught up Chloe in thy arms,
From violation to preserve her charms;

And, bouncing wildly from the view
Of those same saucy canine crew,
Hast op'd so loud and tunefully thy throat
(Seeming as thou hadst learnt to scream by note),
Loud as the Sabine girls that tried to 'scape
The speechless horrors of a Roman rape.

No novels readest thou, O nymph, in sight;
And yet again I'm told that ev'ry night,
In secret, thou art much inclin'd to doat
On rhimes that Rochester so warmly wrote.

Oft dost thou wonder how thy sex, so sweet,
Can fellows, those great two-legg'd monsters, meet,
And swoon not at each Caliban;
And wonder how thy sex can fancy blisses
Contain'd within the black rough-bearded kisses
Of such a bear-like thing as man.

'Tis also said, that if a flea at night,
Pert rogue, hath dar'd thy luscious lip to bite,
Or point his snout into thy snowy breast,
At once the house hath been alarm'd—the maids
Call'd idle, nasty, good-for-nothing jades;
Who, Eve-like, rushing to thy room undrest,

Have thought some wicked ravisher so dread,
On Love's delicious viands to be fed,
Had seiz'd thee, to obtain forbidden joys;
Which had he done, a most audacious thief,
Of ev'ry maid it was the firm belief
Thou wouldst not, nymph, have made a greater noise.

And yet 'tis said, again, O nymph so bright,
Thou sleep'st with John the coachman ev'ry night—
Vile tales! invented to destroy thy fame;
For wert thou, fearful lass, this instant married,
At night thy modest cheek would burn with shame.
Nor wouldst thou go, but to the bed be *carried:*

There, when thy Strephon rush'd, in white array'd,
To clasp with kisses sweet his white-stol'd maid,
And riot in the luxury of charms;
Flat as a flounder, seeing, hearing gone—
Mute as a fish, and fairly turn'd to stone—
O damsel! thou wouldst die within his arms.

More impudence, with a lick at one of the Ten Commandments.

TO FORTUNE.

AH! loit'ring Fortune, thou art come too late:
Ah! wherefore give me not thy smiles before;
When all my youthful passions in a roar,
Rare hunters, fearless leap'd each five-bar gate?

Unknown by thee, how often did I meet
The loveliest forms of nature in the street,
The fair, the black, and lasting brown!
And, whilst their charms enraptur'd I survey'd,
This pretty legend on their lips I read—
'Kisses, O gentle shepherd, for a crown.'

How oft I look'd, and sigh'd, and look'd agen,
Upon the charms of ev'ry Phillis!
How wish'd myself a cock, and her a hen,
To crop at once her roses and her lilies!
Indeed not only without paying—
But for her liberty without once staying.

'At Otaheité,' I have said with tears,
'No gentleman a jail so horrid fears
For taking liberties with lasses;
Soon as they heard how love in England far'd,
The glorious Otaheitans all were scar'd,
And call'd us Englishmen a pack of asses.—

'But they, indeed, are heathens—have no souls
But such as must be fried on burning coals.
But I'm a Christian, and abhor a rape;
Yet if a lass would *sell* her lean and fat,
I'm not so great an enemy to *that*—
Though *that* might whelp a little kind of scrape;

Since 'tis believ'd that simple fornication
May step between a man and his salvation.'

Damn'd Fortune! thus to make me groan!
  To offer *now* thy shining pieces—
For *now* my passions all are flown,
  Gone to my nephews and my nieces.

ODE TO MADAM SCHW——G & CO.

On their intended Voyage to Germany.

Written in the Year 1789.

WE wish you a good voyage to that shore
  Where all your friends are impudent and poor.
  Oblige us, madam—don't again come over—
To use a cant phrase, we've been finely fobb'd,
Indeed have very dext'rously been robb'd—
  You've liv'd just eight and twenty years in clover.

Pray let us breathe a little—be so good—
We cannot spare such quantities of blood:
  At least for some ten years, pray cross the main;
Then, cruel, should you think upon returning,
To put us Britons all in second mourning,
  We may support phlebotomy again.

  To you and your lean gang we owe th' Excise:
  Pitt cannot any other scheme devise,
To pay the nation's debt, and fill your purses.
  With great respects I here assure you, ma'am,
  Your name our common people loudly damn;
Genteeler folks attack with silent curses.

Madam, can *you* speak Latin?—No, not much—
I think you principally spew* High-Dutch:
But did you Latin understand (God bless it),
I'd offer up the pithiest, prettiest line,
Unto your Avarice's sacred shrine—
'*Crescit amor nummi quantum ipsa pecunia crescit.*'

The which translation of this Latin line
Is this—'Alas! that maw profound of thine
May like the stomach of a whale be reckon'd:
Throw into it the nation's treasury,
But for a minute it will pleasure ye;
That gullet would be gaping for a second.'

Madam, we wish you a long, long adieu—
Good riddance of the snuff and di'mond crew!
Your absence, all, alone the state relieves;
For, hungry ladies, as I'm here alive,
A house can never hope to thrive,
That harboureth a nest of thieves.

An insupportable Apology for keeping Mistresses, and a Laugh at that most respectable state, Matrimony.

ODE.

THAT I have often been in love, deep love,
A hundred doleful ditties plainly prove.
By marriage never have I been disjointed;

* The author thinks this expression, though a dirty one, more descriptive than any other of the guttural German; and therefore chooses not to sacrifice truth to a little *bienséance*.

For matrimony deals prodigious blows:
And yet for this same stormy state, God knows,
I'v groan'd—and, thank my stars, been disappointed.

With love's dear passion will I never war;
Let ev'ry man for ever be in love,
Ev'n if he beats, in age, old *Parr:*
'Tis for his chilly veins a good warm glove;
It bids the blood with brisker motion start,
Thawing time's icicles around his heart.

Wedlock's a saucy, sad, familiar state,
Where folks are very apt to scold and hate:
Love keeps a *modest* distance, is divine,
Obliging, and says ev'ry thing that's fine.

Love writes sweet sonnets, deals in tender matter;
Marriage, in epigram so keen, and satire.
Love seeketh always to oblige the fair;
Full of kind wishes, and exalted hope:
Marriage desires to see her in the air,
Suspended, at the bottom of a rope.

Love wishes, in the vale or on the down.
To give his dear, dear idol a green gown:
Marriage, the brute, so snappish and ill bred,
Can kick his sighing turtle out of bed;
Turns bluffly from the charms that taste adores,
Then pulls his night-cap o'er his eyes, and snores.

Wedlock at first, indeed, is vastly pleasant;
A very showy bird, a fine cock-pheasant:
By time, it changeth to a diff'rent fowl;
Sometime a cuckow, oft'ner a horn-owl.

Wedlock's a lock, however large and thick,
Which every rascal has a key to pick.

O love! for heav'n's sake, never leave my heart:
No! thou and I will never, never part—
Go, wedlock, to the men of leaden brains,
Who hate variety, and sigh for chains.

A bare-faced Apology for leaving a loving Wife.

TO CHLOE.

An Apology for going into the Country.

CHLOE, we must not always be in heav'n,
  For ever toying, ogling, kissing, billing;
The joys for which I thousands would have giv'n,
  Will presently be scarcely worth a shilling.

Thy neck is fairer than the Alpine snows,
  And, sweetly swelling, beats the down of doves;
Thy cheek of health, a rival to the rose;
  Thy pouting lips, the throne of all the loves!
Yet, though thus beautiful beyond expression,
That beauty fadeth by too much possession.

Economy in love is peace to nature,
Much like economy in worldly matter:
We should be prudent, never live too fast;
Profusion will not, cannot always last.

Lovers are really spendthrifts—'tis a shame—
Nothing their thoughtless, wild career can tame,
  Till pen'ry stares them in th' face;
And when they find an empty purse,
Grown calmer, wiser, how the fault they curse,
  And, limping, look with such a sneaking grace!
Job's war-horse fierce, his neck with thunder hung,
Sunk to an humble hack that carries dung.

Smell to the queen of flowers, the fragrant rose—
Smell twenty times—and then my dear, thy nose
Will tell thee (not so much for scent athirst)
The twentieth drank less flavour than the *first*.

Love, doubtless, is the sweetest of all fellows;
Yet often should the little God retire—
Absence, dear Chloe, is a pair of bellows,
That keeps alive the sacred fire.

In the same impudently ironical style.

ODE TO LAIS.

O NYMPH with all the luxury of skin,
Pea-bloom breath, and dimpled chin;
Rose cheek, and eyes that beat the blackest sloe;
With flaxen ringlets thy soft bosom shading,
So white, so plump, so lusciously-persuading;
And lips that none but mouths of cherubs know!

Oh, leering, lure me not to Charlotte-street,
That too, too fair, seducing form to meet;
Warm, unattir'd, and breathing rich delight;
Where thou wilt practise ev'ry roguish art,
To bid my spirits all unbridled start,
Run off with me full tilt, and steal my sight.
Then shall I trembling fall, for want of grace,
And die perhaps upon my face!

Ah! cease to turn, and leer, and smile,
My too imprudent senses to beguile!
Ah! keep that leg so taper from me,
Ah! form'd to foil a Phidias's art;
So much unlike that leg in ev'ry part
By me abhorr'd—and christ'ned *gummy*.

In vain I turn around to run away:
Thine eyes, those basilisks, command my stay;

Whilst through its gauze thy snowy bosom peeping
  Seems to that rogue intrepreter, my eye,
  To heave a soft, desponding, tender sigh—
Like gossamer, my thoughts of goodness sweeping.

  Pity my dear religion's dread debility,
And hide those orbs of sweet inflammability!—
Abound, I say, abound in grace, my feet;
And do not follow her to Charlotte-street.

Alas! alas! you have no grace, I see,
But wish to carry off poor struggling *me*;
  Yes, the wild bed of beauty wish to seek!—
Yet, if you do—to make your two hearts ake,
A sweet, a sweet revenge I mean to take;
  For, curse me if you shall not stay a week.

  But let me not thus pond'ring, gaping, stand—
But, lo, I am not at my own command:
Bed, bosom, kiss, embraces, storm my brains,
And, lawless tyrants, bind my will in chains.
O lovely lass! too pow'rful are thy charms,
And fascination dwells within thy arms.

  The passions join the fierce invading host;
And I and virtue are o'erwhelm'd and lost—
Passions that in a martingale should move;
Wild horses loosen'd by the hands of Love.

  I'm off—alas! unworthy to be seen—
The bard, and Virtue a poor captive queen!
O Lais, should our deeds to *sins* amount,
Just Heav'n will place them all to *thy* account.

The following Stanza, on the Death of Lady Mount E———'s favourite Pig *Cupid*, is verily exceeded by nothing in the annals of impertinence.

A CONSOLATORY STANZA

TO LADY MOUNT E——,

On the Death of her Pig Cupid.

O DRY that tear, so round and big;
Nor waste in sighs your precious wind!
Death only takes a single pig—
Your lord and son are still behind.

Superlatively impudent, and, I hope, untrue; sent to me two days after my publication of my *Queen Elizabeth's Progresses*, one of which is now actually in his Majesty's glorious library, at Buckingham-house.

TO MR. J. NICHOLS,

On his History of the Progresses of Queen Elizabeth.

JOHN, though it asks no subtilty of brain
To write Queen Bess's progress through the land;
Excuse the freedom, if, I dare maintain
The theme too high for *thee* to take in hand.

On Vanity's damn'd rock what thousands split!
Thou shouldst have labour'd on some humbler matter—
On somewhat on a level with thy wit—
For instance—when her majesty made w——.

To show that I can be candid, even to people of no candour, I shall conclude this first part with a few Songs that are not totally destitute of merit.

TO DELIA.

WHILST poets pour their happiest lays,
And call thee ev'ry thing divine;
Not quite so lavish in thy praise,
To censure be the province mine.

Though born with talents to surprise,
Thou seldom dost those pow'rs display:
Thus seem they trifling in thy eyes;
Thus Heav'n's best gifts are thrown away.

Though rich in charms, thou know'st it not;
Such is thine ignorance profound:
And then such cruelty thy lot,
Thy sweetest smile inflicts a wound.

TO FORTUNE.

YES, Fortune, I have sought thee long,
Invok'd thee oft, in prose and song;
Through half Old England woo'd thee:

Through seas of danger, Indian lands,
Through Afric's howling, burning sands:
But, ah! in vain pursued thee!

Now, Fortune, thou wouldst fain be kind;
And now I'll plainly speak my mind—
I care not straws about thee:
For Delia's hand alone I toil'd;
Unbrib'd by wealth, the nymph has smil'd;
And bliss is ours without thee.

TO CHLOE.

CHLOE, a thousand charms are thine,
That give my heart the constant sigh!
Ah! wherefore let thy poet pine,
Who canst with ease his wants supply?

Oh haste, thy charity display;
With little I'll contented be:
The kisses which thou throw'st away
Upon thy dog, will do for *me*.

I cannot, however, conclude this first part of Mr. Peter's lucubrations without a severe reprehension of his want of loyalty, as well as want of respect, for that first of courts, St. James's; and, moreover, to prove that disloyalty and disrespect, I give the following Ode, which he, with all his impudence, dares not deny that he wrote. I suppose that it was written in the last reign, since it is impossible that it should be in the present.

TO A FRIEND IN DISGRACE.

SO then, thy sov'reign turns away his face!
Thank God, with all thy soul, for the disgrace.

This instant down upon thy knee,
And idolize the man who makes thee free;
No more endeavour Folly's hand to kiss:
At first I look'd with pity on thy state;
But now I humbly thank the foot of Fate,
That kindly kicks thee into bliss.

I've been disgrac'd too—felt a monarch's frown,
And consequently quitted town:—
But have my fields refus'd their smiles so sweet?
Say, have my birds grown sulky with the king?
My thrushes, linnets, larks, refus'd to sing?
My winding brooks to prattle at my feet?

No! no such matter!—Each unclouded day
On dove-like pinions gayly glides away:
In short, all nature seems dispos'd to please—
Then prithee quit thy qualms; look up and laugh;
The rural pleasures let us largely quaff,
And make our *congé* to the gods of ease.

By day, shall Nature's simple voice
Our walks, and rides of health rejoice,
Far from an empty court where tumult howls;
And should at night, by chance, an hour
Be with *ennui* inclin'd to low'r,
We'll go and listen to our owls;

Birds from whose throats 'tis said that *wisdom* springs—
How very diff'rent from the throats of kings!

THE T[illegible]ARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL. *

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

ADVICE

TO THE

FUTURE LAUREAT,

AN ODE.

Nil nimium studeo, Cæsar, tibi velle placere;
Nec scire utrum sis albus an ater homo.
CATULLUS.

So little, Cæsar's humour claims my care,
I know not if the man be black or fair.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poet expresseth wonderful Curiosity for knowing the future Laureat—reporteth the Candidates for the sublime Office of Poetical Trumpeter—recommendeth to his Muse the Praises of Economy, Poultry, Cow-Pens, Pigs, Dunghills, &c.—adviseth the Mention of his present Money-loving Majesty of Naples; also of the great People of Germany.—Peter gently criticiseth poor Thomas, and uttereth strange Things of Courts—he exclaimeth suddenly, and boasteth of his Purity—he returneth sweetly to the unknown Laureat, asketh him pertinent Questions, and informeth him what a Laureat should resemble.

PART II.

The Poet feeleth a most uncommon Metamorphose—breaketh out into a kind of Poetical Delirium—talketh of Court-reformation, the Arts and Sciences; and seemeth to continue mad to the End of the Chapter.

ODE.

WHO shall resume St. James's fife,
And call ideal virtues into life?
On tiptoe gaping, lo, I stand,
To see the future laureat of the land!

Dread rivals, splashing through the dirty road,
With thund'ring specimens of ode,
The lyric bundles on each poet's back,
Intent to gain the stipend and the sack,
See Mason, Hayley, to the palace scamper,
Like porters sweating underneath a hamper!
And see the hacks of Nichols' Magazine
Rush, loyal, to berhime a king and queen;
And see, full speed, to get the tuneful job,
The bellman's heart, with hopes of vict'ry, throb.

O thou, whate'er thy name, thy trade, thy art,
Who from obscurity art doom'd to start,
Call'd, by the royal mandate, to proclaim,
To distant realms a monarch's feeble fame—
For fame of kings, like cripples in the gout,
Demands a crutch to move about—

Whoe'er thou art, that winn'st the envied prize,
O, if for royal smile thy bosom sighs,
Of pig-economy exalt the praise;—
O flatter sheep and bullocks in thy lays!
To saving wisdom boldly strike the strings,
And justify the grazier-trade in kings.

Descant on ducks, and geese, and cocks, and hens,
Hay-stacks, and dairies, cow-houses, and pens;
Descant on dung-hills, ev'ry sort of kine;
And in the pretty article of swine.

Inform us, without loss, to twig
The stomach of a feeding calf, or cow;
And tell us, economic, how
To steal a dinner from a fatt'ning pig;
And, bard, to make us still more blest, declare
How hogs and bullocks may grow fat on air.

Sing how the king of Naples sells his fish,
And from his stomach cribs the daintiest dish;
Sing, to his subjects how he sells his game,
So fierce for dying rich the monarch's flame:

Sing of th' economy of German quality;
Emp'rors, electors, dead to hospitality;
Margraves, and miserable dukes,
Who squeeze their subjects, and who starve their cooks:—
Such be the burthen of thy birth-day song,
And, lo, our court will listen all day long.

Tom prov'd unequal to the laureat's place;
He warbled with an attic grace:
The language was not understood at court,
Where bow and curt'sy, grin and shrug, resort;
Sorrow for sickness, joy for health, so civil;
And love, that wish'd each other to the devil!

Tom was a scholar—luckless wight!
Lodg'd with old manners in a musty college;
He knew not that a palace hated knowledge,
And deem'd it pedantry to spell and write.
Tom heard of royal libraries, indeed,
And, weakly, fancied that the books were read;
He knew not that an author's sense
Was, at a palace, not worth finding;
That what to notice gave a book pretence,
Was solely paper, print, and binding?

Some folks had never known, with all their wit,
  Old Pindar's name, nor occupation,
Had not *I* started forth—a lucky hit,
  And prov'd myself the Theban bard's relation,

The names of Drummond, Boldero, and Hoare,
  Though strangers to Apollo's tuneful ear,
Are discords that the palace-folks adore,
  Sweet as sincerity, as honour dear!

  The name of Homer, none are found to know it,
So much the banker soars beyond the poet;
For courts prefer, so classically weak,
A guinea's music to the noise of Greek:
Menin aeide thea, empty sounds,
How mean to—'Pay the bearer fifty pounds!'

  Angels, and ministers of grace, what's here?
See suppliant Sal'sb'ry to the bard appear!
He sighs—upon his knuckles he is down!—
His lordship begs I'll take the poet's crown.

  Avaunt, my lord!—Solicitation, fly!
I'll not be zany to a king, not I:
I'll be no monarch's humble thrush,
To whistle from the laurel bush;
Or, rather, a tame owl, to hoot
  Whene'er it shall my masters suit.

I have no flatt'ries cut and dried—no varnish
For royal qualities, so apt to tarnish,
Expos'd a little to the biting air:
I've got a soul, and so no lies to spare;—
Besides, too proud to sing for hire,
I scorn to touch a venal lyre.

  Avaunt, ye sceptred vulgar—purpled, ermin'd!
The muse shall make no mummies, I'm determin'd.
World, call her prostitute, bawd, dirty b——,
If meanly *once* she deals in spice and pitch;
And saves a carcase, by its lyric balm,
So putrid, which the very worms must damn.

PART II.

OH, were I monarch of this mighty isle!
By verse unvarnish'd should my merits smile;
The nobler virtues dare themselves display,
And need no pedestal to show away:
Each from herself her own importance draws,
And scorns a chattering poet's mock applause.

Oblig'd not to one poet's rhime,
Important, down the stream of time,
Proud let me sail, or not at all;
Too proud for verse to take in tow my name,
Just like the Victory*, or Fame*,
That, by its painter, drags the gig or yawl.

Prepar'd for ev'ry insult, servile train,
To take a kicking, and to fawn again!

Off, Pitt and Grenville!—you are not yet men—
Go, children, to your leading-strings agen,
Make not a hobby-horse of this fair isle:—
Yet, were no danger in the childish sway,
A kingdom might permit a baby's play,
And at its weaknesses indulge a smile.
Off, then!—once more upon your letters look—
Go, find of politics the lost horn-book.

* Ships of the line.

Off with Excise, your imp, with lengthen'd claws,
And fangs deep-rooted in his hydra-jaws;
That monster, damping Freedom's sacred joys;
Fed by *your* hands, ye pair of foolish boys!
My soul, to Freedom wedded, Freedom loves;
  Then blast me, lightnings, when, so coldly cruel,
  I to pomatum sacrifice the jewel,
Rouge, pigtail, and a pair of gloves.

Off, J——! some dæmon did create thee:
  Oh, form'd to fawn, to kneel, to lie, to flatter!
'Perdition catch my soul, but I do hate thee!
  And when I hate thee not,' I war with Nature.
Such reptiles dare not 'midst my radiance sport—
Curs'd be such snakes that crawl about a court.

Disgrace not, simp'ring sycophants, my throne!—
E——, and pigmy V———t, be gone!
Br——, thou stinkest!—weazel, polecat, fly!
Thy manners shock, thy form offends my eye.
As for thy principles—they're gone long since—
Lost when a poor deserter from thy Prince.

——, avaunt!—thou'rt cowardly and mean;
Thy soul is sable, and thy hands unclean.—
Yet to minutiæ to descend, what need?
Enough, that thou art one of Charles's breed.

Out with that Sal'sbury!—Dundas, avaunt!
  Off, water-gruel Westmoreland, and Leeds!
You, verily, are not the men I want—
  My bounty no such folly feeds.

Off, Harcourt! who wouldst starve my kine,
Or make them, poor lean devils, dine
  On vile horse-chesnuts—'tis a cursed meal—
Instead of turnips, corn, and hay:
  Thou shalt not, by this avaricious way,
  Into my royal favour steal.

Off, Uxbridge!—Leeds, too, once more get along!
You shall not be lord-presidents of song;

You throw poor St. Cecilia into fits:
You've ears, but verily they do not hear,
Just as you've tongues that cannot speak, I fear;
And brains that want their complement of wits.

Off, Walsingham!—thou putt'st me in a sweat:
I hate a jack-in-office martinet—
For ever something *most important* brewing,
For ever busy, busy, nothing doing.

Thou plague of post-office, the teaser, fretter;
Informing clerks the way to seal a letter;
Who, full of wisdom, hold'st thyself the broom,
Instructing Susan how to sweep the room;
The letter-man, to hold his bag;
The mail-guard (sunk in ignorance forlorn!)
To load his blunderbuss, and blow his horn;
Off, off!—of consequence thou rag!
Go to the fields, and gain a nation's thanks—
Catch grasshoppers and butterflies for Banks.

I want not fellows that can only prate;
I want no whirligigs of state—
No jack-a-lanterns, imitating fire,
Skipping, and leading men into the mire.

Thou servile copiest, West, begone!
With nought worth saving of thy own;
Phillis and Chloe, dancing dogs,
Pinetti, and the fortune-telling hogs,
Toymen and conj'rors, from my presence fly!
I have no children to amuse—not I.

Off, Sw———g! thou lean, old, wicked cat;
Restless and spitting, biting, mewing, mean,
Thou shalt not in my chimney-corner squat,
Thou shalt not, haridan, be queen:
Off, to thy country, by the map forgot,
Where tyranny and famine curse the spot.

Yet empty first thy bags of plunder'd gain,
Wages of vile political pollution;
Then vanish, thou old fistula! a drain
Enervating our glorious constitution!

Off, H——gs' wife !—thy di'monds bode no good ;
They shall not taint us—lo, they smell of blood !

Off, off, old G———'s spawn !—now E——'s fury,
In manners coarser than the dames of Drury!
O form'd for ugliness itself a foil !
Sprung from the church, the world might well suppose
Thy blood with some few drops of meekness flows—
No, vitriol !—not one particle of oil !

I'll have no laureat—sacred be the ode ;
Unsullied let its torrent roll !
Few merits mine, the muse's wing to load ;
Small grace of form, and no sublime of soul:
And yet, whate'er the merits that are mine,
By verse unvarnish'd shall they shine.

The real virtues dare themselves display,
And need no pedestal to show away :
Each from herself her own importance draws,
And scorns a chatt'ring poet's mock applause.

Have niggard Nature, and my stars, unkind,
Of sense and virtues stript my desert mind ;
My name let Silence, with her veil, invade,
And cold Oblivion pour th' eternal shade.

Oblig'd not to an author's rhime,
Important, down the stream of time,
O let me sail, or not at all ;
Too proud for bards to take in tow my name,
Just like the Victory, or Fame,
That drag along the jollyboat or yawl.

Away, the little sniv'ling spirit—
Away the hate of rising merit—
Thy heav'n-ward wing, aspiring genius, wave ;
I will not, lev'ling with a jaundic'd eye,
The secret blunderbuss let fly,
To give thee, O thou royal bird ! a grave.

I'll have no poet-persecution—no !
Proud of its liberty, the verse shall flow ;

The mouth of Pegasus shall feel no curb:
If, idly wanton, poets tax me wrong,
Their's is the infamy, for their's the song—
Such blasts shall ne'er my soul's deep calm disturb.

But should fair truth to satire lend an edge,
Bid with more force descend her thund'ring sledge,
My justice dares not break that poet's pipe;
And, like a school-boy, to the tiger's den,
Who wanton flings a cat, a cock, or hen,
I will not give him to Macdonald's* gripe.

Wise let me hush of prejudice the storm,
Disarm him for the future, and reform:—
Yes; 'stead of giving him a *law-jobation*,
Revenge the blow by reformation.

To Teos, which of yore was reckon'd far,
Hipparchus really sent a man of war,
To bring Anacreon, honied bard, to court;
So Plato says, a man of good report.

How diff'rent monarchs of the present day!
From modern kings each bee-like minstrel sculks,
Whose love would clap the bards on board the hulks,
Or send him out to warble at Thieves' Bay†.

Come, Science, and the Arts, around me bloom—
Thrice-welcome, half my empire claim—
The eye of genius shall not wear a gloom,
Nor Boydell dash my cheek with shame.

Historians, poets, painters, ev'ry merit,
Shall feel king Peter's fost'ring spirit.

Yes, men of genius, be my equals, free—
Imperious consequence you shall not feel;
For show collected, just to bend the knee,
And grace, like slaves of yore, a chariot-wheel.

* The Attorney-general.
† Commonly called Botany Bay.

Avaunt, the parasitic dedication,
A trap to catch my smile, deceive the nation,
And make the wide-mouth'd million bless my name:
Ah! let my *deeds* alone, instead of *lies*,
Proclaim me open, gen'rous, good, and wise—
Those manly heralds of a virtuous fame.

Here, from your hovels, sons of Science, come:
Oh, haste! and call King Peter's house your home:
Your huts, your solitary mountains, quit,
And make my court a galaxy of wit.

Come, Virtue, though a dungeon hide thy face
(For to thy lot too oft misfortune falls),
Whose angel-form, from jails can blot disgrace,
And cast a sacred splendour o'er the walls.

Thus shall our moments glide on golden wings;
Thus will we triumph with expanded hearts;
At times be merry upon thrifty kings,
And smile at majesty that starves the arts.
Ambitious, if with wisdom thus we wed;
A farthing shall not blush to bear *our* head!

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

A

COMPLIMENTARY EPISTLE

TO

JAMES BRUCE, ESQ.

The Abyssinian Traveller.

——— *Non fabula mendax.*

Wonders!—Wonders!!—Wonders!!!

EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

ILLUSTRIOUS SIR,

PERMIT a poor son of Apollo to make an offering of his pamphlet (a sort of widow's mite), for the pleasure received from your five quartos. Aware of the dangers of launching into the foaming sea of usual dedication, in which many an unfortunate author has been drowned, I tremble at my present attempt. Exalted panegyric too frequently incurs the suspicion of a sneer. *Your* dedication, illustrious sir, to the best of kings, strikes me as the most perfect model of imitation—it is a column of attic elegance and simplicity, erected to a deserving monarch. Pray, sir, did his august majesty honour it with a perusal before publication? It truly forms the *ne plus ultra* of human panegyric; and what is marvellous, cannot be suspected of adulation. Pray, sir, how much might his majesty give you for it?

What a similarity, illustrious sir, between yourself and Mr. James Boswell; and yet what a di-

stance! Both gloriously ambitious, both great scholars, both intellectually adorned, both popular gentlemen, both dealers in history, and both descended from kings! But Mr. James Boswell's ambition was not of so bold a wing as yours. *He* was content with a journey to Scotland, to exhibit Dr. Samuel Johnson, the lexicographer, to the *literati* of that country: *your* more exalted ideas could only be satisfied with a display of the head quarters of the immortal Nile, who had puzzled the pursuits of men for seven thousand years. Whilst Mr. Boswell entertains only with a breakfast on spaldings (*alias* dried whitings), the sublimer Bruce treats us with a dish of lion. Whilst Boswell brings us acquainted with plain Scottish gentlewomen only, the gallant Bruce charms us with romantic tales of Queen Sittinia, &c. Whilst Mr. Boswell presents us only with an anecdote of a flannel night-cap, made by Miss M'Leod, for the doctor's bald head; the sublimer Bruce tells of a piece of satin, and six handsome crimson and green handkerchiefs, most gallantly transmitted to the beautiful Aiscach, of Teawa. Whilst Mr. Boswell amuses us only with his drunken bout, and consequently a simple emetic scene, the soaring Bruce greets us with the more important history of a thundering diarrhæa. Whilst Mr. Boswell prides himself only upon his descent from a Scottish king, the penetrating Bruce discovers an origin from King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba; which, under the rose, must be establishing a bas-

tardy in the family, as the Abyssinian Queen could be nothing more than Solomon's concubine, their marriage having never been proved.

Pray, sir, what may his majesty intend to do with your invaluable drawings, &c. &c.? Are they to be engraved, *pro bono publico*, at the expense of the royal purse; or kept *cautiously* locked up in a drawer at Buckingham-house, to induce the *dilettanti* to sigh for the publication? Possibly they are destined to be a posthumous work of the greatest of kings; but not like posthumous works in general, to disgrace the dead.

I am, illustrious sir,

P. P.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

THE TANJORE * SWATI MAHAL

A

COMPLIMENTARY EPISTLE.

SWEET is the tale, however strange its air,
That bids the public eye *astonied* stare!
Sweet is the tale, howe'er uncouth its shape,
That makes the world's wide mouth with wonder gape!
Behold our infancies in tales delight,
That bolt like hedgehog quills the hair upright.
Of ghosts how pleas'd is ev'ry child to hear!
To such is Jack the Giant-killer dear!
Dread monsters, issuing from the flame or flood,
Charm, though with horror cloth'd they chill the blood!
What makes a tale so sleepy, languid, dull?
Things as they happen'd—not of marvel full.
What gives a zest, and keeps alive attention?
A tale that wears the visage of invention:
A tale of lions, spectres, shipwreck, thunder;
A wonder, or first cousin to a wonder.
Mysterious conduct! yet 'tis Nature's plan
To sow with wonder's seeds the soul of man,
That ev'ry where in sweet profusion rise,
And sprout luxuriant through the mouth and eyes.

What to the *vasty* deep Sir Joseph* gave,
As of the world, the sport of wind and wave?
What bade the knight, amid those scenes remote,
Sleep with Queen Oborea in the boat?
What, unconfounded, leap to Newton's chair?
What, but to make a world with wonder stare?
What bids a king on Wimbledon, Blackheath,
So oft rejoice the regiments of death;
While Britain's mightier bulwark slighted lies,
And vainly groaning for its Cæsar sighs?
What, with the vulgar pigs of Ascot taken,
Devour on Ascot Heath† his annual bacon?
What bade that great, great man, a goodly sight,
Watch his wife's di'mond petticoat all night;
And what that wife of great, great, great renown,
Make her own caps, and darn a thread-bare gown?
What bade the charming Lady Mary‡ fly
Marchesi's squeeze, for Pacchierotti's sigh?
What Master Edgecumbe deal in rhiming ware?
What, but to put all Cawsand§ in a stare?
Sweet child of verse, who, with importance big,
Pleas'd its own self, and eterniz'd a pig||;

* Sir Joseph Banks.

† Constantly, *yea*, with annual constancy, do their *august majesties* devour the fine fat bacon of Ascot at the time of the races, and, after deeply loading their royal stomachs with this savoury meat, in grateful return load Ascot and the bacon with royal approbation.

‡ Lady Mary Duncan.

§ A small fishing-town neat Mount Edgecumbe.

|| This pig, Cupid, who many years ago fell in love with the earl, has a monument erected to his memory, with an inscription on it by Lord Valletort, the earl's son.—It is said, that his majesty, when at Mount Edgecumbe, happening to be gravely pondering near his grave, the queen, who was at some

Whilst, mad an equal weight of praise to share,
Old Mount plays Punchinello to a hair.
What makes a girl the shops for novels rove?
The sweet impossibilities of love?
Quixotic deeds to catch the flying fair;
To pant at dangers, and at marvels stare.
What prompteth Chloe, conscious of the charms
That crowd the souls of swains with wild alarms,
To give the swelling bosom's milk-white skin
A veil of gauze so marvelously thin?
What but a kind intention of the fair
To treat the eyes of shepherds with a stare?
Behold! Religion's self, celestial dame,
Founds on the rock of miracle her fame:
A sacred building, that defies decay,
That sin's wild waves can never wash away!
What made John Rolle* (except for Exon's stare)
Drill-serjeant to the aldermen and may'r?

distance, asked him, what he was looking at so seriously. His majesty, with a great deal of humour, immediately replied, 'The family vault, Charly; family vault, family vault.'

* Mr. John Rolle's dread of a failure in the *etiquette* of presentment to his majesty when at Exeter, prevailed on him to take a deal of trouble with gentlemen who were to be introduced at the *levee*: but, in spite of all his intellectual powers, which, like his corporeal, are of more than ordinary texture, much disorder happened; indeed the best of kings was three or four times nearly overturned. Many were the gentlemen that Mr. Rolle was forced to place himself behind, to pull down properly on their knees; and many were the gentlemen he was obliged to run after, and make face to the right about, who uncourteously, though unwittingly, in quitting the presence, had turned their unpolished tails on majesty.

E'er from the hall he led his chosen bands,
To view the king of nations, and kiss hands?
How rarely man the haunts of wisdom seeks,
Pleas'd with the life of cabbages and leeks!
Though form'd to plough the soil, divinely strong,
'Tis famine goads him, like an ox, along:
But Bruce, on *curiosity's* wild wings,
Darts, hawk-like, where the game of marvel springs,
Let envy kindle with the blush of shame,
That dares to call thee, Bruce, a thief of fame.
Pleas'd to thy wonder's vortex to be drawn,
A thousand volumes could not make me yawn:
And (O accept a salutary hint)—
The world will read as fast as thou canst print.

Curs'd by the goose's and the critic's quill,
What tortures tear us, and what horrors thrill!
Thus that small imp, a tooth, a simple bone,
Can make fair ladies and great heroes groan;
Tear hopeless virgins from their happy dream,
And bid for doctors 'stead of sweethearts scream;
In tears the tender tossing infant steep,
And from its eyelids brush the dews of sleep;
Where, with a cheek in cherub blushes drest,
It seeks, with fruitless cries, its vanish'd rest.
Far diff'rent, Thou, erect in conscious pride,
Colossal dar'st the critic host bestride;
Like yelping coward curs canst make them skip,
And tremble at the thunder of thy whip.

How hard that thou, a busy working bee,
Shouldst range from flow'r to flow'r, from tree to tree;
Fly loaded home from shrubs of richest prime,
Egyptian, Nubian, Abyssinian thyme,
And plund'ring* drones upon thine honey thrive,
Who never gave an atom to the hive!

* Alluding to an abridgement of Mr. Bruce's Travels.

Huge whale of marvel-hunters, further say,
And glad the present and the future day;
Speak! did no angel, proud to intervene,
Bear thee, like Habakkuk, from scene to scene?

Lo! moon-ey'd Wonder opes her lap to thee:
How niggardly, alas! to luckless me!
Where'er through trackless woods thy luckier way,
Marvels, like dew-drops, beams on every spray.
Blest man! whate'er thou wishest to behold,
Nature as strongly wishes to unfold;
Of all her wardrobe offers every rag,
Of which thy skill hath form'd a conj'ror's bag.
Thy deeds are giants, covering ours with shame!
Poor wasted pigmies! skeletons of fame!
To thee how kindly hath thy genius giv'n
The massy keys of yonder star-clad Heav'n;
With leave, whene'er thou wishest to unlock it,
To put a few eclipses in thy pocket!
Nature where'er thou tread'st, exalts her form;
The whisp'ring zephyr swells a howling storm;
Where pebbles lay, and riv'lets purl'd before,
Huge promontories rise, and oceans roar.
Thrice envy'd man (if truth each volume sings),
Thy life how happy! hand and glove with kings!
A simple swain, a stranger to a throne,
I ne'er sat down with kings to pick a bone!
For smiles I gap'd not, crouch'd not for assistance;
But paid my salutations at a distance:
Yet live, O kings, to see a distant date,
Because I've got a pretty good estate;
A comely spot near Helicon, that thrives;
A leasehold though, that hangs upon your lives;
Set to George Kearsley, at a moderate rent;
Enough for me, poor swain, it brings content.
Were Heav'n to place a crown upon my head,
So meek, so modest, I should faint with dread;
And like some honest bishop, with a sigh,
'Pity my greatness, lord!' would be my cry.

Poets, like spiders, now-a-days must spin,
Ev'n from *themselves*, the threads of life so thin.
Nought pleaseth now the rulers of great nations,
But books of wonders, and sweet dedications.
Kings, like the mountains of the moon, indeed,
Proud of their stature, lift a lofty head;
Heads, like the mountains also, cold and raw,
That, ice-envelop'd, seldom feel a thaw.
O may the worst of ills my soul betide,
For *me* if ever love-sick lady died!
If fatal darts from these two eyes of mine,
Play'd havoc with fair ladies hearts, like thine:
No, no! I ever a hard bargain drove,
And purchas'd ev'ry atom of my love.
O Bruce, I own, all candour, that I look
With envy, downright envy, on thy book,
A book like Psalmanazar's, form'd to last,
That gives th' historic eye a sweet repast;
A book like Mandeville's, that yields delight,
And puts poor probability to flight;
A book that e'en Pontopidan would own;
A book most humbly offer'd to the throne;
A book, how happy, which the king of isles
Admires (says rumour), and receiv'd with smiles!

The fool, with equal gape, astonish'd sees,
Through Wonder's glasses, elephants and fleas;
But thou, in Wonder's school long bred, full grown,
Art pleas'd indeed with elephants alone:
Hadst thou been God, an insult to thy sight,
Thy majesty had scorn'd to make a mite.
Know, where th' Atlantic holds th' unwieldy whale,
My heart has panted at the monster's tail:
Had Bruce been there, th' invincible, the brave,
How had he dash'd at once beneath the wave!
Bold with his dirk the mighty fish pursu'd,
And stain'd whole leagues of ocean with his blood;
Then rising glorious from the great attack,
Grac'd with the wat'ry tyrant on his back!

'Mid those fair isles*, the happy isles of old,
Plains that the ghosts of kings and chiefs patrol'd,
These eyes have seen; but, let me truth confess,
No royal spectre came, these eyes to bless:
To no one chieftain-phantom too, I vow,
With rev'rence, did I ever make my bow:
Gone to make room, poor ghosts, so fate inclines,
For gangs of lazy Spaniards and their vines.
But had thy foot, illustrious trav'ler, trod,
Like me the precincts of th' Elysian sod;
Full of inquiry, easy, unconfounded,
By spectres hadst thou quickly been surrounded;
Then had we heard thy book of wonder boast,
How Bruce the brave shook hands with ev'ry ghost!
In vain did I phænomena pursue,
For Wonder waits upon the chosen few.
Whate'er I saw requir'd no witch's storm—
Slight deeds, that Nature could with ease perform!
Audacious, to purloin my flesh and fish,
No golden eagles hopp'd into my dish.
Nor crocodiles, by love of knowledge led,
To mark my figure, left their oozy bed;
Nor loaded camels, to provoke my stare,
Sublimely whirl'd, like straws, amid the air;
Nor, happy in a stomach form'd of steel,
On roaring lions have I made a meal.
Unequal *mine* with lions' bones to cope;
Thy jaws can only on such viands ope.
O hadst thou trod, like me, the happy isle,
Whose mountain† treats all mountains with a smile:
Bold hadst thou climb'd th' ascent, an easy matter,
And, nobly daring, sous'd into the *crater*;
Then out agen hadst vaulted with a hop,
Quick as a sweeper from a chimney-top.
O had thy curious eye beheld, like mine,
The isle‡ which glads the heart with richest wine!

* The Canaries, or the *Insulæ Fortunatæ* of the ancients. † Teneriffe. ‡ Madeira.

Beneath its vines, with common clusters crown'd,
At eve my wand'ring steps a passage found,
Where rose the hut, and neither rich nor poor,
The wife and husband, seated at the door,
Touch'd, when the labours of the day were done,
The wire of music to the setting sun;
Where, blest, a tender offspring, rang'd around,
Join'd their small voices to the silver sound.
But had *thine* eye this simple scene explor'd,
The man at once had sprung a sceptred lord;
Princes and princesses the *bearns* had been;
The hut a palace, and the wife a queen;
Their golden harps had ravish'd thy two ears,
And beggar'd all the music of the spheres;
So kind is Nature always pleas'd to be,
When visited by favourites, like *thee!*
Strange! thou hast seen the land, that, to its shame,
Ne'er heard our good ——'s virtues, nor his name!
I've only seen those regions, let me say,
Where his great *virtues* never found their way.

Alas! I never met with royal scenes!
No vomits gave to Abyssinian queens!
Drew not from royal arms the purple tide,
Nor scotch'd with fleams, a sceptred lady's hide;
Nor, in anatomy so very stout,
Ventur'd to turn a princess inside out;
Nor blushing, stripp'd me to the very skin,
To give a royal blackamoor a grin.
I never saw (with ignorance I own)
Mule-mounted monarchs seek th' imperial throne;
Which mule the carpet spoil'd—a dirty beast!
First stal'd; then—What?—Oblivion cloud the rest.
I saw no king, whose subjects form'd a riot,
And, imp-like, howl'd around him for his quiet.
Nor have I been where men (what loss, alas!)
Kill half a cow, and turn the rest to grass.
Where'er, great trav'ler, thou art pleas'd to tread,
The teeming skies rain wonders on thy head;

No common birth to greet thine eye appears,
But sacred labours of a thousand years.
Where'er the Nile shall pour the smallest sluice,
The rills shall curl into the name of Bruce.
And, lo! a universe his praise shall utter,
Who, first of mortals, found the parent gutter;
And, let me add, of gutters too the queen,
Without whose womb the Nile had never been.
Thus many a man, whose deeds have made a pother,
Has had a scurvy father or a mother.
O form'd in art and science to surpass;
To whom e'en valour is an arrant ass;
O Bruce, most surely travel's eldest son;
Tell prithee, all that thou hast seen and done!
I fear thou hidest half thy feats, unkind;
A thousand wonders, ah! remain behind!
Where is the chariot-wheel with Pharaoh's name,
Fish'd from the old Red Sea to swell thy fame?
Where the horse-shoe with Pharaoh's arms, and found
Where wicked Pharaoh and his host were drown'd?
Where of that stone a slice, and fresh account,
Giv'n by the Lord to Moses on the Mount?
And where a slice of that stone's elder brother,
That, broken, forc'd th' All-Wise t' engrave another?
Where of the cradle too, a sacred rush?
Where a true charcoal of the burning bush?
And O the jewel, curious gem, disclose,
That dangled from the Queen of Sheba's nose,
When, with hard questions, and two roguish eyes,
She rode to puzzle Solomon the Wise!
Sagacious terrier in discovery's mine,
Shall Nature form no more a nose like thine?
No more display'd the pearls of wonder beam,
When thou, great man, art past the Stygian stream?
To Afric wilt thou never, Bruce return?
Howl, Britain! Europe, Abyssinia mourn!
Droop shall Discovery's wing, her bosom sigh,
And Marvel meet no more the ravish'd eye;
Nature outstep her modesty no more;
Her cataracts of wonder cease to roar,

Forc'd to a common channel to subside,
And pour no longer an astounding tide?
O bid not yet thy lucky labours cease;
Still let the land of wonder feel increase:
Thy loads of dung, delightful ordure, yield,
And blossom with fertility the field:
Gates, hedges mend, that ignorance pull'd down,
And bring in triumph back each kidnapp'd town.
Though envy damns thy volumes of surprise,
Blest I devour them with unsated eyes!
What though sour Johnson cry'd, with cynic sneer,
'I deem'd at first, indeed, Bruce had been there:
But soon the eye of keen investigation,
Prov'd all the fellow's tale a fabrication.'
But who, alas! on Johnson's word relies,
Who saw the too kind north with jaundic'd eyes;
Who rode to Hawthornden's fair scene by night,
For fear a Scottish tree might wound his sight;
And, bent from decent candour to depart,
Allow'd a Scotchman neither head nor heart?
Grant fiction half thy volumes of surprise,
High in the scale of merit shalt thou rise:
Still to Fame's temple dost thou boast pretension;
For thine the *rara avis* of invention?
And, lo! amidst thy work of lab'ring years,
A dignity of egotism appears;
A style that classic authors should pursue;
A style that peerless Katerfelto* knew!
Thou dear man-mountain of discovery, run;
Again attempt an Abyssinian sun!
Yes, go; a second journey, Bruce, pursue;
More volumes of rich hist'ry bring to view.
O run, ere Time the spectred tombs invade,
And seize the crumbling wonders from the shade;
Crowd with fair columns, struck by Time, thy page,
And snatch the falling grandeur from his rage:
Give that old Time a vomit too, and draw
More of Egyptian marvels from his maw;

* A late celebrated philosopher and conjuror.

Bid him disgorge (by moderns call'd *a hum*),
Scratch'd by ten thousand trav'lers, Memnon's bum;
And, what all rarities must needs surpass,
The tail, the curious tail, of Balaam's ass.
Say, what should stop, O Bruce, thy grand career;
Of Fame the fav'rite, and no child of fear?
Danger's huge form, so dread to vulgar eyes,
Pants at thy presence, and a coward flies.
Where other trav'lers, fraught with terror, roam,
Lo! Bruce in wonder-land is quite at home;
The same cool eye on Nature's forms looks down;
Lions and rats, the courtier and the clown.
Whate'er thine action, wonder crowds the tale;
It smells of Brobdignag—it boasts a scale!
Fond of the lofty, Bruce no pigmy loves—
Who likes a pigmy, that a giant moves?
Again—what pigmy, with a form of lath,
Lost in his shadow, likes the Man of Gath?
The bowerly hostess, for a cart-horse fit,
Scorns Daphne's reed-like shape, and calls her *chit*;
Whilst on the rough *robustious* lump of nature,
Contemptuous Daphne whispers, 'What a creature!'
Pity! pursuits like thine should feel a pause,
More than half-smother'd by fair Fame's applause!
I see thee safe return'd from Marvel's mine,
Whose gems in ev'ry rock so precious shine;
Proud of the product of a world unknown,
Unloading all thy treasure at the throne;
While courtiers cry aloud with one accord,
'Most marv'lous is the reign of George the Third!'
How like the butchers' boys we sometimes meet,
Stuck round with bladders, in a London street:
In full-blown majesty who move, and drop,
The bloated burden in an oilman's shop;
Whilst country bumpkins, gazing at the door,
Cry they '*ne'er zeed zo vine a zight bevore.*'

I see old Nile, the king of floods, arise,
Shake hands, and welcome thee with happy eyes;

Otters and alligators in his train,
Made by thy five immortal volumes vain;
Weasels and polecats, sheregrigs, carrion-crows,
Seen and smelt only by thine eyes and nose.
'Son of the arts, and cousin of a king,
Loud as a kettle drum whose actions ring,'
Exclaims the king of floods, 'thy books I've read,
'And for thy birth-place, envy brother Tweed.'
O Bruce, by Fame for ever to be sung;
Job's war-horse fierce, thy neck with thunder hung:
When envious Death shall put thee in his stable,
Snipp'd life's fine thread, that should have been a cable;
Lo! to thy mem'ry shall the marble swell,
Mausoleum huge, and all thy actions tell!
Here, in fair sculpture, the recording stones
Shall give thee glorious, cracking lions' bones;
There, which the squeamish souls of Britain shocks,
Rich steaks devouring from the living ox:
Here, staring on thee from the realm of water,
Full many a virtuoso alligator;
There, Bruce informing queens, in naked pride,
The feel and colour of a Scotsman's hide:
Here of the genealogy a tree,
Branching from Solomon's wise trunk to thee;
There, with a valour nought could dare withstand,
Bruce fighting an hyæna hand to hand;
Which dread hyæna (what a beast uncouth!)
Fought with a pound of candles in his mouth:
Here temples bursting glorious on the view,
Which hist'ry, though a gossip, never knew;
There columns starting from the earth and flood,
Just like the razor-fish from sand and mud:
Here a wise monarch, with voracious looks,
Receiving all thy drawings and thy books;
Whilst Fame behind him all so solemn sings
The lib'ral spirit of the best of kings.

Man says, O Bruce, that thou wert hardly us'd;
That our great king at first thy book refus'd;

Indeed look'd grimly 'midst his courtier crew,
Who, gentle courtiers! all look'd *grimly* too!
Thus when in black the lofty sky looks down,
The sympathizing sea reflects a frown;
Vale, cattle, reptile, insect, man and maid,
All mope, and seem to sorrow in the shade.

Steep is th' ascent, and narrow is the road,
Ah me! that leads to Fame's divine abode:
Yet thick (through lanes, like pilgrimaging rats,
Unaw'd by mortals, and unscar'd by cats)
What crawling hosts attempt her sacred fane,
And dizzy, drunk-like, tumble back again;
Fast as the swains, whose arms the damsels fill,
Embrace of elegance down Greenwich Hill;
Whilst thou, Briareus like, with dauntless air,
Resolv'd to ravish Fame, immortal fair,
Just like our London bullies with the w——,
Hast scal'd the cloud-capt height, and forc'd her
doors!
O form'd the trav'lers of the east to scare,
Although thy pow'rs are mighty, learn to spare:
Dog should not prey on dog, the proverb says:
Allow then brother-trav'lers crumbs of praise;
Like thee, let others reap applause, and rise
By daring visits to Egyptian skies:
But calmly, lo! thou canst not see them pass;
'This is a rogue or fool, and that's an ass.'
Thus on a tree, whene'er the weather's fine,
Jack Ketch, the spider, weaves the fatal line;
Beneath a leaf he hides with watchful eye,
Now darts, and roping hangs the trav'ling fly.
Again, most tiresome, let me say, Go, go,
Proceed, and *all about it* let us know:
Led safely by thine enterprising star,
Hyænas shall not with thy journey war:
Uneat by tigers, dare the forest's gloom,
To bid the barren field of knowledge bloom:
Wave o'er new pyramids thine eagle wings;
And, hound-like, scent fresh tombs of ancient kings,

Which time had buried with the mighty dead,
And cold Oblivion swallow'd in her shade:
And mind ('tis Hist'ry's province to *surprise)*
That tales are sweetest, that sound most like lies.

As the confessed Superiority of Mr. Bruce to Mr. Boswell entitles him to a more eminent Mark of Distinction, I have added an Ode, in my best Manner, to this Complimentary Epistle, *which the Congratulatory Epistle to Mr. Boswell cannot boast.*

ODE TO JAMES BRUCE, ESQ.

O BRUCE, for this his short and sweet epistle,
Thou biddest p'rhaps the gentle bard 'go whistle;' [knight;
Or somewhat worse, *perchaunce*, that rhimes to
That is to say, knights of the blade,
One time so busy in the dubbing trade,
That, like to silver, it was shoulder'd bright.

Pity by hungry critics thou shouldst fall,
So clever, and so form'd to please us all!

Again!—by royal favour all-surrounded,
A balm so rich, like cloves and nutmegs pounded!
Thus the bag fox, (how cruelly, alack!)
Turn'd out with turpentine upon his back,
Amidst the war of hounds and hunters flies;
Shows sport; but, luckless, by his fragrance dies!

Safe from the fury of the critic hounds,
O Bruce, thou treadest Abyssinian grounds;
  Nor can our British noses hunt thy foil:
Indeed, thou need'st not dread th' event;
Surrounding clouds destroy the scent,
  And mock their most sagacious toil:
Yes, in thy darkness thou shalt leave the dogs;
For hares, the hunters say, run best in fogs.

Of thee and me, two great physicians,
How diff'rent are the dispositions!
  Thy soul delights in wonder, pomp, and bustle;
Mine in th' *un*marvellous and placid scene,
Plain as the hut* of our good king and queen;—
  I imitate the stationary muscle.

Yet, boldly thou, O Bruce, again proceed;
Of wonder ope the fountain head;
  Deluge the land with Abyssinian ware;
Whilst I, a simple son of peace,
The world of *bugatelle* increase,
  By love-sick sonnets to the fair:

Now to Sir Joseph, now a duke, now wren,
Now robin red-breast, dedicate the pen;
  Now glow-worm, child of shade and light, not flame;
To whom, of wicked wits the tuneful art,
So very apt, indeed, from truth to start,
  Compares the nightly street-meand'ring dame.

Mild insect, harmless as myself, I ween;
Thou little planet of the rural scene,
When summer warms the valleys with her rays;
Accept a trifling sonnet to thy praise.

* A house close by the glorious Castle of Windsor.

ODE TO THE GLOW-WORM.

BRIGHT stranger, welcome to my field,
Here feed in safety, here thy radiance yield;
To me, O nightly be thy splendor giv'n:
Oh, could a wish of mine the skies command,
How would I gem thy leaf with lib'ral hand,
With ev'ry sweetest dew of Heav'n!

Say, dost thou kindly light the fairy train,
Amidst their gambols on the stilly plain,
Hanging thy lamp upon the moisten'd blade?
What lamp so fit, so pure as thine,
Amidst the gentle elfin band to shine,
And chase the horrors of the midnight shade.

Oh! may no feather'd foe disturb thy bow'r,
And with barbarian beak thy life devour:
Oh! may no ruthless torrent of the sky,
O'erwhelming, force thee from thy dewy seat;
Nor tempests tear thee from thy green retreat,
And bid thee 'midst the humming myriads die!

Queen of the insect world, what leaves delight?
Of such these willing hands a bow'r shall form,
To guard thee from the rushing rains of night,
And hide thee from the wild wing of the storm.

Sweet child of stillness, 'midst the awful calm
Of pausing Nature thou art pleas'd to dwell;
In happy silence to enjoy thy balm,
And shed through life a lustre round thy cell.

How diff'rent man, the imp of noise and strife,
Who courts the storm that tears and darkens life;
Blest when the passions wild the soul invade!
How nobler far to bid those whirlwinds cease;
To taste, like thee, the luxury of peace,
And shine in solitude and shade!

THE

RIGHTS OF KINGS,

OR

LOYAL ODES

TO

DISLOYAL ACADEMICIANS.

Τις μανίη θυμὸν εἰσέβη.

ANACREON.

Thus for a mighty monarch to be *levell'd!*
Pray were you drunk, or mad, sirs, or be-devill'd?

TO THE READER.

GENTLE READER,

THE foundation of the following Odes is simply this——The President of the Royal Academy, happy to be able to gratify our amiable monarch in the minutest of his predilections, reported lately to the academicians his majesty's desire, that a Mr. Laurence might be added to the list of R. A.s, his majesty, from his superior knowledge in painting, being *perfectly convinced* of this young artist's uncommon abilities, and consequently fair pretensions to the honour. Notwithstanding the royal wish, and the wish of the President, and (under the rose!!!) the wish of Mr. Benjamin West, the Windsor oracle of paint, and painter of history, the R. A.s received the annunciation of his majesty's wish, Sir Joshua's wish, Mr. West's wish, with the most ineffable *sang froid*, not to call it by the harder name,

disgust. The annunciation happening on the night of an election of Associates, at which Mr. Laurence ought to have been elected an Associate (a step necessary to the more exalted one of R. A.)—behold the obstinacy of these royal mules!—the number of votes in favour of Mr. Laurence amounted to just three, and that of his opponent, Mr. Wheatley, to sixteen!!!——Indignant and loyal reader! the lyric Muse, who has uniformly attacked *meanness, folly, impudence, avarice,* and *ignorance,* from her cradle, caught fire at the above important event, and most loyally poured forth the following Odes, replete with their usual sublimities.

PROËMIUM.

TO THE PUBLIC.

GENTLES! behold a poor plain-spoken man!
  Modest as Addington our Speaker,
Amidst Saint Stephen's patriotic clan,
  Where Innocence so meek did ne'er look meeker;

When with much palpitation, and much dread,
He turn'd about his pretty Speaker's head,
  One leg just rais'd to hop into the chair;
Just like a cat in rain amid the street,
That fears to wet her white and velvet feet,
  Which for a handsome gutter-leap prepare!

'I fear I am a most unworthy choice,'
  Said Mister Speaker, with a lamb-like voice!
'I have but one step more,' he cried,
  Keeping his head coquettishly aside.

How much like Christie, with his hammer rais'd
(Christie, a public speaker too, so prais'd),
Looking around him, simpering, smiling, bowing,
Then crying—'Gemmen, going, going, going!'

Yes, *gentles* all, a modest bard, and shy,
With dove-like mien, and ground-exploring eye;

Modest as Mister Speaker at the Lords,
  When lowly he did majesty *beseech*
T' *allow* his *humble* Commons use of words;
  That is to say, a liberty of speech:

Also to have at times a *tête-à-tête*,
Because a *confab* royal is a treat;
Indeed for *subjects* much too rich,
As wise King James asserted of the *itch*:

Likewise to have the privilege of tick,
  Because a bailiff is a meddling rogue,
Who, with a hand of iron, or a stick,
  Stoppeth the travels of our men of vogue!
Barbarian act, that men of worship frets!
Who think of loftier things than idle debts;
  Deep pond'ring ever on the nation's good,
Not on great greasy butchers, tailor knaves,
Mercers and clammy grocers—compter slaves,
  Who, by their stinking sweat, procure their food.

Tradesmen! a set of vulgar swine;
Crutches for Fortune in a deep decline:
Lo what a tradesman's good for, and lo all—
A wooden buttress for a tott'ring wall!

With tears have I beheld full many a 'squire
  Most brutally by *bailiffs* dragg'd along;
For turnpike, furniture, or house's hire,
  Horse, wages, coach, or some such idle song!

Now '*squire*'s a title of much reputation—
Belongs to people of *no*—occupation;
Who cannot (in their looks we read it)
Get, for a mutton-chop, a little credit!
Poor gentlemen! how hard, alas! their fate,
To knuckle to such nuisances of state!

Gentles, to you, well pleas'd, I turn again,
Quitting my fav'rite *rambling* strain;
Leaving belov'd, admir'd, ador'd digression,
So practis'd by *us* men of *ode-profession*,

When we have scarcely aught to sing or say,
And sneaking fancy quits the lyric lay.

I do remember!—What?—That thus my pen
Licentious, slander'd crown-and-sceptre men!
'Readers, one moment look me in the face;
A poet not *quite* destitute of grace;
And answer *one* not bred in Flatt'ry's schools—
Are you, or are you not, a set of fools!
Pinning your faith on Grandeur's sleeve—
Say, do you, in your consciences, believe
That m——s never can be weak nor mean;
And that a m——'s wife, yclept a ——,
May not (and why not?) be a downright slop,
Form'd of the coarsest rags of Nature's shop?
I read the answer in each visage'—'No.'
'O Jesu! *can* it be? and *is* it so?
Put down my book—
Give it not *one* contaminating look:
I stare on you with pity—nay, with pain—
Kearsley shall toss your money back again:
Get your crowns shav'd, poor souls—I wish you well—
And hear me—Bedlam has a vacant cell.'

Such were the stanzas that I wrote of yore,
When tainted by a king-deriding clan;
But now I curse those *tenets* o'er and o'er—
A convert quite—a sweet and alter'd man:

The sacred force of sov'reignty I feel—
To royalty's stern port I learn to kneel—
For royalties are deem'd most sacred things;
So sacred by the courtiers, that the *Bible*
May be inform'd against, and prov'd a libel,
For saying—'Put no confidence in kings!'

Though this indeed may be interpolation,
As much was coin'd by Popish priests and friars;
For ah! how hard 'tis for imagination
To *fancy* monarchs hypocrites and liars!

ODE TO THE ACADEMICIANS.

AM I awake, or dreaming, O ye gods?
Alas! in *waking's* favour lie the odds!
The dev'l it is! ah me! 'tis really so!
How, sirs! on majesty's proud corns to tread!
Messieurs Academicians, when you're dead,
Where can your impudencies hope to go?

Refuse a monarch's mighty orders!—
It smells of treason—on rebellion borders!
'Sdeath, sirs! it was the queen's fond wish as well,
That Master Laurence* should come in!
Against a queen so gentle to rebel!
This is another crying sin!

What!—not oblige, in such a trifling thing,
So sweet a queen, and such a goodly king!

A queen *unus'd* to opposition-weather—
At disappointment so *unus'd* to start—
So full of dove-like gentleness her heart,
As if the dove had lent its softest feather,
That heart of gentleness to form,
Unus'd (as I have said) to opposition-storm!

O let me just inform you, one and all,
That kings and potentates, both great and small,

* A young portrait-painter of some merit.

Born to be humour'd, for *obedience* battle :
Most instantaneous too must be compliance ;
Refusal is most damnable defiance ;
They struggle for't, like children for the rattle.

But in our *simile* some diff'rence lies—
We whip a bantling when it kicks and cries,
Fully determin'd not to please it ;
But lo ! the children that possess a crown
(Young Herculeses) knock us down,
And, angry for the bauble, *seize* it.

Each of you, sirs, has kept a cur, *perchaunce :*
Poor wretch, how oft his eyes with lightnings dance ;
How he looks up to master for a smile !
Shakes his imploring head with wriggling tail,
Now whining yelps, now pawing to prevail,
Eager with such anxiety the while ;

And if a pat *should* bless the whining scraper,
Lord, how the animal begins to caper !

Thus should it be with subjects and great kings—
But you are strangers to these humble things.
For shame ! upon the courtier's creed go look—
And take a leaf from humble Hawksb'ry's book ;
Or sweet neck-bending water-gruel Leeds,
Who majesty with pap of flatt'ry feeds ;
Which pap, if highly relish'd, will of course,
Rewarded, make him Master of the Horse.

Where was Prerogative ?—asleep ?
A blockhead, not a better watch to keep
In this most solemn, most important hour !
Why heard we not the thunder of his voice ;
Saw down your gullets cramm'd the royal choice,
So easy to the iron arm of power ?

Why slept his sledge, the guardian of a crown,
So form'd to knock unruly rascals down ?
Ah me ! Prerogative seems nearly dead !
Behold his tott'ring limbs and palsied head ;

Sunk in their orbits his dim eyes;
His teeth dropp'd out; and hark! his voice so weak;
A mouse behind the wainscot—eunuch squeak!
'Ah! *non sum qualis eram,*' now he sighs.
To ev'ry body's call, ah! now so pliant!
Sad skeleton of once a sturdy giant!

Poor bending shrivell'd form, but just alive,
Art thou that bully once—Prerogative?
Where is the mien of Mars, the eye's wild stare,
A meteor darting horror with its glare?
How like a brandy-drinker, who on flame
Feeds with a rosy beacon-face at first;
But, by his enemy Intemp'rance curst,
Yields to that victor of mankind with shame;
Pale, hobbling, voiceless, crawling to decay,
Just like a passing shadow, sinks away!

Bed-chamber lords are all in ire—
The maids of honour all on fire;
Nay, though despotically shav'd, the cooks,
Bluff on th' occasion, put on bull's-beef looks:
And really this is very grand behaving,
So nobly to forgive the famous shaving!

See Madam Schwellenberg most cat-like stare;
And though no fav'rite of the king,
She cries, '*By Got, it shock and make my hair*
Upright—it is so dam dam saucy ting.'

Stanhope, perchance, will clasp you in his arms;
And Price's ghost, with eloquence's charms,
Will, from his tomb upspringing, sound applause:
But know, I deem not so of Edmund Burke:
He nobly styles the deed 'a d-mn'd day's work;'
Superior he to cutting royal claws.

Mun very justly thinks the human back
Should be to kings a sort of humble hack;
That ev'ry subject ought to wear a saddle,
O'er which those great rough-riders, kings, may straddle.

ODE II.

THE fam'd Assembly of the French will smile,
  At this disgrace of our fair isle:
Messieurs Fayette the Great and Co.
With tears of joy will overflow,
And order the assembly of the nation
To send you sweet congratulation.

What hast thou to complain of each, thou imp?
Compar'd to kings, a grampus and a shrimp!

Lo! when from Windsor mighty kings arrive,
Like London mack'rel, all alive!
Tureens of flatt'ry are prepar'd so hot
By courtiers—a delicious pepper-pot;
Which, to be sure, the royal maw devours,
Kings boasting very strong digestive pow'rs.

A pointer thus, lock'd up a week,
Half starv'd, and longing for a steak;
Behold him now turn'd loose so wild to eat—
Gods! how he gobbles down the broth and meat!

Yes, flatt'ry-soups are all prepar'd so hot,
As I have hinted, a fine pepper-pot:

Side-dishes too of curtsies, bows, and scrapes,
With stare and wonder in all sorts of shapes;
Attentions darting from the full-stretch'd eye,
That not a royal glance may pass unheeded by:
Attentions sharp as those of Lumpy, Small,
At cricket skill'd to catch the flying ball;
Whilst you survey (abominable thing!)
With cold contempt the character of king!

Think by what royal bounty you are blest!
  Think of the patronage to painters all!
Not a poor shallow rill confin'd to West,
  But torrents that like Niagara fall.

Yes, George is gen'rous—watches all your wants—
And pours his fost'ring rains upon his plants.
Then, meeting such a friend, you ought to cry
'Glory be to George on high!'

Thus, when two clouds approach, a wand'ring pair,
As oft it happens, 'mid their walks in air;
Though one be rich, the other poor
In rare electric matter, how they greet!
With what delight they seem to meet;
And, pleas'd, with all the fire of friendship roar!

George, O ye raggamuffins, loves you dearly;
Sends you rare pictures for improvement yearly;
Buys up your works, and much commission gives
To hist'ry, portrait, landscape-men—
Careful as of her chicken a good hen:
Thus like an alderman each limner lives.

Yes; a good hen—I see her wing display'd,
To warm, protect you with parental shade:
But you, a flock of vile rebellious chicken,
Are all for mounting on your mother's back,
With threat'ning beak and noisy saucy clack,
Her eyes out, trying to be picking;

Against her blasphemously swearing:
This is undutiful beyond all bearing.
Where'er the plaintive cry of want appears,
Cock'd, like a greyhound's, are the king's two ears:
Ready for such poor wights to bake, and brew!
A circumstance believ'd by very few!
Thus, to Philosophy's surprise,
A pin can lead the lightning of the skies!

ODE III.

BEHOLD, his majesty is in a passion!
Tremble, ye rogues, and tremble all the nation!
Suppose he takes it in his royal head
To strike your academic idol dead;
Knock down your house, dissolve you in his ire,
And strip you of your boasted title—'squire!

To bend a piece of iron to your will,
You always make that iron hot;
For then it asks but little force and skill—
Its sturdiness is quite forgot:

But lo! it is quite otherwise with man!
Make *him* red-hot, and bend him as you can:
So widely diff'rent are the metals,
Composing man, or kings indeed, and kettles!

Oft has he left his queen and Windsor tow'rs,
Oft from the fascinating dairy flown,
To raise the arts with all his mighty pow'rs,
And hold high converse with the folks of town:

From lofty Carthage thus, by Jove's decree,
On nobler works than those of love, intent,
Æneas from the widow Dido went,
And, full of piety, put off to sea!

Vain of your academic honours, vain,
I say agen,
Idly you deem'd yourselves the first of men;
And then
You spurn'd the hand which rais'd you into notice—
By all the gods, unfortunately, so 'tis!

Full oft, by Fortune, man is play'd a trick;
Too often ruin'd by her glittering toys,
Just like the candle's luckless wick
Surrounded by the lustre that destroys.

ODE IV.

RESISTANCE turns me, like a napkin, pale;
Rebellion chills me into stone;
'Tell not in Gath the tale,
Nor publish in the streets of Ascalon.'

Copy the manners of a court:
There (thanks to education for't)
Submission cow'ring creeps, with fearful eye,
Unceasing bends the willowy neck to ground,
In rev'rence, abject and profound,
Too humbly modest to behold the sky:

There, all alive too, Hawk Attention sits,
To study royal Humour's various fits;
With wings expanded, ready to fly post,
To east, to west, to north, or south,
To cater for a monarch's mighty mouth,
To get him bak'd, or grill'd, or broil'd, or roast:

Now scampers to pick up each bit of news,
Which full-fed London ev'ry moment sp—s:
Then to the palace the rich treasure bears,
And pours the whole into the royal ears.

There Adulation, with her silver tongue,
Sweeter than Philomela's sweetest song,
Says unto majesty *such things!*
Tells him that Cæsar won not half *his* fame;
That Alexander was a childish name
Compar'd to *his*—the King of Kings!

Now smiling, staring huge surprise,
With such a brace of wonder-looking eyes,
On all the words from majesty that dart;
As if bright gems, as large as eggs of pullet,
Flow'd from the king's Golconda gullet,
Enough, indeed, to load a cart:

Her mouth so pleas'd the treasures to devour!
Wide as the port-hole of a seventy-four!

Such is the picture of a palace scene,
Drawn by an *amateur*, I ween:
The outline chaste, and easy flowing;
The colouring not a whit too glowing.
Such, such is Adulation, charming maid!
Whose conduct you won't copy, I'm afraid.

ODE V.

AT opposition, lo! the soul demurs!
At such the royal mind revolts;
Hates it as much as sticks, the cats and curs,
Or curbs, and whips, and spurs, high-mettled colts.

Too well I know that you the great despise;
Molehills, instead of mountains, in your eyes:
'Tis wrong!
I often rev'rence Grandeur in my song.

Go, sirs, to court upon a gala day:
Soon as the soldiers cry aloud, 'Make way!'
How gloriously the courtiers strut it by,
In gorgeous clothes of silk and gold,
With such an elevated front, and bold,
With such state-consequence in either eye;

So much above the ground on which they strut,
So stiff, so stake-like, all the pompous pack,
As though Dame Nature had forgot to put
The joints of manners to the neck and back.

O glorious sight! this no one dares deny:
And lo! I'd lay considerable odds,
That man who ne'er divinities did spy,
Would really take them for a pack of gods!

Grant that the great are ignorant—what then?
Still are they folks of worship—still *great* men;

Though flogg'd through schools, and banish'd from a college,
  Although not one inch broad their minds, I ween:
The utmost boundary of all their knowledge,
  The Game-act and John Nichols' Magazine.

Still men of worship, must they all appear
Beings we little people should *revere!*
  'Tis nat'ral to revere the *folk* on high;
To rev'rence, lo! our infancies are led!
  Well do I recollect how oft my eye
Ador'd the kings and queens of gingerbread:

King David, Solomon, and that brave queen*
Who rode so far to see, and to be seen:
Though hungry as a hound, with pence in store,
  When in their glory on the stalls I met 'em;
Though longing to devour them o'er and o'er,
  I deem'd it sacrilege to eat 'em!

ODE VI.

THE light of Reason is a little ray,
  But still it shows us the right way:
Indeed, the gentlewoman makes no blaze,
No bonfire tempting a fool's eye to gaze—
A modest dame, remote, and calm, and coy,
And never playeth gambols, to destroy.

But Error, what a meretricious jade,
Amidst her trackless wilds immers'd in shade,
  To tempt the silly and unwary!
Her meteor, lo! she lights!—here, there,
Up, down, she dances it—now far, now near,
  In mad and riotous vagary.

* Her majesty of Sheba.

On the fools wander, in pursuit so stout,
  And love of this same garish light;
All on a sudden goes this meteor out;
  And caught, like badgers, in the sack of night,
Blund'ring and trying to get back agen,
  They roll about in vain, poor men.

Thus you Academicians all proceed!
You are those badgers, gentlemen, indeed!

There seems an ardent spirit, to my mind,
A revolution spirit, 'mongst mankind:
A spark will now set kingdoms in a blaze,
That would not fire a barn in former days;
So lately turn'd to touchwood is each state—
So whimsical, indeed, the ways of Fate!

Pray, sirs, both old and young, ye bright and muddy,
Did ever you make cuckoldom your study?
P'rhaps *not*, if rightly I divine—
But, gentlemen, I've made it *mine*.

This state of man, and let me add obscenity,
Is not a situation of *betweenity*,
  As some word-coiners are dispos'd to call't—
Meaning a mawkish, *as-it-were-ish* state,
Containing neither love nor hate—
  A sort of water-gruel without salt.

Know then, that Cuckoldom's all eye, all ear,
  All smell, all taste, and, faith! all feeling—
His senses sharp as those of cats appear,
  To right, to left—as quick as soldiers wheeling,
To catch a wife's bad fame, alas! not praise;
Thus setting traps to squeeze his future days;

Watering with one eternal tear the eye,
And making lovely Life one lengthen'd sigh:
A pair of antlers his—he sits on thorns—
He nothing sees but horns, horns, horns!

Nay, to the cuckold in idea, lo,
  On either side his head a horn appears

Tremendous! but which all his neighbours know
  Are only one huge pair of ass's ears.

Then pray dismiss your jealousies and frights;
Our m——h means not to invade your rights:
It never, never was a royal plan—
'For Brutus is an honourable man!'
Greater from Chambers should be all your fears,
Whose house is tumbling fast about your ears.

ODE VII.

THE king (God grace him) wishes you to *shine*:
  He rais'd the building with *your* cash and *mine*:
  But what is wealth? what thousands? trifling things!
To swell the mighty volume of its fame,
He call'd it royal—thus he *gave* the name;
  Which proveth the munificence of kings—
Heav'ns, what a present! ah, well worth possessing!
Lo! on a level with a bishop's blessing!

Domitian (so says Hist'ry, with a sigh)
Would quit affairs of state, to hunt a fly:
But we have no such trifle-hunting kings—
Europe knows no such miserable *things!*
Her princes gallop on a larger scale;
No flippant minnow, but the flound'ring whale!

George wishes not to give the dome a grave;
Not to destroy he cometh—but to save:
Not like Dame Nature, who composes forms
  The fairest for the fascinated eye;
Then sends her lightnings, floods, and storms,
  To bid the beauteous flowrets die!

When once a woman's handsome, smart, and clever,
In God's name let her bloom for ever!

Ah! could I snatch Time's ploughshare from his hand,
Who, with that ease a farmer skirts his land,
Furrows so cruelly o'er the fairest face!
Relentless as a Mohawk, on he goes,
Cuts up the lily and the rose,
Roots up each wavy curl, and bends the neck of grace—

Ah! could I simply do but this,
The sweetest lips would give me many a kiss.

By raising, then destroying like a Turk,
It seems as though Time did not like his work;
As though he wanted something *better* still,
Than e'er was manufactur'd at his mill.

And yet how exquisite, of charms the crop
In Mesdames Johnson's*, Kelly's*, Windsor's* shop,
Or rather hot-house!—Lord, if fond of billing,
What grace, for guineas, we may find!
Nay, in the streets, if cheapness suits our mind,
We purchase Cleopatras for a shilling!

O Beauty, how thou stealest me away!
Born, thou sweet witch, thy poet to beguile!
Thy fool, idolater, by night, by day,
He feels a chain in ev'ry smile.
Thou tyrant of my heart, let go my pen—
I *must, will* speak to academic men.

Sirs! should the royal eagle, from his height,
Dart on your puny forms, his eye of flame,
And wanton, just to exercise his might
(Deeming you no ignoble game),
Should pounce on your owl-backs, so stout,
How would a cloud of feathers fly about!
The thunder of his beak, for falling, ripe—
What figures you would cut within his gripe!

* The priestesses of the Cyprian goddess.

This can the king of isles perform—I know it—
Yet, though of pow'r so full, he will not show it.
Too soon your band its weakness would deplore!
 A crab in a cow's mouth—no more!

Say, don't you tremble at th' affronted name?
Where lurks the burning blush of shame?
Alas! that symptom of remaining grace
Knows not to tinge an academic face!
Sons of the dev'l like you, rebellious, hear—
It is for kings to *burden—us* to *bear*.

I own I've said (and glory in th' advice),
'Be not, O king, as usual, *over-nice:*
Dread sire, (to take a phrase from Caliban)
 "Bite 'em"—
To pour a heavier vengeance on the clan,
 Knight 'em,'

ODE VIII.

THE modern French deem monarchs much like fire,
Which a good looking-after doth require—
 Too much inclin'd to prove an evil;
A fire that needeth to be well secur'd,
Well iron'd, pinion'd, and immur'd,
 Which otherwise would play the devil:
Yet if on politics a *bard* may prate,
I deem their monarch's jacket rather strait.
Mesdames Poissardes, 'twas shockingly ill bred,
To fling your flounders at your monarch's head.
Though, Venus-like, descended from the flood,
'Twas base, ye sweet divinities of mud.
To this great truth, a universe agrees,
'*He who lies down with dogs, will rise with fleas.*'

How applicable! lo, you took advice,
I'm sure, from that arch-devil, Doctor Price,

And Stanhope—who so praise the French and clap,
For catching kings, like polecats, in a trap.

O may I never *be*—but *were* I king,
  Like ropes should I consider laws;
Preventing, when I wish'd it, a good spring—
  Hand-cuffs to bind my lion claws.

A set of articles implies mistrust—
How can the Lord's anointed be unjust!
We never should believe such things
As doubt the wisdom of the king of kings:
What the Lord chooses *must* be good,
Although he sent us but a piece of wood.
Ev'n Chesterfield*, that atheistic dog,
Declares he has a rev'rence for King Log.
'When will that lucky day be born, that brings
A bridle for the arrogance of kings?
  'Too slowly moves, alas! the loit'ring hour.
When will those tyrants cease to fancy man
A dog in Providence's lev'ling plan,
  To crouch and lick the blood-stain'd rods of pow'r?
Such is your most unkingly cry—
And lo, I tell it with a sigh!

Rank is in man the itch of opposition,
Which wanteth a good whip for a physician.
  You keep bad company that turns your head—
So hungrily you ev'ry thing devour,
That tends to clip the wings of royal pow'r,
  Which like the eagle's pinion ought to spread;
So greedily suck in Rebellion's breath,
That wafts the seeds of impudence and death.

Thus, hound-like, at a lord-mayor's feast,
A common-councilman, a beast,
On ev'ry season'd dish so hungry stuffs—
Unbuttons, wipes the sweat away, and puffs.

* 'I confess I have some regard for King Log.' Vide his Letters.

Poor fool! he swallows rheumatism and gout,
  Asthma and apoplexy—and more ills
Than doctors, with their knowledges so stout,
Can vanquish with their boluses and pills!

But, sirs, you must be *cautious* how you act;
  Attorney-general is no *reasoning* thing!
    'Tis an indubitable fact,
  This fellow is the creature of a king;
His eagle—thunder-bearer—loud his cry—
And 'Instant vengeance' is his sole reply.
'Tis dangerous to shake hands with such hard claws,
His gripe enough to make the bravest pause!

Then be not at your midnight orgies seen,
Buzzing opinions upon king and queen.
Ah! should he sally forth so strong,
Amidst your wantonness of speech and song;
Unlin'd by mercy, you will feel his gripe,
Stopping the melody of many a pipe.

Thus at the solemn, still, and sunless hour,
When to their sports the insect nations pour:

In airy tumult blest, the light-wing'd throng,
  Thoughtless of enemies in ambuscade,
Hums to night's list'ning ear the choral song,
  And wantons through the boundless field of shade;
When, lo! the mouse-fac'd demon of the gloom,
Espying, hungry meditates their doom!

  Bounce, from his hole so secret bursts the bat,
To honour, mercy, moderation, lost!
Behold him sally on the humming host,
  And murd'rous overturn the tribes of gnat;
Nimbly from right to left, like Tippoo, wheel,
And snap ten thousand pris'ners at a meal!

ODE IX.

HOW pleasant 'tis the courtier clan to see!
 So prompt to drop to majesty the knee;
To start, to run, to leap, to fly;
And gambol in the royal eye!
And, if expectant of some high employ,
How kicks the heart against the ribs, for joy!

How rich the incense to the royal nose!
How liquidly the oil of flatt'ry flows!
But should the monarch turn from sweet to sour,
Which cometh oft to pass in half an hour,
How alter'd instantly the courtier clan!
How faint! how pale! how woe-begone, and wan!

Thus Corydon, betroth'd to Delia's charms,
In fancy holds her ever in his arms:
 In mad'ning fancy, cheeks, eyes, lips devours;
Plays with the ringlets that all flaxen flow
In rich luxuriance o'er a breast of snow,
 And on that breast the soul of rapture pours.

Night too entrances—Slumber brings the dream—
 Gives to his lips his idol's sweetest kiss;
Bids the wild heart, high panting, swell its stream,
 And deluge every nerve with bliss:
But if his nymph unfortunately frowns,
Sad, chapfall'n, lo! he hangs himself, or drowns!

Oh, try with bliss his moments to beguile:
Strive not to make your sov'reign frown—but smile:
Sublime are royal nods—most precious things!—
Then, to be *whistled* to by kings!

To have him lean familiar on one's shoulder,
Becoming thus the royal arm-upholder,

A heart of very stone must glad!
Oh! would some king so far himself demean,
As on *my* shoulder but for *once* to lean,
Th' excess of joy would nearly make me mad!
How on the honour'd garment I should dote—
And think a glory blaz'd around the coat!

Blest, I should make this coat my coat of arms,
In fancy glitt'ring with a thousand charms;
And show my children's children o'er and o'er:
'Here, babies,' I should say, 'with awe behold
This coat worth fifty times its weight in gold:
This very, very coat, your grandsire wore!

'Here,'—pointing to the shoulder—I should say,
'Here majesty's *own* hand so sacred lay'—
Then p'rhaps repeat some speech the king might utter;
As—'Peter, how go sheep a score? what? what?
What's cheapest meat to make a bullock fat?
Hæ? hæ? what, what's the price of country butter?'

Then should I, strutting, give myself an air,
And deem my house adorn'd with immortality:
Thus should I make the children, calf-like, stare,
And fancy grandfather a man of quality:
And yet, not stopping here, with cheerful note,
The muse would sing an *ode* upon the coat.

Poor lost America, high honours missing,
Knows nought of smile and nod, and sweet hand-kissing;
Knows nought of golden promises of kings;
Knows nought of coronets, and stars, and strings:
In solitude the lovely rebel sighs!
But vainly drops the penitential tear—
Deaf as the adder to the woman's cries,
We suffer not her wail to wound our ear:
For food, we bid her hopeless children prowl,
And with the savage of the desert howl.

ODE X.

'MAN may be happy, if he will :'
I've said it often, and I think so still :
Doctrine to make the million stare !
Know then, each mortal is an actual Jove ;
Can brew what weather he shall most approve,
Or wind, or calm, or foul, or fair.

But here's the mischief—man's an ass, I say ;
Too fond of thunder, lightning, storm, and rain ;
He hides the charming, cheerful ray
That spreads a smile o'er hill and plain !
Dark, he *must* court the scull, and spade, and shroud—
The mistress of his soul must be a cloud !

Who told him that he must be curs'd on earth ?—
The God of Nature ?—No such thing !
Heav'n whisper'd him, the moment of his birth,
'Don't cry, my lad, but dance and sing ;
Don't be too wise, and be an ape :—
In colours let thy soul be dress'd, not crape.

'Roses shall smooth life's journey, and adorn ;
Yet, mind me—if, through want of grace,
Thou mean'st to fling the blessing in my face,
Thou hast full leave to tread upon a thorn.'

Yet some there are, of men I think the worst,
Poor imps ! unhappy, if they can't be curs'd—
For ever brooding over Mis'ry's eggs,
As though life's pleasure were a deadly sin ;
Mousing for ever for a gin
To catch their happinesses by the legs.

Ev'n at a dinner, some will be unbless'd,
However good the viands, and well dress'd :

They always come to table with a scowl,
Squint with a face of verjuice o'er each dish,
Fault the poor flesh, and quarrel with the fish,
Curse cook and wife, and, loathing, eat and growl.

A cart-load, lo, their stomachs steal,
Yet swear they cannot make a meal.
I like not the blue-devil hunting crew!
I hate to drop the discontented jaw!
O let me Nature's simple smile pursue,
And pick ev'n pleasure from a straw!

ODE XI.

TREAT sov'reigns, sirs, with more respect, I beg,
To thrones, with due *decorum* make a leg;
Ev'n *those* are sacred, though but empty chairs:
There lurks in thrones a *something*, tho' but wood,
That thrills with awe the vulgar mass of blood,
And fills the mouth and eye with gapes and stares:

Wishing by no means to affront,
I wonder what's the meaning on't!'

Louis Quatorze was quite the Frenchman's god;
Who made all nations tremble at his nod;
Married Scarron's old widow, dry and frowsy;
Got deep in debt, the constable out-ran;
And, to complete the farce, this god-like man
Died—*lousy** !

The crown, so powerful, made him every thing!
There's somewhat marv'lous in it, I must own!
Lo! folly is not folly on a throne!
For whiting's eyes are di'monds in a king!

I dare not say that no exception springs
Against this mighty magic pow'r of kings:

* He actually had the *morbus pediculosus*.

Not all a monarch's smiles, and pow'rs of place,
Can wipe vulgarity from Brudenell's face;
Nor, though a whole eternity they try,
Blot art, infernal art, from H—ksb—y's eye;
Blot beast from S-lisb—y, who no legend needs,
Pertness from D—k, and vacancy from L—ds.

ODE XII.

LO! majesty admireth yon fair Dome*;
And deemeth that he is admired again!
The king is wedded to it—'tis his home—
He watches it—and *loves* it, ev'n to pain:
And yet this lofty dome is heard to say,
'Poh! poh! p-x take your love—away! away!'

To this, with energy I answer—'Shame!'
Such bad behaviour puts me in a flame:
This is unseemly, nay, ungrateful carriage,
And brings to mind a little Ode to Marriage.

ODE TO HYMEN;

OR, THE HECTIC.

GOD of ten million charming things,
Of whom *our* Milton so divinely sings,
Once dove-tail'd to a devil of a wife—
Hymen, how comes it that I am so slighted?
Why with thy myst'ries am I not delighted,
Which I have try'd to peep on half my life?

God of the down-clad chains, dispel the mist—
O put me speedily upon thy list!
A civil list, like that of kings, I'm told,
Bringing in swelling bags of glorious gold!

* The Royal Academy.

What have I done to lose thy good opinion?
  Against thee was I ever known to rail;
And say (abusing thus thy sweet dominion),
  'Curse me! if this boy's trap shall catch my tail!'
No! no!—I praise thy knot with bellowing breath,
Which, like Jack Ketch's, seldom slips till death.

Lo! 'midst the hollow-sounding vault of night,
Deep coughing by the taper's lonely light,
  The hopeless Hectic rolls his eye-balls, sighing:
'Sleep on,' he cries, and drops the tend'rest tear;
Then kisses his wife's cherub cheek so dear:
  'Blest be thy slumbers, love! though I am dying:
Ah! whilst *thou* sleepest with the sweetest breath,
I pump for life, the putrid well of death!
I feel of Fate's hard hand th' oppressive pow'r;
I count the iron tongue of ev'ry hour,
That seems in Fancy's startled ear to say—
Soon must thou wander from thy wife away.'

'Dread sound! too solemn for the soul to bear,
Murm'ring deep melancholy on my ear:
And sullen—ling'ring, as if loth to part,
And ease the terrors of my fainting heart.
Yet, though *I* pant for life, sleep *thou*, my dove,
For well thy constancy deserves my love.'

And, lo! all young and beauteous, by his side,
His soft, fresh-blooming, incense-breathing bride,
  Whose cheek the dream of rapt'rous kisses warms,
Anticipates her spouse's wish so good;
Feels love's wild ardours tingling through her blood,
  And pants amidst a *second* husband's arms;
Now opes her eyes, and, turning round her head,
  'Wonders the filthy fellow is not dead!'

ODE XIII.

YOU quarrell'd with Sir Joshua some time since;
Of painters, easily allow'd the prince—
The emp'ror, let me say, without a flattery:
Yet wantonly against this emp'ror, lo!
An overflowing tub of bile to show,
You foolish planted an infernal battery.

The mind of man is vastly like a hive;
His thoughts so busy ever—all alive!
But here the *simile* will go no further;
For bees are making honey one and all;
Man's thoughts are busy in producing gall,
Committing, as it were, self-murther.

But let the spirit that surrounds *my* frame
Sit easy on it, just like an old shoe—
When Disappointment sets my house in flame,
Let Reason all she can to quench it do:
Reason has engines plentiful and stout,
With water at command to put it out.

I hate to hear men quarrelling through life,
Themselves the fabricators of the strife;
For ever hunting, with a hound-like nose,
That hornet's nest, the tribe of woes:
And when the woes invited greet 'em,
They wonder how the dev'l they meet 'em.

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASH

ODE XIV.

AH! could you wish your president* to change?
Ah! could you, Pagans, after false Gods range?
Swop *solid* Reynolds for that *shadow* West?
In love-affairs variety's no sin—
Trav'lers may change at any time their inn—
Here 'tis paint-blasphemy, I do protest.

In love's warm regions I should like, I own,
'Midst diff'rent climes to fix my throne:
David's physicians order'd change of dame†—
And, lo! t'improve our cows, we bid 'em pass
Into variety of grass—
With *bulls*, I guess, th' advantage is the same.

And as I Monsieur Cupidon employ,
To manufacture pieces of my joy,
I would not mad run counter to the fashion:
A little Sylvia, with the sweetest smile,
Possesses power some moments to beguile,
And in Elysium lap the prettiest passion.

But not *toujours perdrix*—the vulgar thing!
Then pleasure soon would spread her wanton wing:
No! no! variety the game must start—
Come oft, and make her curt'sy to my heart;
And, like the orange girls, my taste to suit,
Cry, 'Choice of fruit—fine fruit, sir—choice of fruit.'

* The author has *some* reason to imagine that a part of the academic rebellion was meant to attack the president; the disappearance of whose works, in the present exhibition, has been fatal.—One picture from Sir Joshua's hand would have atoned for a host of *daubs*.

† Abishag, the fair Shunamite.

Dull Constancy is quite a quaker's hat,
So formal! changeless in its great broad brim:
Variety's a fine young playful cat—
A hopeful imp of spirit, sport, and whim;
Who, when all other objects fail,
Runs after its own tail.

ODE XV.

DEAD is idolatry, and faint the praise
That sceptred people meet with now-a-days!
All unmolested, lo! the virtues sleep!
Their roof with fair applause but rarely rings—
Sweet Panegyric moves with snail-like creep,
And Defamation on the lightning's wings!

Too pleas'd to pluck the soaring plume of pow'r,
You bless an opposition hour;
Too fond, alas! of roasting harmless kings;
Too well I know what freedoms you would take—
Beat the *dear* creatures just like bears at stake;
Just like a poor tame gull's, would clip his wings!

Poor bird! whom fate oft cruelly assails;
Forc'd from his bold aërial height,
Sweeping the sun amidst his flight,
To hop a garden, and hunt snails!

Such is the fate of Louis Seize,
Whom Pity, with a sigh, surveys;
Whom Frenchmen daringly have laid a curb on;
Who now no more *full royally* indites,
No more '*Sic volo*' to his kingdom writes,
But, 'I'm your humble servant, Louis Bourbon.'

Lettres-de-cachet, now no longer known,
Shall lull no more an empire's idle groan:
Bastilles, those schools of peace and sweet morality,
Instruct no more the mob, and men of quality.

Bastilles, the haunt of philosophic gloom,
  Surround the imps of liberty no more:
In dust each iron and colossal door,
  Which clos'd in thunder on a rebel's room;
That pealing, with reverberated sound,
Rung through the caverns of the dread profound;
Where Meditation ponder'd, pensive maid!
And Horror, death-like, paus'd upon the shade.

Oh, let us cherish, then, the royal race,
The fount of honour, freedom, pension, place!
On *me* would kings their treasure fling away,
  Most humbly grateful would I say,
'Thus Lybia's forests a kind shade supply,
  And for the meanest savage form a den;
And thus the mountains that invade the sky,
  Kind, in their shaggy bosoms warm the wren.'

ODE XVI.

AMID the deep'ning gloom of time
  Your puny names shall scarce appear;
While those of kings, in characters sublime,
  Shall, blazing, bid a *world* revere:
Their peerless acts, with ev'ry virtuous quality,
Shall grace the pyramid of Immortality.

There shall their glorious names be seen so bright,
As on a birth or coronation night,
  Amidst the evening's honour'd shade,
Fast by the grocer's, or the chandler's shop,
Or lace, or pinman, or the man of mop,
  By loyal thumb-bottles display'd!
That, burning with a rival glow,
Beam on the gaping multitude below.

Know, when we slumber, not so sleeps the king—
  He watches!—yes, he ponders through the night!

To buried Genius lends a fancied wing,
And lifts him from his darkness into light:

Thus, nightly on the Mevagizzy* shore,
When Horror breathes upon the heaving deep,
Amid the wild and solemn roar;
These eyes have seen the crafty heron creep;
Now dart his beak so sharp for fish's blood,
And snatch a wriggling conger from the flood!

Here differeth this comparison of ours—
The king *preserveth*—but the fowl *devours*.

ODE XVII.

GO, sirs, with halters round your wretched necks,
Which some contrition for your crime bespeaks,
And much-offended majesty implore:
Say, piteous, kneeling in the royal view—
'Have pity on a sad abandon'd crew,
And we, great king, will sin no more:
Forgive, dread sir, the crying sin,
And Mister Laurence shall come in.'

Your hemp cravats, your pray'r, your Tyburn mien,
May pardon gain from our good king and queen,
For they are not inexorable people;
Although you thus have run their patience hard;
And though you are, to such great folk compar'd,
Candle-extinguishers to some high steeple.

For kings (I speak it to their vast applause)
Can pardon, if you let them gain their cause;
So gracious, they will give you such kind looks,
As fell upon the shav'd and humble cooks;
Kind as a gard'ner's charitable eye
On some crush'd snail, or bird-lim'd fly;

* A fishing-town in Cornwall.

Kind as the epicure's, who fond of mites,
Mingleth compassion with his bites.

How vile to make the front of monarch's low'r!
I see him, all like vinegar so sour,
  Look black!—but, *still* good-humour's in his soul;
And now I mark it, stealing forth so sweet—
Stream of forgiveness, what a treat!—
  I see his eye, with love re-kindling, roll.

Thus, when the demon of the storm has driv'n
The sun, that youth of splendor, from his heav'n,
  Drown'd ev'ry vale, and blasted ev'ry bloom;
Cast o'er poor Nature's smile a sable shroud,
Each beauty blotted with his inkiest cloud,
  And giv'n a cheerful world to gloom:

Lo! through the giant shade, a lonely ray,
  Peeps from the op'ning west with timid air,
(Till forc'd by shouldering clouds away),
  Informing man, 'To-morrow will be fair.'

Oh, had you rev'renc'd a great k—g's commands,
What trouble he had taken off your hands!
For art you had not rang'd the realm around!
His keener eye the precious gem had found!
Then, what an honour to have seen appointed,
Your very nightman, by the Lord's anointed!

ODE XVIII.

A LITTLE more, and I have done—
The muses' tittle-tattle must go on.—

  The world is very fond of calling 'Fool:'
It looks with rapture on a simple head,
    Of puerilities the rich hot-bed,
  So pleasing to the taste of Ridicule:
Rare crops! that, thick'ning into life,
Start, like asparagus, to tempt the knife.

And, should the head belong to some great duke,
Hawk-satire eyes it with the keenest look:
Still, should the owner hap to be a king,
Sharp for her quarry, how she prunes her wing!
Such is the proneness to assail *great folk*,
And make high birth and state a standing joke.

Oh, for an ointment to destroy the scab
Call'd Envy, which, alas! too many know!
The heart should be a medlar, not a crab;
Milk, and not verjuice, from its fount should flow:
But Greatness, sun-like, from the muddy stream,
Draws the foul vapour that obscures its beam!

Indeed, the people are a lawless crew—
Why strive I then, Quixotic, to reform?
As soon a feather may the waves subdue,
And spiders bind the pinions of the storm.

Yet, 'tis not strange, that kings should lose repute
Consid'ring man's so great a brute.—
Ev'n saints themselves have lost their reputation:
Rome formerly had thirty thousand gods;
And now, I warrant ye, 'tis odds,
They own scarce *one* through all the Romish nation.

Alas! who now believes in sticks and stones,
Old rags, and hair, and marrow-bones?

Saint Agnes, that sweet lady, void of sin,
Was stripp'd, poor gentlewoman, to her skin;
And, for religion, carried to the stews;
When, as the lady was so bare,
God gave her such a quantity of hair,
As reach'd unto her very shoes.

When to the bawdy-house arrived the dame,
An angel from above commission'd came,
And spread around her such a heavenly light,
As dazzled every body's sight.

However, a young officer*, a buck,
Wishing prodigiously to have a look,

Dash'd forth, to pierce the middle of the light,
Meaning to violate the dame so good;
Which meaning, when the Devil understood,
He choak'd the wanton rogue out-right.

Such is the tale! true ev'ry crumb;
Now, no more heeded than Tom Thumb.

TO MR. PITT.

DEAR as a di'mond to the best of queens,
Dear as to cormorants, of fish a shoal;
Dear to a German hog, as beds of beans;
Dear as a sixpence sav'd, to Mis'ry's soul:

Dear as the doctor's bill to this good nation,
Which Parliament, with tears of joy, survey'd;
Which brought about a much-desir'd salvation,
For which the doctors have been *poorly* paid:

Dear as the royal message† to the nation,
By which *more money* humbly is implor'd—
'More money for the children's education—
Hard times! more money for the children's board.'

Dear as to *valiant* Glo'ster sword and gun;
Dear as a dock-leaf to a hungry ass;
Dear to the fam'd George Selwyn, as a pun;
Dear as to legs of mutton, caper sauce;

* The son of a præfect.

† What a niggardly set of representatives we send to parliament! To suffer his majesty so *frequently* to be begging for a *little* money, is shameful in the extreme.—In God's name, let him have the Treasury at once. Had he been worth ten or eleven millions, an œconomy would have been pardonable.

Dear as the voice of flatt'ry to the proud;
  Dear as to hackney-coachmen signs of rain,
Who count their shillings in a coming cloud,
  And, pious, pray for Noah's flood again;

So dear to monarchs is that idol pow'r!
  So dear is prompt obedience to a king!
Far, of resistance be the trying hour!
  God bless us! what a melancholy thing!

Yet opposition-fraught to royal wishes,
  Quite counter to a gracious king's commands,
Behold! th' academicians, those strange fishes,
  For Wheatly* lifted their unhallow'd hands.

So then, those fellows have not learnt to crawl,
  To play the spaniel, lick the foot, and fawn—
Oh, be their bones by tigers broken all!
  Pleas'd, by wild horses could I see them drawn.—

O Pitt! with thee I'm sorry, very sorry!
  Not make a poor associate!—such a *thing!*
Who try'd to tarnish thus the royal glory?
  What rebel balloted against his king!

Then, sir, he is so bountiful a man!
  A cataract of charity, I'll say—
Inform me any body, if you can,
  Unmark'd by liberality a day!

Where'er he walks, where'er his wild career, [lo,
  Through Chelt'nam, Weymouth, Exon, Plymouth,
With joy his staring subjects all, so dear,
  See from each step a stream of glory flow.

Thus, when that pretty animal an —,
  At night, on pavement gallops like the wind;
Fire kindling at his heels, behold him pass!
  How bright the sparkles that hop out behind!

* The rival candidate of Mr. Laurence.

Nurs'd on the dunghill of the smiles of kings,
What mushrooms daily, to surprise us, start!
So nimbly the fair vegetable springs!
Such warmth prolific, can a smile impart!

Such is of royalty the envied pow'r!—
Then perish ev'ry academic plant!
Oh, may they feel nor sun, nor fost'ring show'r!
Blow round them, O ye cold, cold winds of want!

What nabob structures rise, with wings outspread,
Whose owners' necks will merit to be lopp'd!
With what sublimity they lift the head,
By Death and Ruin's Atlas-shoulders propp'd!

But such thy master's purity of soul,
His eyes upon the sword of justice feast:
'Curse on the pearl (he cries) by rapine stole;
Curse on the di'monds of the bleeding east!

'Curse on the villains that whole realms despoil!
Curse on the cruel hand (we hear him cry)
That steals the fruit of labour's honest toil,
And draws the tear of blood from Pity's eye!'

O Pitt! what punishment shall we contrive,
To suit this saucy, self-important crew?
How shall we smoke this academic hive,
That stinging makes us look so very *blue?*

Oh, bid our monarch draw his purse-strings tight;
Contract his open heart, of giant stature;
Use ev'ry species of little spite,
And violate for *once* his noble nature.

Oh, bid our sov'reign take it not to heart;
For downright brutes are Britons, nine in ten:
At curbs and whips behold us asses start,
And insolently claim the rights of men!

And yet, I moderation wish to kings!
Yes, yes, they should be merciful, though strong.
As sceptres have been found in France with wings,
One would not lose an empire for a *song*.

ODES TO MR. PAINE,

AUTHOR OF 'RIGHTS OF MAN;'

On the intended Celebration of the Downfall of the French Empire,

BY A SET OF BRITISH DEMOCRATES,

On the 14th of July.

Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris, vel carcere dignum,
Si vis esse aliquis.——

JUVENAL.

ODE TO MR. PAINE.

O PAINE! thy vast endeavour I admire!
How brave the hope to set a realm on fire!—
Ambition smiling prais'd thy giant wish:
Compar'd to *thee*, the man, to gain a name,
Who to Diana's temple put the flame,
A simple minnow to the prince of fish.

Say, didst thou fear that Britain was too blest,
Of peace thou most delicious pest?
How shameful that this pin's head of an isle,
Whilst half the globe in grief, should wear a smile!
How dares the wren amidst his hedges sing,
Whilst eagles droop the beak, and flag the wing?

O must the scythe of Desolation sleep,
So keen for carnage, stay its mighty sweep,
And Havock on his hunter drop his lash;
Spurr'd, arm'd, and ripe to storm with groans the sky,
To chase an empire, and enjoy the cry,
The cry of millions—what a glorious crash!

What pity thy combustibles were bad!
How Death had grinn'd delight, and Hell been glad,
To see our liberties o'erturning;
And War, whose expectation tiptoe stood,
Ready for hills of slain, and seas of blood,
Who drops his death's head flag, and puts on mourning!

Why, cur-like, didst thou sneak away, nay fly?
Dread'st thou of anger'd Justice the sharp eye?
Return, and bring Mesdames Poissardes along:
And lo, with Friendship's squeeze and fire to meet
'em,
And oaths of ev'ry hue to greet 'em,
The sisterhood of Billingsgate shall throng.

The jails may open all their dreary cells,
Where Horror brooding on damnation dwells,
And vomit forth their grisly bands;
Surrounded by this squalid host,
Paine shall their leader be, and boast;
Paine, Gordon, and Rebellion, shall shake hands.

Importance, in a nut-shell hide thy head!
I deem'd myself a dare-devil in rhime,
To *whisper* to a king of modern time,
And try to strike a royal *foible* dead;
Whilst dauntless *thou*, of *treason* mak'st no bones,
But strik'st at *kings themselves* upon their thrones!

ODE II.

HELL hears our pray'r!—all is not lost—
Behold a chosen few, a *host*,
Stand forth the champions of the glorious cause!
The jails are opening!—hark! the iron doors!
Chains clank!—the brazen throat of Tumult roars;
And lo, the destin'd victims of the laws!
Disgorg'd, they pour in dark'ning tribes along,
And mingle with our democratic throng!

Bedlam unlocks her melancholy cells!
Forth rush the maniacs grim, with joyful yells;
They tear their blankets, clap their phrensy'd hands;
They grind their teeth, they dance, they foam, they
stare;
They rend with bursts of laughter wild the air;
And join, they know not why, our thick'ning bands!

Thou sun, withdraw thy hated day;
  To Æthiop darkness yield thy reign;
And hide in clouds, O moon, thy ray,
  Nor peep upon our spectre scene!—
Though faint thy solitary light,
We feel thy feeble beam too bright.

Ah! Peace, thy triumph now is o'er!
Thy cheek so cheerful smiles no more;
Thine eye with disappointment glooms!
  Our music shall be Nature's cry;
  Our ears shall feast on Pity's sigh—
Lo, haggard Death prepares his tombs!—

Hot with the fascinating grape, we reel;
The full proud spirit of rebellion feel!—
Son of Sedition, daring Paine,
  Whilst speech endues thy treason tongue
  Bid the roof ring with damned song,
And Erebus shall echo back the strain.

SONG BY MR. PAINE.

COME, good fellows all—Confusion 's the toast,
  And success to our excellent cause —
As we've nothing to *lose*, lo, nought can be lost;
  So, perdition to monarchs and laws!

France shows us the way—an example how great!
  Then, like France, let us stir up a riot;
May our names be preserv'd by some damnable feat,
  For what but a wretch would lie quiet?

As we all are poor rogues, 'tis most certainly right,
  At the doors of the rich ones to thunder;
Like the thieves who set fire to a dwelling by night
  And come in for a share of the plunder.

Whoever for mischief invents the best plan,
  Best murders, sets fire, and knocks down,
The thanks of our club shall be giv'n to that man,
  And *hemlock* shall form him a crown.

Our empire has tower'd with a lustre too long;
  Then blot out this wonderful sun;
Let us arm then at once, and in confidence strong
  Complete what dark Gordon begun.

But grant a defeat—we are hang'd, and that's all;
  A punishment light as a feather;—
Yet we triumph in death, as we Catalines fall,
  And go to the Devil together.

THE

REMONSTRANCE;

TO WHICH IS ADDED

AN ODE TO MY ASS:

ALSO

THE MAGPIE AND ROBIN,

A TALE;

AN APOLOGY FOR KINGS;

AND

AN ADDRESS TO MY PAMPHLET.

Integer vitæ scelerisque purus, &c. &c. HOR.

The man of dove-like innocence a sample,
So sweet! so mild! *myself now,* for example,
Disdains of Gossip Fame the tittle tattle!
He begs no news-paper to fight his battle—
Unmov'd, with equal eye on all he looks;
The Lord's anointed, and his lousy cooks.

I deem'd rude Clamour, in my days of youth,
The solemn voice of all-commanding Truth;
But now, no more creating awe and wonder:
Old empty hogsheads, rumbling in a cart,
That make *some people* gape, and stare, and start,
As well may tell me, '*We're* the noble thunder.'

P. PINDAR.

THE

REMONSTRANCE,

&c.

ODE.

WIDE gapes the thoughtless mouth of moon-ey'd
wonder, [der,'
Whilst 'gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thun-
With Calumny's dark hounds the bard pursue :
' Bring on his marrow-bones th' apostate down,
The turncoat is a flatt'rer of the crown ;
Burn all his verses, burn the author too :'

Such is the sound of millions ! such the roar
Of billows booming on the rocky shore !
' How chang'd his note ! (they cry) now spinning
rhimes,
In compliment to monarchs of the times,
Who lately felt no mercy from his rancour;
The star-bedizen'd sycophants of state,
Blue-ribbon'd knaves have brib'd his pliant hate ;
Behold him at St. James's snug at anchor.'

Thus on my ears, so patient let me say,
They pour their rough, rude peals of groundless cla-
mour ;
Battering, pell mell, upon my head away,
Just like on anvils the smith's sledge and hammer!

Howe'er the world in scorn may shake its head,
  Nor knave nor fool through me shall current pass;
Too honest yet, I thank my stars, to spread
  The muse's silver o'er a lump of brass.

I own the voice of Censure very proper;
Greatly resembling a tobacco-stopper;
Confining all the seeds of fire so stout,
And quick in growth, when left to run about:

But possibly I'm harden'd—yes, I fear
Her frequent strokes have form'd a callous ear.

There was a time when Peter ghost-like star'd
  When Censure thunder'd!—star'd with awe profound;
With sighs to deprecate her wrath, prepar'd;
  So chill'd with horror at the solemn sound!
But harden'd, soon he gave his ague o'er;
Look'd up, and smil'd, and thought of her no more.

Thus when an earthquake bids Jamaica tremble;
On Sunday all the folks to church assemble,
  To sooth Jehovah, so devoutly studying—
Prostrate they vow to keep his holy laws:
Returning home, they smite their hungry craws,
  And scarce indulge them with a slice of pudding—
Deeming, in earth-quake time, a dainty board,
A sad abomination to the Lord!

Ere Sunday comes again, their hearts recover;
The tempest of their fears blown over,
  Fled ev'ry terror of the burning lake,
They think they have no business now with church;
So, calmly leave th' Almighty in the lurch,
  And sin it—till he gives a *second* shake.

The ladies too have join'd the gen'ral cry!
What! those *divinities* in Peter's eye!
Angels in *petticoats*!—it ill behoves 'em:
  What! bite the constant Stentor of their praise,
  Who robb'd the muses of their *sweetest* lays,
To tell the world how much he loves 'em!

The bard, who vouches for their *harmless* souls,
  And like another Cicero persuades,
The phrensy'd eye of admiration rolls—
  Ready to kneel and worship 'em—Oh jades !

Ladies and gentlemen,
Know, that I scorn a prostituted pen :
No royal rotten wood, my verse veneers—
  O yield me, for a moment yield your ears.

Stubborn, and mean, and weak, nay fools indeed,
Though kings may be, we *must* support the breed.
Yet join I issue with you—yes, 'tis granted,
  That through the world such royal folly rules,
  As bids us think thrones advertise for fools ;
Yet is a king a utensil much wanted—

A screw, a nail, a bolt, to keep together
The ship's old leaky sides in stormy weather ;
Which screw, or nail, or bolt, its work performs,
Though downright ignorant of ships and storms.

I knuckle not—I owe not to the great
  A thimble-full of obligation ;
Nor luscious wife have I, their lips to treat,
  To lift me to Preferment's sunny station ;

Like many a *gentleman* whom love promotes,
  Whose lofty front the ray of gold adorns ;
Resembling certain most ingenious goats,
  That climb up precipices by their horns.

I'm not oblig'd (believe my honest word)
To kiss—what shall I call 't ?—of any lord :
Not pepper-corn acknowledgement I owe 'em ;
Nay, like the God of truth, I scarcely know 'em.

By me unprais'd are dukes and earls :
At such most commonly my satire snarls—
My pride like *theirs* the high-nos'd elves,
Who love what's equal only to *themselves*.

As for court virtues, wheresoe'er they lie,
I leave them all to Mister Laureat Pye,
The fashionable bard, whom courts revere;
  Who trotteth, with a grave and goodly pace,
Deep laden with his sov'reign, twice a year,
  Around Parnassus's old famous base:
Not only proving his great king alive,
But that, like docks, the royal virtues thrive.

But I'm not qualified to be a hack;
Too proud to carry lumber on my back:—
Too dainty is my lady muse, I hope,
Into a coalshed to convert her shop:
Her shop indeed—a very handsome room,
Fill'd with rich spices and Parnassian bloom.

Court poets must create—on trifles rant—
Make something out of nothing—Lord, I can't!
Bards must bid virtues crowd on kings in swarms,
  However from such company remote;—
Just as good-natur'd heralds make up arms
  For nabob-robbers born without a coat.

I'm a poor botching tailor for a court,
  Low bred on liver, and what clowns call *mugget**:
Besides, what greatly too my gains would hurt,
  I cannot sew gold lace upon a drugget.

Say not I'm *turn'd* towards the scepter'd great:
Talk not of kings—I deem one half a cheat:
  Felt is their weakness—husks, mere husks of men!
Yes, they create nobility—I know it;
The veriest idiot of them all can do it,
  And on the falcon's perch can place the wren.

But can a king command th' ethereal flame
That clothes with immortality a name?
  Oh, could the race *that* fire ethereal catch!

* Part of the entrails of certain cattle.

But no such privilege to kings is giv'n:
So very *low* their int'rest lies in heav'n,
 They can't *command enough* to light a *match*.

 No, sirs, and therefore pray be civil;
 I've not yet bargain'd with the devil.

Yet grant me sold—I've precedents a store;
Besides, we poets are confounded poor;
 And, ah! how hard to starve, to please Morality!
For Hunger, though a fav'rite of old saints,
Whose pinching virtue pious hist'ry paints,
 Is reckon'd now a fellow of bad quality:
Not deem'd a *gentleman*—can't show his face,
Ev'n where Saint Peter's children* give the grace!

A rosy sinner, Luxury *yclept*,
Long in his place hath eat, and drunk, and slept.

Yes, (as I've said) we bards are mostly poor,
Can scarcely drive gaunt Famine from the door!
That Helicon's a hellish stream, God knows!
Ah me! most rarely it Pactolian flows:
Though sharp as hawks, and hungry too, and thick,
Few are the golden grains that poets pick;
And yet each new advent'rer of the Nine,
Deems all Parnassus one mere golden mine.

All this by way of wild digression—
And now for my political confession.

Again, ye Crown-and-Anchor sinners,
I reprobate your revolution dinners.
Nature at times makes wretched wares;
(Amongst the smiling corn like cares)
 Men with such miserable souls!
Nought pleases, from the moment of their birth;
With horror for a while they blot the earth,
 Then crab-like, crawl into their burying-holes.

* Archbishops, bishops, &c.

How like a dreary dull December day,
  That shows his muddy discontented head,
Low'rs on the world awhile, then moves away
  In gloom and sullenness to bed!

Have not our revolution host a few
Of souls of this same Æthiop hue?

Permit me, sirs, to tell you, ye are mad;
Your case, although not mortal, yet quite bad:
  An ugly inflammation of the brain.
Although a dull physician, I could find
Something to calm the hurry of the mind,
  And bring you back to common sense again—
The stocks would do it, gentlemen, or jails:
A heavy *nostrum*—yet it rarely fails.

Lo, Drunkenness, a blust'ring, bullying blade,
  The cock'd hat covering half one eye so brave,
As though dread valour were his meat, his trade,
  Nature a driv'ler, and the world his slave:
He rants, roars, prays, howls, swears, on boldly goes,
To seize sun, moon, and planets, by the nose;

When lo, Night's long-staff'd guardian to him steals,
  Squints with one eye on him, and then the other;
To pillow well his head, trips up his heels,
  And lays him on old earth, our common mother—

Thence at the round-house, in about an hour,
Renews his poor debilitated pow'r
Of comprehending, feeling, hearing, seeing—
Yet is this watchman too a heavy being.

Keel up lies France!—long may she keep that posture!
Her knav'ry, folly, on the rocks have toss'd her;
  Behold the thousands that surround the wreck!
Her cables parted, rudder gone,
Split all her sails, her main-mast down,
  Choak'd all her pumps, broke in her deck;
Sport for the winds, the billows o'er her roll!
Now am I glad of it with all my soul.

France lifts the busy sword of blood no more;
  Lost to its giant grasp the wither'd hand:
O say, what kingdom can her fate deplore,
  The dark disturber of each happy land?

To Britain an insidious damn'd Iägo—
  Remember, Englishmen, old Cato's cry,
  And keep that patriot model in your eye—
His constant cry, '*Delenda est Carthago.*'

France is *our* Carthage, that sworn foe to truth,
  Whose perfidy deserves th' eternal chain!
And now she's down, our British bucks forsooth
  Would lift the stabbing strumpet up again.

Love I the French?—By heav'ns 'tis no such matter!
Who loves a Frenchman, wars with simple nature.
  What Frenchman loves a Briton?—None:
Yet by the hand this enemy we take;
Yes, blund'ring Britons bosom up the snake,
  And feel themselves, too late indeed, undone.

The converse chaste of day, and eke of night,
The kiss-clad moments of supreme delight,
  To Love's pure passion only due;
The seraph smile that soft-ey'd Friendship wears,
And Sorrow's balm of sympathizing tears,
  Those iron fellows never knew.

For this I hate them.—Art, all vanish'd art!
  This doth experience ev'ry moment prove:
And hollow must to all things be the heart,
  That foe to beauty, which deceives in love.

Hear me, Dame Nature, on those men of *cork*—
Blush at a Frenchman's *heart*, thy handy work;
    A dunghill that luxuriant feeds
    The gaudy and the rankest weeds!
Deception, grub-like, taints its very core,
Like flies in carrion—pr'ythee, make no more.

Not but a neighb'ring nation to the French
Have morals that emit a stronger stench,

That Christian noses scarcely can withstand:
The heart a dungeon, hollow, dark, and foul,
The dwelling of the toad, snake, bat, and owl,
Demons, and all the grimly spectre band.

Mad fools!—And can we deem the French *profound*,
And, pleas'd, their infant politics embrace,
Who drag a noble pyramid to ground,
Without one pebble to supply its place?

Yet are they follow'd, prais'd, admir'd, ador'd.
Be with such praise, these ears no longer bor'd!
This moment could I prove it to the nation all,
That verily a Frenchman is not rational.

Yes, Frenchmen, this is my unvarying creed,
'You are not rational indeed;
So low have fond conceit and folly sunk ye:
Only a larger kind of monkey!'

'What art thou writing now?' the world exclaims,
'Thou man of brass!'
Good world, no names, no names—I beg, no names—
Writing?—an Ode to my old fav'rite Ass.

Not making royal varnish—no!
My ass's virtues bid my numbers flow:
Peter his name, my namesake, a good beast;
A servant to my family some years.—
To me is gratitude a turtle feast;
It is a virtue that my soul reveres;
And therefore I've been fabricating metre
All in the praise of honest Peter.

ODE TO MY ASS, PETER.

O THOU, my solemn friend, of man despis'd,
But not by *me* despis'd—respected long!
To prove how much thy qualities are priz'd,
Accept, old fellow-traveller, a song.

My great great ancestor, of lyric fame,
Immortal! threw a glory round the *horse*;
Then, as I lit my candle at his flame,
That candle shall illumine *thee* of course.

For why not thou, in works and virtues rich,
In Fame's fair temple also boast a niche?
How many a genius, 'midst a vulgar pack,
Oblivion stuffs into her sooty sack,
Calmly as Jew old-clothes men, in their bags,
Mix some great man's lac'd coat with dirty rags;
Or satin petticoat of some sweet maid,
That o'er her beauties cast an envious shade!
And what's the reason?—Reason too apparent!
Ah! '*quia vate sacro carent,*'
As Horace says, that bard divine,
Whose wits so fortunately jump with mine.

Ah, Peter, I remember, oft, when tir'd
And most unpleasantly at times bemir'd,
Bold hast thou said, 'I'll budge not one inch further;
'And now, young master, you may kick or murther.'
Then have I cudgell'd thee—a fruitless matter!
For 'twas in vain to kick, or flog, or chatter.
Though, Balaam-like, I curs'd thee with a smack;
Sturdy thou dropp'dst thine ears upon thy back,
And trotting retrograde, with wriggling tail,
In vain did I thy running rump assail:

For lo, between thy legs thou putt'dst thine head,
And gavest me a puddle for a bed.
Now this was fair—the action bore no guile:
Thou duck'dst me not, like Judas, with a smile.
O were the manners of some monarchs *such*,
Who smile ev'n in the close insidious hour
That kicks th' unguarded minion from his pow'r!
But this is asking p'rhaps of kings *too much*.

O Peter, little didst thou think, I ween,
When I a school-boy on thy back was seen,
Riding thee oft, in attitude uncouth;
For bridle, an old garter in thy mouth;
Jogging and whistling wild o'er hill and dale,
On sloes, or nuts, or strawb'ries to regale—

I say, O Peter, little didst thou think,
That *I*, thy namesake, in immortal ink
Should dip my pen, and rise a *wondrous bard*,
And gain such praise, sublimity's reward;

But not the laurel—honour much too high;
Giv'n by the king of isles to Mister Pye,
Who sings his sov'reign's virtues twice a year,
And therefore cannot chronicle small beer.

Yet simple as Montaigne, I'll tell thee true;
There are, who on my verses look *askew*,
And call my lyric lucubrations *stuff*:
But I'm a *modest*, not *unconnyinge* elf,
Or I could say *such things* about *myself*—
But God forbid that I should puff!

Yet natural are *selfish* predilections!
Like snakes they writhe about the heart's affections,
And sometimes too infuse a poisonous spirit;
Producing, as by nat'ralists I'm told,
Torpid insensibility, so cold
To ev'ry brother's rising merit.

Wits to each other just like loadstones act,
That do not *always* like firm friends *attract*;

Though of the same rare nature, (strange to tell!)
The little harden'd rogues as oft *repel.*
But lo, of *thee* I'll speak, my long-ear'd friend!
Great were the wonders of thy heels of yore;
Victorious, for lac'd hats didst thou contend;
And ribbons grac'd thy ears—a gaudy store.

Buff breeches too have crown'd a proud proud day,
Not *thou*, but which thy *rider* wore away;
Triumphant strutting through the world he strode,
Great soul! deserving an Olympic ode.

Thy bravery often did I much approve;
Rais'd by that queen of passions, Love.
Whene'er in Love's delicious phrensy crost
By long-ear'd brothers, lo wert thou a *host!*
Love did thy lion-heart with courage steel!
Quicker than that of Vestris mov'd thy heel:
Here, there, up, down, in, out, how thou didst smite!
And then no alderman could match thy bite!

And is thy race no more rever'd?
Indeed 'tis greatly to be fear'd!

Yet shalt thou flourish in immortal song,
To *me* if immortality belong;
For stranger things than *this* have come to pass—
Posterity thine hist'ry shall devour,
And read with pleasure *how*, when vernal show'r
In gay profusion rais'd the dewy grass,
I led thee forth, thine appetite to please,
And mid the verdure saw thee up to knees!

How, oft I pluck'd the tender blade!
And, happy, *how* thou cam'st at my command,
And wantoning around, as though afraid,
With poking neck didst pull it from my hand,
Then scamper, kicking, frolicksome, away,
With such a fascinating bray!

Where oft I paid thee visits, and where thou
Didst cock with happiness thy kingly ears,

And grin so 'witchingly, I can't tell how,
And dart at me such friendly leers;

With such a smiling head, and laughing tail:
And when I mov'd, *how* griev'd, thou seem'dst to say,
Dear master, let your humble ass prevail;
'Pray, master do not go away'—
And *how* (for what than friendship can be sweeter?)
I gave thee grass again, O pleasant Peter.

And *how*, when winter bade the herbage die,
And Nature mourn'd beneath the stormy sky;
When waving trees, surcharg'd with chilling rain,
Dropp'd seeming tears upon the harass'd plain,
I gave thee a good stable, warm as wool,
With oats to grind, and hay to pull:
Thus, whilst *abroad* December rul'd the day,
How plenty show'd *within*, the blooming May!

And lo, to future times it shall be known,
How, twice a day, to comb and rub thee down,
And be thy bed-maker at night,
Thy groom attended, both with hay and oat,
By which thy back could boast a handsome coat,
And laugh at many a fine court lord and knight,
Whose strutting coats belong p'rhaps to the tailor,
And probably their bodies to the jailor!

What though no dimples thou hast got;
Black sparkling eyes (the fashion) are thy lot,
And oft a witching smile and cheerful laugh;
And then thy *cleanliness!*—'tis strange to utter!
Like sin, thy heels avoid a pool, or gutter;
And then the stream so *daintily* dost quaff!
Unlike a country alderman, who blows,
And in the mug baptizeth mouth and nose!

What though I've heard some voices sweeter;
Yet exquisite thy hearing, gentle Peter!
Whether a judge of music, I don't know—
If so,

Thou hast th' advantage got of many a score
That enter at the opera door.

Some people think thy tones are *rather* coarse;
  Ev'n love-sick tones, address'd to lady asses—
Octaves indeed of wondrous force;
  And yet thy voice full many a voice surpasses.

Lord Cardigan, if rightly I divine,
Would very gladly give *his* voice for *thine*:

And Lady Mount*, her majesty's fine foil,
For whom perfumers, barbers, vainly toil,
Poor lady! who has quarrell'd with the graces,
Would very willingly change *faces*.

How honour'd *once* wert thou! but ah, no more!
Thus too *despis'd* the bards—*esteem'd* of yore!
How rated once, the tuneful tribes of Greece!
Deem'd much like di'monds—thousands worth a
        piece!

How great was Pindar's glory!—On a day,
Entering Apollo's church, to pray,
The lady of the sacred fane, or *mistress*,
Or, in more classic term, the priestess,
Address'd him with ineffable delight—
  'Great sir, (quoth she) in pigs, and sheep, and
        calves,
  Master *insists upon't* that you go halves:
To *beef* his godship also gives you right.'

Thus did the twain most hearty dinners make;
Pindar and Phœbus eating steak and steak:
When too (Pausanius says), to please the god—
Between each mouthful, Pindar sung an ode!

* Her m——y is always happy to have Lady Mount E—— by her side, as being one of the ugliest women in England—in short, his lordship in *petticoats*.

Thus half a deity was this great poet!
  Now this was grand in Phœbus—vastly civil—
How chang'd are things! the present moments show it;
  For *bard* is now synonymous with *Devil!*

Just to three hundred years ago, I speak—
  How *simple scholarship* was wont to rule!
A man like Doctor Parr, that *mouth'd* but *Greek*,
  Was almost worshipp'd by the sage and fool;
Deem'd by the world indeed a first-rate star.
How diff'rent *now* the fate of Doctor Parr!

Unknown he walks!—his name no infants lisp—
  Not only reckon'd not a first-rate star
  Is this our Greek man, Doctor Parr,
But, Gods! not equal to a Will-o'-wisp!

Plague on't! how niggardly the trump of Fame,
  That wakes not *Bellendenus** on the shelf!
The world so still, too, on the doctor's name,
  The man is really forc'd to praise *himself!*

'Archbishops, bishops,' (so says Doctor Parr)
  'By *alpha, beta, merely,* have been made;
Why from the mitre then am *I* so far;
  So long a dray-horse in this thundering trade?
O Pitt, shame on thee!—art thou *still* to seek
The *soul* of wisdom in the *sound* of Greek?'

Peter, suppose we make a bit of style,
And rest ourselves a little while?

* The preface to *Bellendenus* was a *coup d'essai* of the doctor's for a bishopric—it was the child of his *dotage*. The pap of party supported it some little time; when, after several struggles to remain amongst us, it paid the last debt of nature.

IN CONTINUATION.

THUS endeth Doctor Parr; and now again,
To thee, as *good* a subject, flows the strain.
Permit me, Peter, in my lyric canter,
Just to speak Latin—'*tempora mutantur!*'

Kings did not scorn to press your backs of yore;
But now, with humbled neck and patient face,
Tied to a thievish miller's dusty door,
I mark thy fall'n and disregarded race.

To chimney-sweepers now a common hack;
Now with a brace of sand-bags on your back!
No gorgeous saddles yours—no iv'ry cribs;
No silken girts surround your ribs;
No royal hands your cheeks with pleasure pat;
Cheeks by a roguish halter prest—
Your ears and rump, of insolence the jest;
Dragg'd, kick'd, and pummell'd, by a beggar's brat.

Thus, as I've said, your race is much degraded!
And much too is the poet's glory faded!

A time there was, when kings of this fair land,
So meek, would *creep* to poets, cap in hand,
Begging, as 'twere for alms, a grain of fame,
To sweeten a poor putrifying name—
But past are those rich hours! ah, hours of *yore!*
Those golden sands of Time shall glide no more.

Yet are we not in *thy discarded* state,
Whate'er may be the *future* will of Fate;
Since, as we find by Pye (what still must pride us),
Kings *twice a year* can condescend to *ride us.*

AN AFTER-REFLECTION.

NOW, world, thou seest the stuff of which I'm made:
Firm to the honour of the *tuneful trade*;
Leaving, with high contempt, the courtier class,
To sing the merits of the humble ass.

Yet should a miracle the palace mend,
And high-nos'd Sal'sb'ry to the Virtues send,
  Commanding them to come and chat with kings;
Well pleas'd *repentant* sinners to support,
So help me, Impudence, I'll go to court!
  Besides, I dearly love to see *strange things*.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

PROEMIUM

TO THE

MAGPIE AND ROBIN RED-BREAST.

HOW varied are our tastes; Dame Nature's plan,
All for *wise* reasons, since the world began:
Yes, yes, the good old lady acted right:
Had things been *otherwise*, like wolves and bears,
We all had fall'n together by the ears—
One object had produc'd an endless fight.

Nettles had strew'd life's path instead of *roses*;
And multitudes of mortal faces,
Printed with histories of bloody noses,
Had taken leave of absence of the Graces.

Now interrupting not each other's line,
You ride *your* hobby-horse, and *I* ride *mine*—
You press the blue-ey'd Chloe to your arms,
And *I* the black-ey'd Sappho's browner charms:
Thus situated in our diff'rent blisses,
We squint not envious on each other's kisses.

Yet are there some exceptions to this rule:
We meet with now and then a stubborn fool,
Dragooning us into his predilections;
As though there was no *diff'rence* in affections,
And that it was the booby's firm belief,
Pork cannot please, because *he* doats on *beef!*

Again—how weak the ways of *some*, and sad!
One would suppose the man-creation mad.

Lo! this poor fellow, folly-drunk, he rambles,
And flings himself into Misfortune's brambles,
In full pursuit of Happiness's treasure;
When, with a little glance of circumspection,
A mustard grain of sense—a *child's* reflection—
The fool had cours'd the velvet lawn of pleasure.

Idly he braves the surge, and roaring gale;
When Reason, if consulted with a smile,
Had tow'd through summer seas his silken *sail*,
And sav'd a dangerous and Herculean toil.

Yes, as I've somewhere said above, I find,
That many a man has many a mind.

How I hate Drunkenness, a nasty pig!
With snuff-stain'd neckcloth, without hat or wig,
Reeling and belching wisdom in one's face!
How I hate Bully Uproar from my soul,
Whom nought but whips and prisons can control,
Those necessary implements of grace!

Yet altars rise to Drunkenness and Riot—
How few to mild Sobriety and Quiet!

Thou art my goddess, Solitude—to thee,
Parent of dove-ey'd Peace, I bend the knee!
O with what joy I roam thy calm retreat,
Whence soars the lark amid the radiant hour,
Where many a varied, chaste, and fragrant flow'r
Turns coyly from rogue Zephyr's whisper sweet!
Blest imp! who wantons o'er thy wide domain,
And kisses all the beauties of the plain:

Where, happy, mid the all-enlivening ray,
The insect nations spend the busy day,
Wing the pure fields of air, and crawl the ground;
Where, idle none, the Jew-like myriads range,
Just like the Hebrews at high 'Change,
Diffusing hum of Babel-notes around!

Where Health so wild and gay, with bosom bare,
And rosy cheek, keen eye, and flowing hair,
Trips with a smile the breezy scenes along,
And pours the spirit of content in song!

Thus tastes are various, as I've said before—
These damn most cordially, what *those adore.*

THE

MAGPIE AND ROBIN RED-BREAST.

A TALE.

A MAGPIE, in the spirit of romance,
Much like the fam'd reformers now of France,
Flew from the dwelling of an old Poissarde;
Where, sometimes *in* his cage, and sometimes *out*,
He justified the revolution rout,
That is, call'd names, and got a sop for his reward.

Red-hot with monarch-roasting coals,
Just like his old fish-thund'ring dame,
He left the queen of crabs, and plaice, and soles,
To kindle in Old England's realm a flame.

Arriv'd at evening's philosophic hour,
He rested on a rural antique tow'r,
Some baron's castle in the days of old;
When furious wars, misnomer'd civil,
Sent mighty chiefs to see the devil,
Leaving behind their bodies for rich mould,
That pliable from form to form patroles,
Making fresh houses for new souls.

Perch'd on the wall, he cocks his tail and eye,
And hops like modern beaux in country dances;
Looks dev'lish knowing, with his head awry,
Squinting with connoisseurship glances.

All on a sudden, Maggot starts and stares,
And wonders, and for somewhat *strange* prepares;
But lo, his wonder did not hold him long—

Soft from a bush below, divinely clear,
A modest warble melted on his ear,
A plaintive, soothing, solitary song—

A stealing, timid, unpresuming sound,
Afraid dim Nature's deep repose to wound;
That hush'd (a death-like pause) the rude sublime.
This was a novelty to Mag indeed,
Who, pulling up his spindle-shanks with speed,
Dropp'd from his turret, half-devour'd by time,
A la Françoise, upon the spray
Where a lone Red-breast pour'd to eve, his lay.

Staring the modest minstrel in the face,
Familiar, and with arch grimace,
He conn'd the dusky warbler o'er and o'er,
As though he knew him years before;
And thus began, with seeming great civility,
All in the Paris ease of volubility—

'What—Bobby!' dam'me, is it *you*,
That thus your pretty phiz to music screw,
So far from hamlet, village, town, and city,
To glad old battlements with dull psalm ditty?

''Sdeath! what a pleasant, lively, merry scene!
Plenty of bats, and owls, and ghosts I ween;
Rare midnight screeches, Bob, between you all!
Why, what's the name on't, Bobby? Dismal Hall?

'Come, to be serious—curse this queer old spot,
And let thy owlish habitation rot!
Join *me*, and soon in riot will we revel:
I'll teach thee how to curse, and call folks names,
And be expert in treason, murder, flames,
And most *divinely* play the devil.

'Yes, thou shalt leave this spectred hole,
And prove thou hast a bit of soul:
Soon shalt thou see old stupid London *dance*;

There will we shine immortal knaves;
Not steal unknown, like cuckoos, to our *graves*,
But imitate the geniuses of France.

'Who'd be that monkish, cloister'd thing, a muscle?
Importance only can arise from bustle!
Tornado, thunder, lightning, tumult, strife;
These *charm*, and add a *dignity* to life.
That thou shouldst choose this spot, is monstrous [odd;
Poh, poh! thou canst not like this life, by G—!'

'Sir!' like one thunder-stricken, staring wide—
'Can you be serious, sir?' the robin cried.
'Serious!' rejoin'd the magpie, 'aye, my boy—
So come, let's play the devil, and enjoy.'

'Flames!' quoth the robin—'and in riot revel,
Call names, and curse, *divinely* play the devil!
I cannot, for my life, the fun discern.'
'No!—blush then, Bob, and follow me, and learn.'

'Excuse me, sir,' the modest hermit cried—
'Hell's not the hobby-horse I wish to ride.'
'Hell!' laugh'd the magpie, 'hell no longer dread;
Why, Bob, in France the devil's lately dead:

'Damnation vulgar to a Frenchman's hearing—
The word is only kept alive for swearing.
Against futurity they all protest;
And God and Heav'n are grown a standing jest.

'Brimstone and sin are downright out of fashion;
France is quite alter'd—now a *thinking* nation:
No more of penitential tears and groans!
Philosophy has crack'd Religion's bones.

'As for your *Saviour* of a wicked world,
Long from his consequence has *he* been hurl'd:
They *do* acknowledge *such* a *man*, d'ye see;
But then they call him simple Monsieur Christ.
Bob, for thy ignorance, pray blush for shame—
Behold, *thy* Doctor Priestley *says the same.*

'Well! now thou fully art *convinc'd*—let's go.'
'What cursed doctrine!' quoth the robin. 'No—
I won't go—no! thy speeches make me shudder.'
'*Poor* robin!' quoth the magpie, 'what a pudder!
Be damn'd then, Bobby'—flying off, he rav'd—
'And,' quoth the robin, 'sir, may *you* be *sav'd*!'
This said, the tuneful sprite renew'd his lay;
A sweet and farewell hymn to parting day.

In Thomas Paine the magpie doth appear:
That I'm Poor Robin, is not *quite so clear*.

POSTSCRIPT.

TO THE CANDID READER.

I REALLY think that this tale of the Magpie and Robin ought *immediately* to have *followed* the Remonstrance: but as *disorder*, instead of *order*, is the leading feature of my sublime lyric brethren of old, I shall take the liberty of sheltering myself under the wing of *their sacred* names. The fable was written in consequence of a strenuous application of a red-hot revolutionist to a poet in the country, pressing him to become a member of the order of confusion.

AN

APOLOGY FOR KINGS.

AS want of candour really is not right,
  I own my satire too inclin'd to *bite:*
On kings behold it *breakfast, dine,* and *sup*—
Now shall she *praise,* and try to make it up.

Why will the simple world expect wise things
From lofty folk, particularly kings?
  Look on their poverty of education!
Ador'd and flatter'd, taught that they are gods;
And by their awful frowns and nods,
  Jove-like, to shake the pillars of creation!

They scorn that little useful imp call'd mind,
Who fits them for the circle of mankind!
Pride their companion, and the world their hate;
Immur'd, they doze in ignorance and state.

Sometimes, indeed, great kings *will condescend*
A little with their *subjects* to *unbend!*
  An instance take:—A king of this great land,
  In days of yore, we *understand,*
Did visit Sal'sbury's old church so fair:
  An Earl of Pembroke was the monarch's guide;
  Incog. they travell'd, shuffling side by side;
And into the Cathedral stole the pair.

The verger met them in his blue silk gown,
And humbly bow'd his neck with rev'rence down,

Low as an ass to lick a lock of hay:
  Looking the frighten'd verger through and through,
  All with his eye-glass—'Well, sir, who are *you?*
What, what, sir:—hey, sir?' deign'd the king to say.

'I am the verger here, most mighty king*:
In this cathedral I do *ev'ry* thing;
  Sweep it, an't please ye, sir, and keep it clean.'
'Hey? verger! verger! you the verger? hey?'
'Yes, please your glorious majesty, I *be*,'
  The verger answer'd, with the mildest mien.

Then turn'd the king about towards the peer,
And wink'd, and laugh'd; then whisper'd in his ear,
  'Hey, hey—what, what—fine fellow, 'pon my word:
I'll knight him, knight him, knight him—hey, my
    lord?'
Then with his glass, as hard as eye could strain,
He kenn'd the trembling verger o'er again.

'He's a poor *verger*, sire,' his lordship cry'd:
  'Sixpence would *handsomely* requite him.'
'Poor verger, verger, hey?' the king reply'd:
  No, no, then, we won't *knight* him—no, won't
    knight him.

Now to the lofty roof the king did raise
His glass, and skipp'd it o'er with sounds of praise;
  For thus his marv'ling majesty did speak:
'Fine roof this, master verger, quite complete;
High—high and lofty too, and clean and neat:
  What, verger, what? *mop, mop* it once a week!'

'An't please your majesty,' with marv'ling chops;
The verger answer'd, 'we have got no mops
  In Sal'sb'ry that will reach so high.'
'Not *mop*, no, no, not *mop* it,' quoth the king—
No, sir, *our Sal'sb'ry mops* do no such thing;
  They might as well pretend to scrub the *sky*.'

* The reader will be pleased to observe, that the verger, of all the sons of the church, was the *only* one intrusted with the royal intention!!!

MORAL.

This little anecdote doth plainly show
  That ignorance, a king too often lurches;
For, hid from art, Lord! how *should* monarchs know
  The nat'ral history of mops and churches?

STORY THE SECOND.

FROM Sal'sb'ry church to Wilton House so grand,
  Return'd the mighty ruler of the land—
'My lord, you've got fine statues,' said the king.
'A *few! beneath* your royal notice, sir,'
Replied Lord Pembroke—'Stir, my lord, stir, stir;
Let's see them all, all, all, all, *ev'ry* thing.

'Who's this? who's this?—who's this fine fellow
    here?'
'Sesostris,' bowing low, replied the peer.
'Sir Sostris, hey?—Sir Sostris?—'pon my word!
Knight or a baronet, my lord?
One of my making?—what, my lord, *my making?*'
This, with a vengeance, was mistaking!

'*Se*-sostris, sire,' *so soft*, the peer reply'd—
  'A famous king of Egypt, sir, of old.'
'Poh, poh!' th' *instructed* monarch snappish cry'd,
  'I need not *that*—I need not *that* be told.'

'Pray, pray, my lord, who's that big fellow there?'
'Tis Hercules,' replies the shrinking peer.

'Strong fellow, hey, my lord? strong fellow, hey?
Clean'd stables!—crack'd a lion like a flea;
Kill'd snakes, great snakes, that in a cradle found
him—
The queen, queen's coming! wrap an *apron* round
him.'

Our moral is not merely water-gruel—
It shows that curiosity's a jewel!
It shows with kings that ignorance may dwell:
It shows that subjects must not give opinions
To people reigning over wide dominions,
As *information* to *great folk*, is hell:

It shows that decency may live with kings,
On whom the bold *virtú*-men turn their backs;
And shows (for num'rous are the naked things)
That saucy statues should be lodg'd in sacks.

ADDRESS TO MY BOOK,

AN ELEGY.

CHILD of my love, go forth, and try thy fate:
Few are thy friends, and manifold thy foes!
Whether or long or short will be thy date,
Futurity's dark volume only knows.

Much criticism, alas! will be thy lot!
Severe thine ordeal, I am sore afraid!
Some judges will *condemn*, and others *not:*
Some call thy form substantial—others, shade.

Yes, child, by multitudes wilt thou be tried!
Wise men, and fools, thy merits will examine:
Those, through *much prudence*, may thy virtues hide;
These, through *vile rancour*, or *the dread of famine.*

Prov'd will it be indeed (to make thee shrink)
What metal Nature in thy mass did knead:
A *melting** process will be us'd, I think—
That is to say, large quantities of lead.

By some indeed will nitre's fuming spirit
Be o'er thy form so sweet, so tender, thrown;
Perchance a *master* hand may try thy merit;
Perchance an imp by folly only known.

Now, now I fancy thee a timid hare,
Started for beagles, hounds, and curs, to chase!
A mongrel dog may snap thee up unfair;
For spite and hunger have but little grace.

* Called *eliquation.*

Long are thy legs (I know), and stout for running;
And many a trick hast thou within thy brain;
But guns and greyhounds are too much for *cunning*,
Join'd to the *rav'nous pack* of Thomas Paine!

And now a lamb!—What devils now-a-days
The butch'ring shop of criticism employs!
Each beardless villain now cuts up, and flays!
A gang of wanton, brutal, 'prentice boys!

Ah me! how hard to reach the dome of Fame!
Knock'd down before she gets half way, poor muse!
For many a lout that cannot gain a name,
(Rebus and riddle-maker) now *reviews!*

Poor jealous eunuchs in the land of taste,
Too *weak* to reap a harvest of fair praise;
Malicious, lo, they lay the region waste;
Fire all they can, and triumph o'er the blaze!

Too oft, with talents blest, the cruel few
Fix on poor Merit's throat, to stop her breath:
How like the beauteous fruit*, that turns of dew
The life ambrosial, into drops of death!

Sweet babe, to Weymouth shouldst thou find thy way!
The king, with curiosity so wild,
May on a sudden send for thee, and say,
'See, Charly, Peter's child—fine child, fine child:

'Ring, ring for Schwellenberg—ring, Charly, ring;
Show it to Schwellenberg; show, show it, show it—
She'll say, '*Got dem de saucy stoopid ting,*
I hate more worse as hell what come from poet.'

Yet will *some courtiers* all at once be glad!
Leeds, Hawksb'ry, Sal'sb'ry, Brud'nell, will *rejoice*;
Forget how oft thy brothers made them mad,
And echo through the realm the royal voice.

* The mortifying powers of dew or rain falling from the manchineel tree, are universally known.

And then for me his majesty may send
(Making some people grumble in their gizzards);
With Drake's new place, perchance, thy sire befriend;
First fly-catcher to good Queen Charlotte's lizards*!

* The story of the lizards is as follows:—At a board of green cloth lately, which assembled, as usual, with due *decorum*, to deliberate on the *species* of *food* proper to be given to the lions of Buckingham-house, the solemnity of the meeting was interrupted by the sudden gothic irruption, and self-introduction, of a servant of Sir Francis Drake, one of the *honourable* board; which servant, a true Devonshire dumplin, opening an ell-wide pair of jaws, exclaimed thus: 'ZurVrancis, I'm a zent to ax if yow've a cort† enny‡ more vlees§—Have ye cort enny, Zur Vrancis?' The baronet hemmed, winked, nodded, knitted his brows, stared, shrugged up his shoulders, blew his nose, bit his lips at poor numps: but all the face-making hints were thrown away.—'Why, Zur Vrancis, I zay,' continued numps, 'Madam Zwellingburg wanth to know if yow've a nabb'd enny more *vlees*?' The board stood amazed!—Sir Francis blushed for the *first* time. At length, recovering from his confusion, and bidding the fellow in an angry tone, go about his business, he very candidly informed the board, that her majesty had lately received a present of lizards; that she had ordered Mistress Schwellenberg to catch *flies* for them; but that, to oblige Mistress Schwellenberg, who kindly invited him to dine with her three or four times a week, he promised to assist her in her fly-hunt; in short, to be her *deputy* fly-catcher, and not *first* fly-catcher, as the elegy erroneously proclaimeth.

† For *caught*. ‡ Any. § Flies.

MORE MONEY!

OR

ODES OF INSTRUCTION

TO

MR. PITT;

WITH

A VARIETY OF OTHER CHOICE MATTERS.

—— *Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,*
Auri sacra fames? VIRGIL.

O gold! thou precious fascinating evil,
Say, with what soul hast thou not play'd the devil?

Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta *movebo.*
VIRGIL.

Go to the House—beg, threaten, nay, *compel* for't:
We must have money, though we shake all Hell for't.

READER,

THE rumour of an intended and speedy application to Parliament for more money for the king, gave birth to the following Odes. Though by no means an advocate for Mr. Paine's violent system of revolution, I am too much the poet of the people, not to sing for a *reformation*. To the Odes is subjoined a sort of make-weight poetry. As the pieces are alluded to in the Odes, I deemed it not amiss to publish them—To be sure, they add to the *price* as well as the *bulk* of the pamphlet; but, as I still profess myself free from political corruption, notwithstanding a wicked report to the contrary (for great poets as well as great kings may be traduced), I flatter myself that thou wilt be proud of the opportunity of paying a small tribute to public virtue.

P. P.

ODES TO MR. PITT,

&c.

ODE I.

MORE money wanted!—'tis a brazen lie;
'Tis Opposition's disappointed cry;
A poison'd shaft to wound the best of kings—
More money! 'tis a poor invented story,
To cloud with dire disgrace the king of glory—
Damn'd sheers to clip his Fame's exalted wings.

More money!—'tis a little dirty tale,
To sink of popularity the gale
That wafts the name of George to utmost earth;
A snake that should be strangled in its birth.

More money!—'tis a party-trick so mean,
To make us sick of our good king and queen!
We have no more to give—a truce to grants,
That make the state a field devour'd by wants*:
The rust that eats the cannon—the rank weed—
That dares the vessel's course sublime impede;
The worms that gnaws its native keel, th' ingrate,
And opes the world of waters for its fate;
A spreading cancer that demands the knife;
That, wolf-like, preys upon the nation's life.

* Another word for a mole.

More money!—what a sound!—the solemn bell
That tolls the constitution's knell.
Clap a hot iron on the patriot tongues,
For loading spotless majesty with wrongs:
Nay, tear those tongues, th' offenders, from their holes,
Foul pumps, that pour the froth from poison'd souls.
The monarch scorns to ask a penny more—
Tax'd to the eyes, his groans the state deplore:
Away, then, defamation's baleful breath,
That blows on virtue's bud, the blight of death.

Yet *should* it happen that the best of kings
Should whisper to his minister *strange things,*
And bid thee money ask, the tempting curse;
Then *firmly* thou, the nation's steward, say
(With rev'rence due to royalty, I pray),
'Dread sir, have mercy on your people's purse.

'O king, your calculations have misled ye:
Millions on millions you have had already.
Oh! let Discretion* from the virtue band
Be call'd to court, to take you by the hand.

'You really do not know how rich you are:
Your wealth so wondrous makes your subjects stare,
Squeez'd from great cities, towns, and hovels:
Hawksb'ry and Coutts can show such heaps of trea-
Such loads of guineas for the royal pleasure, [sure,
Heav'd into iron chests with shovels!
Then how can majesty be poor?
Your coffers, sir, are running o'er.'

* This is fruitless advice, I fear—The passions are too powerful for the *gentle* virtues. See my beautiful address to those ladies in this work.

ODE II.

SAY to the king (but with profound respect,
  For who would manners unto kings neglect?),
'Dread sir, to hospitals you little grant,
Your magic name supplying every want—
  And then how seldom 'tis you give a treat!
And then your mutton, veal, and beef, you kill,
The stomachs of your favour'd few to fill—
  And butchers swear 'tis very pretty meat.

'And lo, you kill your own delightful lambs;
And beat old Bakewell* in the breed of rams,
  And never wish to keep a thing for finery:
Thus are parterres of Richmond and of Kew
Dug up for bull and cow and ram and ewe,
  And Windsor Park, so glorious, made a swinery.

'And lo, your dairy thriving, let me say,
As not *one* drop of milk is giv'n away—
So says your little dairy maid so sweet,
Whose beauties many a smile so gracious meet;
And smiling like the blooming May,
Who shows the milk-score ev'ry day.
How then can majesty be poor?
Your chests, sir, must be running o'er.

'Your oratorios, that expenses bred,
And Duke of Cumberland†, so *dear*, are dead,
  That gave *('tis said)* your majesty much pain—
The nation kindly paid your doctors' bills,
I mean the Willises, for toil and pills,
  That brought you to your wisdom, sire, again—

* We have more reverence than to say, a *brother* grazier of the north.

† By the death of the duke, a large annual income reverted to his majesty.

Then how can majesty be poor?
Your coffers must be running o'er.

'Cabbage and carrot without end,
The Windsor gard'ners* daily send;
Proud that *their* vegetables load the board
Of Britain's high and mighty lord!

'Of this, their glad posterity shall boast;
For such an honour never should be lost—
Thus shall they cry in triumph to their neighbours,
Crown'd were our great great great forefathers' labours;
Whose praise through Fame's long trumpet ever rings,
For giving cabbages to kings!

'Presents of ev'ry sort of thing are made,
Without the slightest danger of offending
Either from gentlemen, or men in trade;
Your majesties are both so condescending—
Folks for acceptance never beg and pray;
For presents never yet were turn'd away.

'People meet much encouragement *indeed*,
For sending rarities and pretty things;
Although such rarities you do not need—
Such is the sweet humility of kings.
Then how can majesty be poor?
Your coffers must be running o'er.

'Card-entertainment 'tis you chiefly give,
By which the chandlers scarce can live—
For soon as e'er you leave the little rout,
The candles are immediately blown out!
So quickly seiz'd on by some candle-shark
Ladies and gentlemen are in the dark†.

* Not now.—See the Progress of Admiration.

† At the breaking up of a royal card-party, this is constantly done:—the poor maids of honour, and the gentlemen, may grope their way how they can.

Where what has happen'd, Heav'n alone can tell,
As darkness oft turns pimp t' undo a belle.'

ODE III.

SAY to thy king (but, as I've said before,
With due respect), 'By G—, you can't be poor.
Sometimes a little concert is *made up*,
Where nought is giv'n to eat or sup—
Where music makes an economic pother;
Where, with a solitary tweedle tweedle,
A pretty melancholy fiddle
Squeaks at the absence of his little brother,
Whose presence would be much enjoy'd,
But costs too much to be employ'd!
Where Fischer's instrument (a frugal choice)
Serves both for hautboys and for voice—
As Billington and Mara, to the king,
And that perverse Storace would not sing*.

'Lo! by some woman's order (fie upon her!)
The pretty, harmless, modest maids of honour
Are forc'd to furnish for their beds, the sheet;
The pillow-cases too, says Fame,
By order of some high commanding dame,
To whose sweet soul œconomy is sweet.

'Dear maids of honour! what a sin of sins,
That Britain can't accommodate your skins!

* When Monsieur Nicolai, his majesty's *first* favourite, *first* fiddle, and *first* news-monger, went with his majesty's *commands* to Madam St*****, to assist at a *sort* of a concert at Buckingham-house, the songstress, smiling on him with the most ineffable contempt, asked him, 'What, Nicolai, I am to sing at the *old price*, I suppose?' meaning nothing —'My compliments to your master and mistress, and tell them I am better engaged.'

Poor Generosity is sadly lam'd;
 And yet the noble beast was ne'er rode hard—
Pale, cold Œconomy seems quite asham'd,
 Who never plays an idle card:
Nay, Avarice, her mother, with surprise
Turns up the whites, so sad, of both her eyes.

'To wit you nothing give—to learning nought:
 Lo, in his garret, Mathematics pines,
Where, hungry after bread and cheese and thought,
 He forms with brother spiders useless lines.

'Th' expense of new-year's ode is felt no more!
Thus is that needless, tuneless hubbub o'er:
 All praise must centre in the birth-day song:
The virtues must be lump'd together—yes!
And *then* (if *subjects* may *presume* to guess)
 The laureat need not make it very long.

'A *load* of praise is nauseous stuff—
Sire, don't you think, at times, one line enough?
What's christen'd merit, often wants a crutch—
Thus then a *single line* may be too much.

'In vain the first of poets tunes his pipe;
His whistle ne'er squeez'd sixpence from your gripe—
 Vain all epistles, vain his heav'nly odes:
No, no! poor Peter may his strain prolong;
The dev'l a farthing will reward his song,
 The song that should have celebrated gods!

'In vain for royal patronage he sigh'd:
In vain (some say) the modest bard apply'd
 To gain his book your patronizing name—
And if this *bard*, whom all the Nine inspire,
Instead of generous oil to feed his fire,
 Finds cold cold water flung upon his flame:
If he, ah! vainly sighs for dedication,
Woe to the *witlings* of the nation!

'What though uncouth his shape, and dark his face;
 Whose breeding mother might for charcoal long;

Still may the bard abound in verse and grace,
And love for majesty, *divinely* strong.

'Then heed not, sire, a clumsy form so fat,
And *sombre* phiz, Dame Nature's work, unkind:
Great mousing qualities, with many a cat,
Of perfect ugliness, a lodging find.

'Observe a fat, black, greasy lump of coal;
Lo, to that most ungraceful piece of earth,
A warm and lively lustre owes its birth;
A flame in *this world*, pleasant to the soul.

'To shapeless clouds, that, waggon-like, along
Move cumb'rous, scowling on the twilight heav'n,
At times, behold, the purest snows belong!
To such, of rain the lucid drops are giv'n:
Nay, mid the mass so murky and forlorn,
Behold the lightning's vivid beam is born!'

Say—'Mighty monarch, modest merit pines,
'Hid like the useless gem amid the mines.
Your gracious smile, which all the world reveres,
Your wealth had open'd her pale closing eye,
Which hope once brighten'd with a spark of joy,
And cruel disappointment quench'd with tears.

ODE IV.

THEN unto majesty shalt thou repeat
The lines that are to majesty a treat,
Proverbs that œconomic souls revere;
To wit—'A pin a day's a groat a year'—
'A little saving is no sin'—
'Near is my shirt, but nearer is my skin'—
'A penny sav'd, a penny got'—
''Tis money makes the old mare trot'—
Then say, 'With such wise counsellors, I'm sure
No monarch ever can be poor.'

Say too, 'Great sir, your queen is very rich—
Witness the di'monds lodg'd in ev'ry stitch
  Of madam's petticoat*, of broad effulgence;
Where flame such jewels on its ample field,
As only to her charms and virtues yield,
  So very noble, God's and man's indulgence!'

Now mayst thou raise thy tone a little higher—
Not '*squire*, for that's impertinent, but 'Sire,'
  Firm shalt thou say, 'the realm is not a wizard,
Quick, with a word, to make the guineas start,
To please a monarch's gold-admiring heart—
  In short, Britannia grumbles in her gizzard.

'Sire, let me say, the realm will smell a rat,
And cry, "Oh! oh! I know what you are at—
  Is this your cunning, Master Billy Pitt?
What, Master Billy! try to *touch* his grace?
To keep your most, most honourable place?
  Is this your flaming patriotic fit?

"Thick as may be the head of poor John Bull,
The beast hath got *some* brains within his skull;
A pair of *dangerous horns*, too, let me add;
Dare but to make the generous creature mad."

Thus may'st thou decently thy voice exalt—
And add, 'Soft fires, O monarch, make good malt;
The kiln, much forc'd, may blaze about our ears,
And then may Fate be busy with his sheers—
For then, with all his fame, your daring 'squire
May, rat-like, squeak unpitied in the fire.'

Proclaim that reputation is a jewel,
And life, without it, merely water-gruel—

* This famous petticoat affordeth a pleasant history—one part of which is, that it was watched all night by a certain great man, on a particular occasion, to prevent its being stolen.

Say, that a king who seeks a deathless name,
Turns not to newspapers to find a fame;
Where paragraphs (a ministerial job)
Report the half-crown howlings of a mob.

Inform the monarch, when he goes to heav'n,
Verse to his parting spirit may be giv'n;
  Ev'n Peter's verse, for which a thousand sigh—
Verse which the poet ev'n to brutes* can give,
To bid their lucky names immortal live,
  Yet to a *king* the sacred gift deny!

Say, 'Sire, we've crippled the poor people's backs;
Dread sir, they are most miserable hacks—
  How 'tis they bear it all, is my surprise!
I cannot catch another tax indeed,
With all your fox-hounds noses, and my speed,
  Your humble greyhound, though all teeth and eyes.

'The state, sir, you will candidly allow,
Has been t'ye a most excellent milch cow;
For you, ah! many a bucket has been fill'd—
But trust me, sir, the cow must not be kill'd.

'So numerous are your wants, and *they* so keen,
  That verily a hundred thousand pounds
Seem just as in a bullock's mouth a bean!
  A pound of butter midst a pack of hounds!
Have mercy on us, sir—you can't be poor—
Your coffers really must be running o'er.'

Say, 'Sire, your wisdom is prodigious great!
Then do not put your servant in a sweat—
  He hates snap-dragon—'tis a game of danger—

* This is literally true. I, the lyric Peter, assert, that I have written a most beautiful elegy to an old friend, a dying ass, with more feeling than I could compliment the deaths of half the kings in Christendom.

The sound, *more money*, the whole realm appals;
Still, still it vibrates on Saint Stephen's walls;
 Our beast, the public, soon must eat the manger.'

Say, 'Good my liege, indeed there's no more hay—
 Kind-hearted king, indeed there's no more corn—
Our hack, Old England, sadly falls away;
 Lean as old Rosinante, and forlorn.'

Say, 'Sire, your parliament I dare not meet;
 For verily I've some remains of grace—
If forc'd with money-messages* to greet,
 Your majesty must lend me H——ry's face.

* The cry of 'More money, moremoney,' brings to recollection a little dialogue, amongst the many, that happened between the king of the Mosquitoes and myself, in the Government-house at Jamaica, during the administration of the late Sir William Trelawny. —His majesty was a very stout black man, exceedingly ignorant, nevertheless possessed of the sublimest ideas of royalty; very riotous, and grievously inclined to get drunk. He came to me one day, with a voice more like that of a bullock than a king, roaring, 'Mo drink for king, mo drink for king!'

P. P.

King, you are drunk already.

KING.

No! no! king no drunk—King no drunk—Mo drink for king—Broder George love drink (meaning the king of England).

P. P.

Broder George does not love drink: he is a sober man.

KING.

But king of Mosquito love drink—me will have mo drink—me love drink like devil—me drink whole ocean.

'I know what parliament will say, so mad—
"More money, Master Billy! very fine!
The *impudence* of highwaymen, my lad,
By G—! is *perfect modesty* to *thine*."
'Sire, sire, the moment that I mention money,
I'm sure the answer will be "Ninny nonny."''

ODE VI.

NOW, Pitt, put forth a small prophetic sound;
Say, 'Kings should keep their state, but not be rich'—
Yes, say, 'they never should with wealth abound,
As money might the royal mind bewitch.'
Say, 'Gambling monarchs *possibly* may spring,
And stocks be at the mercy of a king—
And if for boroughs sigh their great affections,
Rare business for the devil at elections!
A monarch offering his own heads and notes—
A king and cobbler quarrelling for votes!'

Then lift thine head, and also lift thine eyes,
And drawing of thy mouth the corners down,
Exclaim (as stricken with a deep surprise),
'Not that I think a man who wears a crown
Would act so meanly, sir, or ever did—
No! God forbid, dread sovereign—God forbid!'

Such are my counsels, Pitt.—Thy king, perchance,
May, smiling, hear thee oracles advance;
And pitying thee for hinting reformation
To *such* a king of *such* a nation,

May stun thee with two proverbs all so pat—
'What, what, Pitt—"Play a jig to an old cat?"

What, preach—what, preach to *me* on *money*-wit!
"Old foxes* want no tutors," Billy Pitt.'

* Reformation is a most difficult and dangerous subject.—Hazarding a *critique* on the work of a very eminent artist, some years ago, what was the consequence ?—See the ode.

The following Elegy was written on the royal Scheme of fattening *Cattle solely on Horse-Chesnuts, which (had it succeeded) must have been attended with prodigious savings. The Bullocks tried what they could do, but were forced to give up the point, and nearly the ghost!*

THE ROYAL BULLOCKS,

A Consolatory and Pastoral Elegy.

YE horn'd inhabitants of Windsor Park,
Where reign'd sweet hospitality of yore,
Why are you not as merry as the lark?
Why is it that so dismally you roar?

Ah me! I guess the cause!—our glorious king
Would fatten cattle in the cheapest way—
It is, it is, horse chesnuts!—that's the thing
Which give each face the cloud of dire dismay.

Say, do the prickles stab each gentle beard?—
You wish t' oblige the king; but, ah! with pain
You turn them round and round, to bite *afeard*,
And faintly mumbling, drop them out again.

Fain would I comfort ye with better meat—
God knows I pity ev'ry plaintive tone—
Gladly your gums with turnips would I greet,
And give the fragrant hay to sooth each groan.

Say, are the nuts too solid to be chew'd?--
Of want of nut-crackers do ye complain?
Ye make up awkward mouths upon your food;
But plaint of ev'ry sort is pour'd in vain.

Condemn'd on such hard fare to sup and dine,
And often by its stubborn nature foil'd,
Perhaps you wish it roasted, gentle kine,
Or probably you wish it stew'd or boil'd.

But coals cost money—labour must be sav'd—
Know, this would prove a great expense indeed:
Ah! kine, by such œconomy close-shav'd,
Your bellies grumble, and your mouths must bleed.

Your leanness mortifies the king of nations:
Displeas'd he wonders that you won't grow fat:
Your high back-bones employ his speculations,
Much your poor bellies exercise his chat.

The man whose lofty head adorns a crown,
That stoutly studies bullocks, pigs, and books,
Wants much to see you knock'd by butchers down,
And hung in fair array upon their hooks.

Yet, murm'ring creatures, life is vastly sweet—
For life, were I a bullock, I should sigh:
Much rather make a sacrifice to meat;
Live on *horse-chesnuts*, than on *turnips* die.

A MORAL REFLECTION

On the preceding Elegy.

HOW can the eye, in Nature's softness drest,
So harden'd, see the different tribes around;
Behold the grazing cattle all so blest,
And lambkins mingling sport, with sweetest sound;

Then glist'ning, in a strain of triumph cry,
'Your throats, young gentlefolks, will soon be cut—
You, sweet Miss Lamb, most speedily shall die—
Soon on the spit, you, Master Calf, be put.'

How can the tongue, amid the mingled noise
Of goose, duck, turkey, pigeon, cock and hen,
Exclaim, 'Aye, aye, good fowls, your cackling joys
Soon cease, to fill with mirth the mouths of men?'

I cannot meet the lambkin's asking eye,
Pat her soft neck, and fill her mouth with food,
Then say, 'Ere evening cometh, thou shalt die,
And drench the knives of butchers with thy blood.'

I cannot fling with lib'ral hand the grain,
And tell the feather'd race so blest around,
'For me, ere night, you feel of death the pain;
With broken necks you flutter on the ground.'

How vile!—'Go, creatures of th' Almighty's hand;
Enjoy the fruits that bounteous Nature yields;
Graze at your ease along the sunny land;
Skim the free air, and search the fruitful fields—

'Go, and be happy in your mutual loves;
No violence shall shake your shelter'd home;
'Tis life and liberty shall glad my gröves;
The cry of murder shall not damn my dome;'

Thus should I say, were mine a house and land—
And lo, to me a parent should you fly,
And run, and lick, and peck with love my hand,
And crowd around me with a fearless eye.

And you, O wild inhabitants of air,
To bless, and to be blest, at Peter's call,
Invited by his kindness, should repair;
Chirp on his roof, and hop amidst his hall.

No school-boy's hand should dare your nests invade,
And bear to close captivity your young—

Pleas'd would I see them flutt'ring from the shade,
  And to my window call the sons of song.

And you, O natives of the flood, should play
  Unhurt amid your crystal realms, and sleep:
No hook should tear you from your loves away;
  No net surrounding form its fatal sweep.

Pleas'd should I gaze upon your gliding throng,
  To sport invited by the summer beam;
Now moving in most solemn march along,
  Now darting, leaping from the dimpled stream.

How far more grateful to the soul the joy,
  Thus cheerful, like a set of friends, to treat ye,
Than like the bloated epicure, to cry,
  'Zounds! what rare dinners!—God! how I could
      eat ye!'

ELEGY ON MY DYING ASS, PETER.

FRIEND of my youthful days, for ever past,
When whim and harmless folly rul'd the hour;
Ah! art thou stretch'd amid the straw at last!—
These eyes with tears thy dying looks devour.

Blest, would I soften thy hard bed of death,
And with new floods the fount of life supply.
O Peter, blest would I prolong thy breath,
Renew each nerve, and cheer thy beamless eye.

But wherefore wish?—Thy lot is that of all—
Thy friend who mourns, must yield to Nature's law—
Like thee must sink—and o'er each dark'ning ball,
Will Death's cold hand th' eternal curtain draw.

Piteous thou liftest up thy feeble head,
And mark'st me dimly, with a dumb adieu—
And thus amid thy hopeless looks I read,
'Faint is thy servant, and his moments few—

'With thee no longer blest, the lanes I tread—
Those times, so happy, are for ever o'er—
Ah! why should Fate so cruel cut our thread,
And part a friendship that must meet no more?

'Oh! when these lids shall close (the will of Fate),
Oh! let in peace these aged limbs be laid—
Mid that lov'd field which saw us oft of late,
Beneath our fav'rite willow's ample shade.

'And if my master chance to wander nigh,
Beside the spot where Peter's bones repose;
Oh! let your servant claim one little sigh—
Grant this—and, blest, these eyes for ever close.'

Yes, thou poor spirit, yes—*thy* wish is *mine*—
Yes, be thy grave beneath the willow's gloom—
There shall the sod, the greenest sod, be thine;
And there the brightest flow'r of spring shall bloom.

Oft to the field as health my footstep draws,
Thy turf shall surely catch thy master's eye;
There on thy sleep of death shall friendship pause,
Dwell on past days, and leave thee with a sigh.

Sweet is remembrance of our youthful hours,
When innocence upon our actions smil'd!—
What though ambition scorn'd our humble pow'rs,
Thou a wild cub, and I a cub as wild?

Pleas'd will I tell how oft we us'd to roam;
How oft we wander'd at the peep of morn;
Till night would wrap the world in spectred gloom,
And Silence listen'd to the beetle's horn.

Thy victories will I recount with joy;
The various trophies by thy fleetness won;
And boast that I, thy playfellow, a boy,
Beheld the feats by namesake Peter done.

Yes, yes (for grief must yield at times to glee),
Amidst my friends I oft will tell our tale;
When lo, those friends will rush thy sod to see,
And call thy peaceful region Peter's vale.

AN ACADEMIC ODE.

[*This Ode was written some years since, and was mislaid; but is* fortunately *recovered.—It hinteth at the universal Rage for Reputation, and attacketh Painters, who pitifully wince at the gently-reforming Touch of Criticism.*]

ALAS! who has not fondness for a name?
Lo, Nature wove it in our infant frame!
From ear-*delighters*, down to ear-*confounders*,
Each vainly fancies he possesses killing tones;
Ev'n from the Maras and the Billingtons,
Down to the wide-mouth rascals crying flounders—
Nay, proud too of that instrument the rattle,
That draws the hobbling brotherhood to battle,
Nay, watchmen deem their merits no ways small,
Proud of a loud, clear, melancholy bawl.

Yes, yes! much vanity's in human nature—
Like mad dogs, that abhor the water,
The painters hate to hear their faults display'd—
And though I sing them in the *best* of rhimes,
Such are the reformation-cursing times,
The foolish fellows really wish me dead.

Now this is great depravity, I fear—
My tale, too, proveth it, as noon-day clear.

THE TALE OF VAN TRUMP.

Mynheer Van Trump, who painteth very well,
Flam'd at my gentle criticisms, like hell—
'Poor vretch,' cried Trump, 'I'm much dat rogue's superiors—
Ven he, poor lousy dog, be ded an rot,
Van Trump by peepels vil not be forgot,
But lif in all de mouths of my posteriors'—
Meaning indeed by this severity,
His name would live to all *posterity*.

Upon a day, some goodly folks and fine,
Arriv'd, to barter praise for beef and wine;
Academicians were the wights, I trow,
The very men to dine with Van and Vrow.

To Madam Trump did fall the carving work—
So sticking in a fowl's sweet breast her fork—
'I wish this fork,' quoth angry Madam Trump,
Wriggling from side to side her angry rump,
'Were now as deep in Peter Pindar's heart.'
'Vell zed—dat's clever—Jantelmans, dat's vit,'
Quoth Van—'spake it vonce more, my dear, a bit—
'Now don't you tink, sirs, dat my vrow's dam smart?

Now, jantelmans, I ax you if you please,'
Roar'd Van, upstarting—catching fire like tinder—
'Will drenk von dam goot bumper 'pon our knees—
Come, sirs, "Damnation to dat Peter Pindar."'
Plump down the great academicians fell,
And hearty drank th' *immortal* bard to hell!

Such, I'm asham'd to say, 's the dev'lish mind,
Contaminating poor mankind.

Here too a little moral may be seen—
Reformers are good folks the million hate;
And who, if hang'd, or shot, or burnt, I ween,
Repentant, find their folly out, *too late*.

THE
PROGRESS OF ADMIRATION;
OR,
THE WINDSOR GARDENERS.

WHEN first their majesties to Windsor went,
Lo, almost ev'ry mouth was rent—
With what?—with gaping on the royal pair:
Indeed from east and west and north and south,
Arriv'd large cargoes both of eye and mouth,
To feast on majesty their gape and stare.

Not Punch, the mighty Punch, the prince of joke,
E'er brought together such a herd of folk:

Amongst the thousands full of admiration,
Appear'd fair Windsor's gardening nation,
Blazing with Loyalty's bright torches—
They humbly came their majesties to greet,
Begging their majesties to come and treat,
On ev'ry sort of fruit, their grand allforches.
The couple smil'd assent, and ask'd no questions—
Resolv'd to gratify their great digestions.

Forth went his majesty, so condescending—
Forth went our gracious queen, the fruits commending—
Munching away at a majestic rate.
The gardeners saw themselves bespread with glory;
Told unto all the ale-houses the story;
Which houses did again the tale relate.
Yes, they were all so pleas'd that their poor things
Should find such favour in the mouths of kings—
So happy at the sudden turn of fate,
As though they all had found a great estate.

With awe so stricken were the gardeners mute—
So sharp they ey'd them as they ate their fruit—
  Marv'ling to find that such as wear a crown
Had actions very much like theirs in eating;
And that they mov'd, when pines and nect'rines
      greeting,
  Their jaws like other people, *up* and *down*;
And that, like other folks, they ate a deal—
Making (that is to say) a ploughman's meal.

And now the gardeners, all so glorious, wanted
To send to majesty rare things—'twas granted.
  Both horse and foot so labour'd to embark it!
So much indeed unto their graces came,
In consequence of this most loyal flame,
  The palace look'd like Covent-garden market.

And lo, their majesties went forth each day,
Their compliments to dainty fruits to pay:
  The gardeners met them with best looks and bows;
And then the royal reputation rais'd—
The vegetable wisdom highly prais'd
  Of George the glorious, and his glorious spouse.

They told of Windsor town the gaping throng,
What taste did unto majesty belong;
  As how they pick'd the *best*—strange to relate too—
As how their eyes were of such lofty stature;
Fill'd with so much sublimity their nature,
  They look'd not on an onion or potatoe—
Which show'd a noble patronizing spirit,
And prov'd that even in fruit they favour'd merit.

Reader, prepare to drop thy jaw with wonder;
Prepare thee now to hear a sound like thunder—
The gardeners, lo, with majesty grew tir'd!
No more, their gracious visitors desir'd!
In short, when monarchs did themselves display,
The gardeners, *bonâ fide*, ran away;
Finding a *sort* of *vacuum* 'mongst their fruit,
That did not much their scheme of thriving suit.

For majesty gives nought to subjects, mind—
Honour and money would be much too kind:
The royal smile, and guineas' glorious rays,
Like Semele*, would kill them with the blaze.

They now began exalted birth to *smoke*,
And fancy monarchs much like common folk—
Therefore no more, when majesties were coming,
Whistling and laughing, smiling, singing, humming,
They gap'd, and blessing their too happy eyes,
Leap'd at their presence, just like fish at flies.

Thus did those fellows run from queen and king;
Which shows the *changeful* folly of mankind—
By growing tir'd and sick of a good thing,
To actual happinesses blind!

For what in this our earthly world can spring,
That's equal to a glorious king?
What in this world of wonders can be seen,
That's equal to a charming queen?

To fancy otherwise, alas! what sin it is!
From such profane opinion how I shrink!—
There must be *something great*, for *they* too think
They're gods, or cousins of divinities!

No more the dogs the gard'ners ponder'd how
To say fine words, and make a pretty bow:
No more they felt a choaking in the throat:
No more look'd up and down, and wink'd askew,
Poor souls, and, silly, wist not what to do,
When with such awe the royal visage smote.

No, no! the scene was most completely alter'd—
No longer like some stupid jack-ass halter'd,

* The story of Semele, not being known to every one, is this:—the young lady, ambitious of enjoying Jupiter in all his glory, perished amidst the sublime effulgence of the god.

Beside a miller's door, or gate, or post,
In seeming meditation lost,
To majesty were drawn their heads so thick—
No—they were off—all admiration-sick.

Such is sad repetition, O ye gods!
And this may really happen to my odes!

Men of huge titles and exalted places,
 Should at a distance commonly be seen—
Eyes should not be familiar with their faces;
 Then Wonder goes a courting to each mien.

Lo, novelty's a barber's strap or hone,
 That keenness to the razor-passions gives:
Use weareth out this barber's strap or stone;
 Thus 'tis by novelty, enjoyment lives.

In *love*, a sweet example let us seek—
I have it—Cynthia's soft luxuriant neck—
 Fix'd on the charm, how pleas'd the eye can dwell!
How sighs the hand within the gauze to creep,
Mouse-like, and on the snowy hills to sleep,
 Rais'd by the most delicious swell;
Like gulls, those birds that rise, and now subside,
Borne on the bosom of the silver tide.
But let the breast be common—all's undone;
Wishes, and sighs, and longings, all are gone:
Away the hurrying palpitations fly;
Desire lies dead upon the gazeless eye.
Sunk into insipidity is rapture!
Thus finisheth of love the simple chapter.

This is a pretty lesson, though not new;
A lesson fit for Gentile or for Jew—
For love, the cooing, sweet, persuasive pigeon,
Gains all the globe indeed to his religion:
Throughout the world his humble vot'ries pray,
And worship him exactly the same way.—
Other religions kill—are torn by strife—
Love *kisses*, and, what's sweeter still, gives *life!*

ADDRESS TO THE VIRTUES,

AN ODE.

AH, Virtues! you are pretty-looking creatures;
But then so meek and feeble in your natures!—
Thou charming Chastity now, *par exemple,*
Who guard'st the luscious lip, and snowy breast.
And all that maketh wishing shepherds blest,
Forbidding thieves on sacred ground to trample.

Appear but Love, the savage, all is lost;
Faint, trembling, blushing, thou giv'st up the ghost:
Lo, there's an end of all thy mincing care!
The field so guarded, in the tyrant's pow'r;
Each fence torn down, despoil'd each mossy bow'r,
All, all is rudely plunder'd, and laid bare.

Virtues! you *blunder'd* on our world, I fear—
Design'd for some more *gentle* sphere;
Where the wild passions storm ye not, nor tease ye;
Where ev'ry animal 's a mild Marchesi.

I know your parentage and education—
Born in the skies—a lofty habitation—
But for a *perfect* system were intended,
Where people never needed to be *mended.*

How could you think the passions to withstand,
Those roaring blades, so out of all command,
Whose slightest *touch* would pull you all to pieces?
They are Goliahs—you but *little* Misses!
Then pray go home again, each *pretty* dear—
You but *disgrace* yourselves by coming *here.*

THE

PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

A MIGHTY potentate, of *some* discerning,
Inquisitive indeed! and fond of learning,
From Windsor oft danc'd down to Eton College,
To make himself a pincushion of knowledge;
That is, by gleaning pretty little scraps
Of Cæsar, Alexander, and such chaps.

There would he oft harangue the master,
On Homer, Virgil, Pindar, my relation,
Fast as a jack-fly, very often faster—
Now jack-flies have a sweet acceleration.
Oft ask'd he questions about ancient kings—
Nat'ral! because so like himself—great things!
He ask'd if Cæsar ever did insist,
That if his minister would keep his place,
That minister should always have the grace
To mind deficiencies of civil list;

Whether great Cæsar ever sent his sons,
To study all the classics and great guns,
And bring of art and science home a store,
To Gottingen (his money wisely hoarding),
As Gottingen is vastly cheap for boarding
Young gentlemen whose parents are but poor—

He ask'd if Cæsar's soul was fond of knowing
What all the neighbourhood was daily doing;

What went into the pot, or on the spit—
How much in house-keeping they yearly spent,
And if, like honest folks they paid their rent,
Or gave of victuals to the poor, a bit—

If Cæsar ever to a brewhouse went,
With lords and ladies of his court so grand,
And hours on hops aud hoops and hogsheads spent,
So wise, with some great Whitbread of the land;
And tarried till he did the brewer tire,
And made the brewer's horse and dog *admire*;
And curious draymen into hogsheads creeping,
Sly rogues, and through the bung-holes peeping—

Whether great Cæsar was so sly an elf,
As from the very servants to inquire;
And know much better than the 'squire *himself*,
The business of each neighb'ring 'squire—

As why the coachman Jerry went away;
Which of the drivers, Joan the cook defil'd;
Which of the footmen with Susanna lay,
And got the charming chamber-maid with child—

He ask'd if Cæsar's servants all
Were, cat-like, all good mousers, earn'd their wages;
Sought news from street and tavern, bulk and stall,
Like Nicolai, the prince of pages;
And whether Cæsar, with ferocious looks,
Found a poor trav'ling louse, and shav'd his cooks—

If Cæsar's minister gave half-a-crown,
To shoe-blacks, and the sweepers of the town,
To howl, and swear, and clap him at the play;
And when unto the senate-house he rode,
To spread their ell-wide lantern jaws abroad,
And roar most bull-like when he came away.

He ask'd if Julius Cæsar's wife
Had ever maids of honour in her life,
Like any modern œconomic queen;

And if, of saving wisdom full,
The saving empress ever made a rule,
So keen, indeed so very keen.

That all those honourable maids,
Who wish'd to sleep in comfortable beds,
Should purchase their own sheets and pillow-cases,
To treat their gentle backs, and blooming faces—

Whether great Cæsar lov'd humility,
That is, in subjects only, viz. nobility;
And eke the commons, deem'd a vulgar mass,
Form'd by the wisdom of Almighty God,
To carry on their backs a heav'nly load,
Just like a camel, elephant, or ass—

If Cæsar cut up palaces for pens,
And unto butch'ring strongly did incline;
Sold geese and turkeys, ducks, and cocks and hens,
And fatten'd cows, and calves, and sheep, and swine;
In rams surpass'd him (of ram glory full)
Or ever beat him in a bull.

He ask'd if Cæsar did not find
Some cunning fellow for a hind,
Prepar'd with *strange* accounts to meet him,
And in his pigs and sheep and bullocks cheat him;
And whether Cæsar did not slily watch him—
And what were Cæsar's traps to catch him—

If, like Peg Nicholson, on mischief busy,
A mantua-maker drew a rusty knife,
To cleave the emperor in twain, the hussey,
Fright'ning the emperor out of his life—

He ask'd if Italy was half so blest
As England, in that prince of painters, West;
And if there ever liv'd in Rome's great town,
A man who *stole*, like Reynolds, a renown;
A man indeed, who's daubing brush
Puts Painting, the sweet damsel, to the blush—

Then ask'd if Cæsar ever had the heart
To give a shilling to the glorious art.

He ask'd if Cæsar, 'midst his dread campaigns,
Felt bold, whene'er well dous'd by rushing rains;
Not caring ev'n a single fig,
Although they spoil'd a bran-new wig;
Joining the doughty regiments of death,
On some wild Wimbledon, or huge Blackheath.

He ask'd if Cæsar ever star'd *abroad*
(Instead of staring, as he ought, at *home*)
For architects with trash the land to load,
And raise of gaudy gingerbread a dome*:
Such as is rais'd by that rare Swede Sir Will,
The grinning mouth of Ridicule to fill—

Whether the curious Cæsar sent to Greece,
For statues costing Heav'n knows what a-piece;
Then putting under ground a world's rare boast†,
To entertain a toad or ghost.

* The Royal Academy.

† A cast, and the only one, of the famous Farnese Hercules, having been procured by a considerable expense, as well as trouble, for the benefit of the students of the Royal Academy, and the admiration of the world in general, is now thrust away into a dark hole; the building being rather calculated for the support of butterflies, than *heavy antiques*. The following short dialogue was written on the occasion:—

A Dialogue between two Statues, in an upper Room of the Royal Academy.

First Statue.

'What keeps old Hercules *below*,
A fellow of such rare renown?

Second Statue.

'Plague take thee! hold thy tongue—for know,
Should *he* come *up*, *we* all go *down*.'

Such were the questions, with a thousand more,
He ask'd, to swell of knowledges the store;
That fell like starlings on the ear, in flocks—
Sure keys for opening Mother Wisdom's locks:

Rare keys that ope the twilight vaults of time;
A thief who, with a sacrilegious pride,
Delighteth something ev'ry day to hide,
Sacks full of prose and sweetly-sounding rhime.

Such questions, with a manner quite *unique*,
The monkey boys to mimic soon began—
And lo, of mimicry the saucy trick,
Like wildfire through the college ran.
Lord! hinder them!—there could be no such thing—
Thus ev'ry little rascal was a king!

This, Fame, who seldom lessens sounds, did bear,
With all its horrors, to the royal ear—
The consequence, the school had cause to rue—
To schools the monarch bade a long adieu;
Of Eton journeys gave th' idea o'er,
And, angry, never mention'd Cæsar more!

ODES OF IMPORTANCE,

&c.

TO THE SHOEMAKERS.
TO MR. BURKE.
TO IRONY.
TO LORD LONSDALE.
TO THE KING.
TO THE ACADEMIC CHAIR.
TO A MARGATE HOY.
OLD SIMON, A TALE.

THE JUDGES; OR, THE WOLVES, THE BEAR, AND INFERIOR BEASTS: A FABLE.

——— *Sic positi, suaves miscetis odores.*

Sweet-briar, hawthorn, lilies, nettles, roses;
What a nice *bouquet* for all sorts of noses!

Ludimus innocuis verbis, nec lædere quenquam
Mens nostra——— MARTIAL.

My verse's *sweetness, mildness*, none deny:
Lord! playful Peter would not wound a *fly*.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

ODES OF IMPORTANCE.

RESIGNATION.

An Ode to the Journeyman Shoemakers, who lately refused to work, except their Wages were raised.

SONS of Saint Crispin, 'tis in vain!
Indeed 'tis fruitless to complain.—
I know you wish good beef or veal to carve:
But first the hungry great must all be fed;
Mean time, you all must chew hard, musty bread,
Or, what is commonly unpleasant, starve.

Your *masters* like *yourselves*, oppression feel—
It is not *they*, would wish to stint your meal:
Then suck your paws like bears, and be resign'd.
Perhaps your *sins* are many; and if so,
Heav'n gives us very frequently, we know,
The great as scourges for mankind.
Your *masters* soon may follow you, so lank—
Undone by simple confidence in *rank*.

The royal Richmond builds his state on coals;
Sal'sb'ry, and Hawksb'ry, lofty souls,
With their fair dames must have the ball and rout;
Kings must our millions have, to make a glare;
Whose sycophants must a'so have a share.—
But pout not—'tis a libel, sirs, to pout—

Clos'd be your mouths, or dread the jail or thong:
You must not for your money have a song.
Cease, cease your riots, pray, my friends:
It answereth (believe me) no good ends.—
  And yet the time will come, I hope to God,
When black-fac'd, damn'd oppression, to his den
Shall howling fly before the curse of men,
  And feel of anger'd justice the sharp rod.

Go home, I beg of ye, my friends, and eat
Your sour, your mouldy bread, and offal meat;
  Till freedom comes—I see her on her way—
Then shall a smile break forth upon each mien,
The front of banish'd happiness be seen,
  And sons of Crispin, you once more be gay.

Now go, and learn submission from your Bible;
Complaint is now-a-day a flagrant libel.
Yes, go and try to chew your mouldy bread—
Justice is sick, I own, but is not dead.
Let Grandeur roll her chariot on our necks,
Submission, sweet humility bespeaks:
  Let Grandeur's plumes be lifted by our sighs—
Let dice, and chariots, and the stately thrones,
Be form'd of poor men's hard-work'd bones—
  We must contribute; or, lo, Grandeur dies.
We are the parish that supports her show;
A truth that Grandeur wishes not to know.

Full many a time reluctantly, I own,
I view our mighty rulers with a groan,
  Who eat the labours of us *vulgar crew*;
Bask on our shoulders in their lazy state;
And if we dare *look* up for ease, th' ingrate
  Look down, and ask us, 'D-m'me, who are you?'

Now such forgetfulness is most unpleasant!
The man who doth receive a hare or pheasant,
Might *somewhat*, certainly, from manners spare,
And say, 'I thank ye for the bird or hare.'—

But then I'm told agen, that Grandeur's sore
At owning obligations to the poor—
Such favours cut no figure in discourse:
She thinks she might as well thank dogs and cats
For finding partridges, and catching rats;
And say, 'I'm much oblig'd t'ye,' to a horse.

Lo, to the great we breathe the sigh in vain;
A zephyr murm'ring through the hollow walls;
Our tear, that tries to melt their souls, the rain
That printless on the rock of ages falls!

The lofty great must have the softest bed
To lay the *soft* luxurious head;
And from our bosoms we poor *geese*, so tame,
Must pluck submissively the tender feather;
Ourselves expos'd to nature's rudest weather,
Deny'd the liberty to cry out, 'Shame!'
Thus, whilst *their* heads the pillow's down imprint,
Ours must be only bolster'd by a flint.

You must not heed your children's hunger'd cry,
Not *once* upon their little sorrows sigh—
In tears their blubber'd faces let them steep,
And howl their hunger and their grief to sleep.
'Tis impudence in babes to cry for bread—
Lo, Grandeur's fav'rite *dogs* must first be fed!—

See yon proud duchess—yet of late so *poor*,
With not above *ten thousand pounds* a year:
Behold, a hundred coaches at her door,
Where Pharo triumphs in his mad career.
We must support her, or by hook or crook—
For lo, her husband was—a royal duke.

We *must* support too her fine gold-lac'd crew,
Behind her gilt coach, dancing Molly fellows,
With canes and ruffles goodly to the view,
And (suiting their complexions) pink umbrellas.
It must be so; for lordly Grandeur rules—
Lo! quality are gods, and mob are mules.

I know you wish to see on gold, so good,
King George's head, that many a want supplies;
So very pleasant to his people's eyes,
As pleasant as the head of flesh and blood.
Money's a rattling sinner, to be sure:
Like the sweet Cyprian girl (we wont say *wh—e)*
Is happy to be frequently employ'd,
And not content by *one* to be enjoy'd;
Yet, like the great ones, with fastidious eye
Seems of *inferior* mortals rather shy.

Then go, my friends, and chew your mouldy bread:
'Tis on our shoulders courts must lift the head.
Remember, we are only oxen yet—
Therefore, beneath the yoke, condemn'd to sweat.
But gradually we all shall change to men;
And then!!! what *then?*—Ye heav'ns! why *then*
The lawless sway of Tyranny is o'er—
Pride falls, and Britons will be beasts no more!

ODE TO BURKE.

AH, Burke! full sorry is the Muse indeed
  That *thou* art from the patriot phalanx fled!
 For what? To crouch and flatter queens and kings?
Meanly to mingle with a courtier gang,
That Infamy herself would scorn to hang—
  Such a poor squalid host of creeping things!

Has madness fir'd thy brain? Alas! return:
Thy fault in sackcloth and in ashes mourn:
  Join not a court, and Freedom's foulest foes—
Repentance, lo, shall try to wash thee white:
Then howl not, Edmund, 'mid the imps of night:
  Swell not the number of a flock of crows.

What murky cloud, the vapour black of courts
(For many a cloud, the breath of kings supports)
  Attempts thy reputation's spreading beam?
What bat-like demon, with the damned'st spite,
Springs on thy fame, on Glory's sacred height,
  To souse it in Disgrace's dirty stream?—

Alas! if majesty did gracious say,
'Burke, Burke, I'm glad, I'm glad you ran away;
  I'm glad you left your party—very glad—
They wish'd to treat me like a boy at school;
Rope, rope me like a horse, an ass, a mule—
  That's very bad, you know, that's very bad.—

'I hate the Portland junto—hate it, Burke—
Poor rogues, poor rogues, that cannot draw a cork—

Nothing but empty dishes, empty dishes—
We've got the loaves and fishes, loaves and fishes.'—

I say, if thus a mighty monarch spoke
As usual—not by way of joke;
Did not the speech so with'ring make thee shrink?
Didst thou not inward say, 'I've damn'd myself—
'Why, what a miserable elf!'
And then upon each old acquaintance think;
And with a sigh recall those Attic days,
When wit and wisdom pour'd the mingled blaze?

Burke, Burke, most easily do I discover
Thou loathest the weak smile that won thee over—
From Tr——ry borrow'd, ne'er to be return'd!
Ev'n now thou art not happy at thy heart—
It sighs for Wisdom's voice, and pants to part
From fellows by the honest Virtues spurn'd.

Thy tongue has promis'd friendship with a sigh—
For, lo, th' interpreter of thoughts, thine eye
Hangs heavy, beamless on the motley band—
To whom thou stretchest forth thy leaden hand!
Yes, slowly does that hand of *friendship* move:
The startled courtiers feel no grasp of love:
A cold and palsied shake of gratulation,
As though it trembled at contamination!

O Burke! behold fair Liberty advancing—
Truth, Wit, and Humour, sporting in her train:
Behold them happy, singing, laughing, dancing,
Proud of a golden age again!
When all thy friends (thy friends of late, I mean)
Shall, flush'd with conquest, meet their idol queen,
The goddess at whose shrine a world should *kneel*;
When *they* with songs of triumph hail the dame,
Will not thy cheek be dash'd with deepest shame,
And conscience somewhat startled feel?

Ah! will thine eye a gladsome beam display:
Borrow from smooth Hypocrisy's a ray,

To hail the long-desir'd return?
Speak, wilt thou screw into a smile thy mouth,
And welcome Liberty, with Wit and Truth;
And for a moment leave thy gang to mourn?
Yes, thou wilt greet her with a half-forc'd smile,
Quitting thy *virtuous* company, a while,
To say, 'Dear Madam, welcome—how d'ye do?'
And then the dame will answer with a dip,
Scorn in her eye, contempt upon her lip,
'Not much the better, Mister Burke, for *you*.'
'Poor Burke, I read thy soul, and feel thy pain—
Go, join the sycophants that I disdain.'

ODE TO IRONY.

O THOU, with mouth demure and solemn eye,
Who laughest not, thou quaker-looking wight,
But makest others roaring laugh outright,
Thus chacing widow Sorrow, and her sigh—
O thou who formest pills to purge the spleen
No more in Britain must thou dare be seen!

There was a time, but not like ours so nice,
When thou couldst banish Folly, nay, and Vice—
Leagu'd with thy daughter Humour, damsel quaint,
And Wit, that could have tickled ev'n a saint.

But times are alter'd! *Certain greybeards* say,
'Ye vagabonds, you've had indeed your day;
But never dare to show your face agen,
To take vile liberties with lofty men.
Grin, if you please—with joke the world regale—
Yet mind, a critic hears you, call'd a jail.'

But, lo! fair Liberty divinely strong!
A *patriot phalanx* leads the dame along.
Thou, Wit, and Humour shall adorn her train—
And let me proudly join the noble few;
Whilst, to the cause of glory true,
The muse shall shout her boldest strain.

Ev'n I, 'midst such a patriot band,
Will gain importance through the land;
Rise, from a poor extinguisher, a steeple—
And, O Ambition, hear thy suppliant's pray'r,
A sprig of thy unfading laurel spare,
And crown me, crown me poet of the people.

ODE TO LORD LONSDALE.

FIE, fie, my lord! attack a saint-like poet!
O, let not Askalon, nor let Gath know it!
What! by law-bulldogs bid the lambkin groan!
O Lonsdale! *genuine* poetry is rare,
Half of our verse *adulterated* ware;
I speak of *others'* verses, not my *own*.

Ah! stop not, stop not Peter's tuneful throat!
Hereafter he may warble in thy praise,
Who so surpasseth thousands in his note,
A philomel amidst a flock of jays.
The banishment of Ovid into Thrace
Did Cæsar's glory grievously disgrace;
Dropp'd on his coat of arms a stain of ink,
And made the honest pen of hist'ry shrink.

Thou who shott'st Sergeant Bolton through the foot,
At least didst make the sergeant shoot himself:
O think how thou mayst suffer in repute,
By falling on a harmless rhiming elf!
Revenge herself would blush at such a deed;
For poets always were a dove-like breed.

Fire at a great law sergeant—then let fly,
Bounce, on a simple rhimer such as I,
Great condescension verily requires:
What sportsman at the pheasant aims, and then
Hunts in his humble bush the twitt'ring wren?
On grouse and grasshoppers what mortal fires?

At London frequently we meet
A lofty camel in the street,

Moving with state-unwieldiness along;
We also see a monkey on his hump,
Now, with an arch grimace, from head to rump
Skipping, and drawing wonder from the throng—
Against Lord Chesterfield's grave maxim sinning,
The merry grig, that is to say, by *grinning*.

Now this same camel, a well-judging beast,
Feels not of goading ridicule the least;
Calmly the ruminating creature goes,
Poking his head, and shaking it in guise,
Much like great Doctor Johnson, call'd the wise
For pulling ev'ry Scotchman by the nose,
When pond'rous moving through the northern track,
With dapper Jemmy Boswell on his back.

Now would not ev'ry mortal smile,
To see this camel all so full of bile
Bouncing unhappily about,
Dancing, and staring, grunting, kicking, moaning,
And like a creature in the cholic groaning,
Making for playful Jacko all this rout?

When Hawk'sb'ry, Salisb'ry, Leeds, and more beside,
Fearing the tinsel on the back of Pride
Might tarnish by an acid drop of rhime,
And consequently lose the magic rays
That call forth Admiration's gape and gaze,
And make her think she views the *true* sublime—

I say, to majesty when those *great* lords
Pour'd forth a foaming torrent of hard words;
As, 'Hang that Peter Pindar, if you please;
Sire, make the graceless varlet understand
What 'tis to smile at *rulers* of the land—
A beggar that disgraces his own fleas.

'Sire, sire, th' attorney-general's tiger gripe
Would quickly stop the raggamuffin's pipe;
Then for his laugh at grandeur let him swing.'
'No,' quoth the king—

'If *I'm* not hurt, my lords, *you* may be quiet:
'Tis for *yourselves, yourselves,* you wish the riot—
Yes, yes, you fear, you fear, that Peter's muse
Will hang *your* grandeurs in her noose.

'No, no, my lords, M'Donald* must not squeeze him:
You see I give up *new-year* odes, to please him;
And faith, between me and the post and you,
I fear the knave will get the *birth-day* too.

'No, no—let Peter sing, and laugh, and live:
I like to read his works—kings are fair game:
What though he bites—'tis glorious to forgive.—
Go, go, my lords, go, go, and do the same.

'Should Peter's verse be in the *right,*
Our conduct must be in the wrong—
Poor, poor's the triumph of a little spite—
We must not hang a subject for a song.

'My lords, my lords, a whisper I desire—
Dame Liberty grows stronger—some feet higher;
She will not be bamboozled, as of late:—
Aristocrate et la lanterne
Are very often cheek by jowl, we learn,
Within a *certain* neighb'ring bustling state:
I think your lordships and your graces
Would not much like to dangle with wry faces.

'But mum, my lords—mum, mum, my lords—mum, mum:
You must be cautious for the time to come:
The people's brains are losing their old fogs—
Juries before the judges won't look slink—
No, no—they fancy they've a right to think:
They say, indeed they won't be driven like hogs.

'No star-chambers, no star-chambers, for *them*—
Slavery's the dev'l, and liberty a gem.

* The attorney-general.

You see, my lords, their heads are not so thick.—
Take care, or soon you'll have a bone to pick;
And p'rhaps you would not like this same hard bone;
So let the laughing, rhiming rogue alone.'

Sweet robin of the muse's sacred grove,
Whose soul is butter-milk, and song is love;
So blest when beauty forms the smiling theme;
Who wouldst not Heav'n accept (the sex so dear),
Had charming woman no apartments there,
Thy morning vision, and thy nightly dream—

Mild minstrel, could their lordships call thee rogue,
Varlet, and knave, and vagabond, and dog?
What! try to bring thee, for thy harmless wit,
Where greybeards in their robes terrific sit,
With sanctified long fortune-telling faces,
Whilst Erskine, eldest-born of Ridicule,
From solemn Irony's bewitching school,
Tears to un-judgelike grins, the hanging Graces!

Meek poet, who, no prostitute for price,
Wilt never sanction fools, nor varnish vice;
Nor rob the muse's altar of its flame,
To brighten with immortal beams a *king*
(If Freedom finds no shelter from his wing),
And meanly sing a tyrant into fame!

Thus, Lonsdale, thou behold'st a fair example
Of greatness in a king—a noble sample!
Thou cry'st, 'What must I do? on *thee* I call.'—
Catch up your pen, my lord, at once, and say,
'Dear Peter, all my rage is blown away;
So, come aud eat thy beef at Lowther-Hall.'

ODE TO THE ACADEMIC CHAIR,

ON THE

Election of Mr. West to the Presidency.

HOW art thou fallen, thou *once* high-honour'd Chair
Most hedgehog-like, thou bristlest up my hair.—
But possibly I'm only in a dream:
If so, immediately O let me wake;
Good Morpheus, drag me from this sad mistake—
Open my eyes, or lo, I shall blaspheme.
By heav'ns! it is no vision—'tis *too* plain
That thou, poor imp, art fated to sustain
Of Benjamin th' abominable b-m.
What! after Reynolds, to take up with West!
Th' *antipodes* thou seekest, I protest,
From Jove's grand thunder, to an infant's drum;
The lightning courser, to the creeping mole;
The world's wide orbit, to a spider's hole;
From some fair column, or Corinthian dome,
Sunk to a dreary dungeon, or the tomb!

And yet, on recollection, that old throne,
In Westminster's fair choir for two-pence shown,
Which bore the Edwards, Harrys of our isle,
Has been oblig'd (a truth most melanch*olly!)*
To shrink beneath a leaden load of folly,
And every meanness that can man defile.
Thy virtue is gone out of thee, I ween!
Thy brother chairs of late with humbled mien,
That jealous envy'd thee thy tow'ring fame,
All with one voice exclaim,

And all the poignant pow'r of ridicule,
'He is not equal to an old joint stool.

'*He* who of late so lofty held his crest,
Arr*y'd so gorgeous in a crimson vest,
He now is worse than us poor humble hacks,
With not a single rag about our backs.

'Get thyself burnt, thou sad degraded creature;
Go, boil some poor old washer-woman's water;
Or get thyself to skewers and crocksticks turn'd;
To some dead beggar's coffin give each nail,
And yield thy velvet to some strumpet's tail;
For, know, thou shouldst no longer be adorn'd.'

Thus speak thy brother chairs! and yet 'tis cruel,
As thou wouldst rather be cut up for fuel,
Or rest the backs of beggars in the street:
But lo, West fills thee, by his king's commands;
Lov'd by his subjects—*fear'd* by foreign lands—
And full of wisdom as an egg of meat!

'I like West's works—he beats the Raphael school—
I never lik'd that Reynolds—'twas a fool—
Painted too thick—a dauber—'twon't, 'twon't pass—
West, West, West's pictures are as smooth as glass:
Besides, I hated Reynolds, from my heart:
He thought that I knew nought about the art.

'West tells me that my taste is very pure—
That I'm a connoisseur, a connoisseur:
I like, I like, I like the works of West.'—
Thus doth *our* king, in sounds so gracious, cry:
Which proves that kings with *little* can be blest,
And give the wings of eagles to a fly!

OLD SIMON.

A TALE.

FOLKS cannot be for ever sniv'ling—no!
With fountain noses that for ever flow—
The world would quickly be undone;
Widows, and lovelorn girls, poor souls, would die;
And for his rich old father, sob and sigh,
And hang himself, *perchaunce*, a *hopeful* son;

And for their cats that happ'd to slip their breath,
Old maids, so sweet, might mourn themselves to death:
Sorrow may therefore have her decent day,
And smiling Pleasure come again in play.

No! folks can't brood for ever upon grief:
Pleasure must steal into her place at last;
Thus then the heart from horror finds relief;
Snatch'd from the cloud by which it is o'ercast.
Thus was an anger'd lord my constant theme,
My constant thought by day, my constant dream:
Tears at his image oft burst out, with sighs:
At length Charles Fox* appear'd—behold the change!
No longer after Sorrow did I range,
But on the smile of Pleasure cast mine eyes.

* With the libel-bill; on which the lord chancellor wished to consult the judges. Few are the men candid enough to part *voluntarily* with power, however tyrannical—it must be *torn* from them. The judges have been rendered independent of the crown, by the people: now let them show their gratitude.

Pleasure's a lass that will at length prevail:
Witness the little pleasant following tale.

Narcissa, full of grace, and youth, and charms,
Had slept some years in good old Simon's arms;
Her kind and lawful spouse, that is to say,
Who, following of numbers the example,
Wishing of sweet young flesh to have a sample,
Married this charming girl upon a day.

For from grey-headed men, and thin, and old,
Young flesh is finely form'd to keep the cold.
Thus of the pretty Shunamite we read,
Who warm'd the good King David and his bed,
Brought back his flagging spirits all so cool,
And kept the King of Israel warm as wool—
Indeed she warmer could the monarch keep,
Than any thing belonging to a sheep.

Most virtuous was Narcissa! lo,
All purity from top to toe;
As Hebe sweet, and as Diana chaste.
None but old Simon was allow'd a kiss,
Though hungry as a hound to snap the bliss;
Nor squeeze her hand, nor take her round the waist:
Had any dar'd to give her a green gown,
The fair had petrified him with a frown;
For Chastity, Lord bless us! is so nice—
Pure as the snow, and colder than the ice.

Thus then, as I have said before,
Sweetly she slept, and probably might snore,
In good old Simon's unmolesting arms:
Some years, with this *antique* of Christian clay,
Did pass in this same tasteless, tranquil way—
Ah, gods! how lucky for such tender charms!

Yes, very fortunate it seem'd to be;
For, had Narcissa wedded some *young* chaps,

Their impudencies, all forsooth so free,
  Had robb'd her eyes by night of half their naps.

And yet, on second thoughts (sometimes the best),
Ladies *might* choose to lose a little rest,
Keep their eyes open for a lover's sake,
And thus a sacrifice to Cupid make.

It pleas'd at length the Lord who dwells on high,
To bid the good old simple Simon die;
  Sleep with his fathers, as the Scripture has it:
Narcissa wept, that they were doom'd to part,
Blubber'd and almost broke her little heart—
  So great her grief that nothing could surpass it.
Not Niobe mourn'd more for fourteen brats—
Nor Mistress Tofts*, to leave her twenty cats.

Not to his grave was poor old Simon *hurried*;
No! 'twas a fortnight full ere he was buried.
  'Tis said old Simon verily did stink.
A pretty sermon on th' occasion giv'n
Prov'd his good works, and that he was in heav'n:
  Scraps too of Latin did the parson link.

Unto the funeral sermon, all so sweet,
The congregation and the dead to greet:
For every wife that is *genteelly* bred
Orders a sprig of Latin for the dead.
And of a sprig of Latin what's the cost?—
A poor half-guinea at the most.

Latin sounds well—it is a kind of balm,
That honoureth a corpse just like a psalm;
And 'tis believ'd by folks of pious qualm,
Heav'n won't receive a soul without a psalm.—

* The famous singer. She died a few years since at Venice, and left to every cat a legacy.

But now for poor Narcissa, wailing dove!
Nothing—no, nothing equall'd her dear love:
  Such tears and groans burst forth, from eyes and
      mouth;
Where'er she went, she was so full of woes,
Just like a dismal day that rains and blows
  From every quarter—east, west, north and south;
And like some fountains were Narcissa's eyes,
Lifting a constant water to the skies.

Resolv'd to keep his image near her breast,
She got him beautifully carv'd in wood;
Made it her bed-fellow, to sooth her rest,
And thought him much like him of flesh and blood,
Because it lay so wonderfully quiet,
And like old Simon never bred a riot.
'Twas for some weeks, sweet soul, it was her plan
Nightly to hug her dear old wooden man:

  Yet, verily, it doth my fancy strike,
That buxom widows, full of rich desires,
Full of fine prancing blood, and Love's bright fires,
  Might such a wooden supplement dislike:
But who can answer for the sex, indeed?
Of things most wonderful we sometimes read!

It came to pass, a youth admir'd the dame—
Burning to satisfy a lawless flame,
  With much more passion fill'd, the rogue, than grace.
What did he? Brib'd, one night, Narcissa's maid,
And got his limbs, so dev'lish saucy, laid,
  Th' impostors in poor wooden Simon's place:
Susan, though born amongst a vulgar tribe,
Knew nature, and the nature of a bribe.—

The dame came up, delicious, and undrest,
  When Susan's candle suddenly went out—
Misfortunes, sometimes, will attend the best—
  No matter—sweet Narcissa made no rout.—

She could not miss the way, although 'twas dark,
Unto her bed, and dear old bit of bark.

In slipp'd the fair, so fresh, beneath the sheets,
  Thinking to hug her dear old oaken love—
But, lo! her bed-fellow with kisses greets!
  She trembles, like an aspen, pretty dove—
In short, her terror kept her so much under,
She could not get away—and where's the wonder?
Since 'tis an old and philosophic notion,
That terror robbeth all the limbs of motion.

The upshot of the matter soon was this—
Her horrors sunk, and died, at ev'ry kiss;
And, 'stead of wishing for the man of wood,
She seem'd to relish that of flesh and blood.

Next day, but not indeed extremely soon—
Some five or six o'clock—the afternoon,
Susan came tapping at the chamber-door:—
(Now this was very prudent, to be sure;
  It had been foolish to have tapped till then)
'Well, madam, what d'ye choose for dinner, pray?'
'Fish, flesh, and fowl,' the lady quick did say—
  'The best of ev'ry thing—I don't care *when*.'

'But, madam, I want wood to make a fire—
  'Tis rather late—our hands we have no time on.'
'Oh,' cried Narcissa, full of her new 'squire,
  Then, Susan, you may go and burn old Simon.'

ODE TO THE KING.

Written some Time since.

AN'T please your majesty, 'twas rumour'd lately
That you had got it in your head so stately,
That we must have a law-suit—God forbid it!
Whether 'tis Hawksb'ry, or his Grace of Leeds,
Invented such intended hostile deeds,
Or whether the more lofty Salisb'ry did it,
I say not—but great lords are giv'n to chatter!
So, sir, I deem it all a lying matter.

There's my Lord Bluff too—Cardigan the *great*,
Whose face Dame Nature never meant should cheat;
Who, if aught hurts the king, doth shrink and wince,
As *faithful* to his *sov'reign* as his *prince!*
Brimfull of loyalty his noble breast;
Large and fermenting like a tub of yeast!
Glad at the aloes thrown into my cup,
He says too that you mean to eat me up.

That heartily they wish it, I don't doubt—
Most loyal *seem* they in your cause, and stout!
You can't think how they *seem* to take your part;
And at the poet, as the devil, start—

I say the devil, sir, because some peers
Are with the devil oft in large arrears:
They open'd an account, sir, long ago—
And Satan's a great creditor, I know.

Yes, *hugely* do they *seem* to take your part,
And at the poet, as a demon, start;

Just like a horse or ass at some wild beast
Prepar'd to jump upon their backs, and feast.

This Loyalty's a bird of passage, sire;
Likes the sun's eye—a comfortable fire!
Warm'd by this fire, so cheerful doth she sing
The hack'd old ballad, call'd 'God save the king.'
But be in trouble, sir, soon, very soon
The jade will drop the good old tune.

Yes—much your lords are like the birds of May,
Crying, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, so gay;
But if a gloomy month appear, so rough,
And frost, and snow, and storms lay waste the land,
Where are the pretty birds with note so bland?
Off!

Spit on the courtiers, when with praise they greet:
What from their mouth's unhallow'd censer flows?
Instead of Fame's perfume, so passing sweet,
Lo, putrid dunghills smoke beneath thy nose;

Good God! that man should so far lose his nature,
To beg Hypocrisy to mould each feature—
Crawl like the meanest reptile of the plain;
Kick'd, cur-like whipp'd, and whistled back again!

You tell me that such reptiles you abhor,
And that you never *see* my *fancy'd cur*.
Indeed, sir!!! then I strongly do surmise
On levee-days you always *shut your eyes*.

ODE TO A MARGATE HOY.

WHEN Virgil shipp'd himself for Greece;
Whether to 'scape the bailiffs, I can't tell—
Or libels wrote, got drunk, and broke the peace;
But Horace wrote an ode, to wish him well.

Whether, like Margate Hoys, the ship was cramm'd
With Roman quality, no hist'ries know it;
But Horace swore she might as well be damn'd,
As show her nose again without the poet:
In the same verse he breath'd a pious wish
To blust'ring Boreas, and the king of fish*.

Now if a bard, and that a heathen too,
Could offer verse to make old Ocean quiet,
Instruct the great king Neptune *who* was *who*,
And bid the god of mack'rel breed no riot;

A *Christian* bard may give a hoy an ode,
So oft with valuable people stow'd,
That, thick as rats or maggots, from Wool Quay
Crawl down the ladder to their wat'ry way!

Go, beauteous Hoy, in safety ev'ry inch!
That storms should wreck thee, gracious Heav'n forbid.!
Whether commanded by brave Captain Finch,
Or equally tremendous Captain Kidd.

* Neptune.

Go, with thy cargo—Margate-town amuse;
And God preserve thy Christians and thy Jews!

Soon as thou gett'st within the pier,
  All Margate will be out, I trow,
And people rush from far and near,
  As if thou hadst wild beasts to show.

O Venus, queen of ev'ry kissing joy,
Beneath thy soft protection take the hoy;
Protect each damsel from the dangerous brine;
For many a nymph it holds, thou callest *thine*.

Alas! the little Loves, and blooming Graces,
Would all put on most melancholy faces,
Should Ocean, hostile to the soft desires,
O'erwhelming, quench for aye their am'rous fires.

My good friend Johnson—Mesdames Windsor, Kelly,
Who for the public, let me tell ye,
And through St. James's street, the Park, Pall-Mall,
Oft lead their lovely giggling tits along,
A pretty pleasing fascinating throng—
Much would they grieve to find the voyage fail:

Like three stout men of war for safety made,
From port to port, who convoy the *fair* trade;
Or three protecting ducks, that guard their brood,
And lead their cackling young to pick up food.

Yet not alone would *those* be taken napping—
Great were the loss of gentlefolks from Wapping,
Who fond of travel, unto Margate roam,
To gain that consequence they want at home.

At Margate how like quality they strut!
  Nothing is good enough to greet their jaws;
Yet, when at home, are often forc'd, God wot,
  To suck like bears a dinner from their paws—

Forc'd on an old joint-stool their tea to take,
  With treacle 'stead of sugar for their gums;
Butt'ring their hungry loaf, or oaten cake,
  Like mighty Charles of Sweden, with their thumbs.

But Hoy, inform me—who is she on board,
That seems the lady of a first-rate lord,
With stomach high push'd forth as if in scorn,
Like craws of ducks and geese o'ercharg'd with corn—

Dress'd in a glaring, gorgeous damask gown,
Which roses, like the leaves of cabbage, crown;
With also a bright petticoat of pink,
To make the eye from such a lustre shrink?

Yes, who is she the Patagonian dame,
  As bulky as of Heidelberg the tun;
Her face, as if by brandy taught to flame,
  In blaze superior to the noon-day sun—

With fingers just like sausages, fat things;
And loaded much like curtain-rods with rings?
Yes, who is she that with a squinting eye
Surveys poor passengers that sick'ning sigh;
Sad, pale-nos'd, gaping, puling, mournful faces,
Deserted by the blooming smiling graces;
That, reaching o'er thy side, so doleful throw
The stomach's treasure to the fish below?

'Tis Madam Bacon, proud of worldly goods,
  Whose first spouse shav'd and bled—drew teeth,
      made wigs;
Who, having by her tongue destroy'd poor suds,
  Married a wight that educated pigs!

But hark! she speaks! extremely like a man!
Raising a furious tempest with her fan—
'Why, captain, what a beastly ship! good God!
Why, captain, this indeed is very odd!

Why, what a grunting dirty pack of doings!
For Heav'n's sake, captain, stop the creatures' sp-w-
-ngs.'

Now hark! the captain answers—'Mistress Bacon,
I own I can't be with *such matters* taken;
I likes not vomitings no more than *you*;
But if so be that gentlefolks be sick,
A woman hath the bowels of *Old Nick*,
Poor souls, to bung their mouths—'twere like a
Jew.'

Majestic Mistress Bacon speaks agen!—
'*Folks* have no bus'ness to make others sick:
I don't know, Mister Captain, what you mean
About your Jews, and bowels of Old Nick:—
If all your cattle will such hubbub keep,
I know that I shall leave your stinking ship.

'Some folks have dev'lish dainty guts, good Lord!
What bus'ness have such cattle here aboard?
Such gang indeed to foreign places roam!
'Tis more becoming them to sp-w at home.'

But hark! the captain *properly* replies—
'Why, what a breeze is here, G-d d-mn my eyes!
God bless us, Mistress Bacon! who are *you?*
Zounds, *ma'am*, I say, *my* passengers *shall sp-w*.'

THE WOLF AND THE LION.

A TALE,

Dedicated to Lord Hawkesbury.

KINGS really are in general not *so bad*;
And therefore I must take their part;
But 'tis their servants that are drunk or mad,
With ev'ry demon trick and little art.

Champions for master's fame, they fire away;
And, 'midst the bustle of the idle fray,
Like lubbers, knock him on the head;
Then, staring, wonder how he should be *dead!*
Sometimes a king discovers he has eyes—
Then for himself he sees—now that is wise.

Once on a time a lion, not a fool,
Though in the under class of Wisdom's school,
Amidst his subjects had a monkey got,
Who, rather impudent enough,
Would take his sov'reign's foibles off,
Tell stories of him—mimic him—what not?

This for the scheming wolf was quite a feast,
Who told the monarch of the monkey's sinning.
Relating all his mimicry and grinning,
Trying to irritate the noble beast.

'What, what, what doth he say?' the lion cry'd.—
'Dread sir, you are most wickedly belied,'
Rejoin'd the wolf with brazen face—
'He says that you to merit are no friend,
And only to a patronage *pretend*;
And slight th' *inferiors* of the brutal race.

'He swears you don't encourage useful beasts;
That for *yourself* alone you're making feasts;
And that it is beyond a question,
No beast has such a wonderful digestion;
That, all so saving, you would skin a stone,
And only think of number *one*;
And that it is a sin indeed and shame
My Lady Lioness should do the same;
That sycophants, who flatter, fawn, and creep,
Are really all the company you keep;
That beasts of talents, whom you should support,
Are all forbid to show their nose at court.'

'What?' quoth the monarch—'what, what? doth he so?'—
'Yes,' Sire; 'now hang him, and the rogue requite.'
'Wolf,' quoth the lion, 'no, no, no, no, no—
I fear, I fear, the rogue is *in the right*.

Now this was noble—like a king, in *sooth*—
Who scorn'd to choke a subject for the truth.

THE WOLVES, THE BEAR, AND OTHER BEASTS.

A FABLE.

ALL judges should be mild and just:
This is the case with *English ones*, I *trust;*
Such K***, B***, shine—those rare law-sages;
Neither of *these* a rash or hot-brain'd fool—
Most charming dove-like imps of Mercy's school,
Whose names shall live to distant ages—
All meekness, sweetness, tender nature—
And all their virtues of a giant stature!

What happiness it needs must yield a land,
To see such *goodly* men upon the bench,
Whom none can with a single murder brand;
Whose hearts, so pure, did ne'er emit a stench
Like carrion, so offensive to our noses,
But scents of lilies, violets, and roses!!!

They never, with the faces of the Furies,
Dar'd dictate, brow-beat, and control the juries;
Nor wilful misinterpreted the law:
Full well they know that juries are *above'em!*
And 'tis astonishing how much they *love'em!*
When *judge* and *jury* thus together draw

With so much pleasure, like a pair of nags,
Behold! no tongue opprobrious wags!
No tongue cries 'Jeffries, bloody Jeffries, Scrogs!
Hang, hang those traitors, like a brace of dogs!

'Not in their beds be they allow'd to die—
Nor let their putrid carcasses have graves:
Slap Pity's face, if e'er she bids her eye
Hold but a drop for such a pair of knaves.'

Full of rich character shall *such* descend,
And honour'd with their high-fam'd fathers sleep:
Fair Justice shall with sighs their herse attend,
And Pity's song of melancholy weep.

Like leaves, whilst *others* fall unmourn'd away,
And load of death the solitary glooms,
Lo! Glory from her sun shall pluck a ray,
And bid it spread eternal round their tombs.

Yet nations have been curs'd with wicked judges,
Who, fond of pow'r, possess'd hard jury-grudges;
Who calmly sent poor culprits to their graves,
Just as an eastern despot sends his slaves.
For *such* I pen a neat Æsopian tale;
Hoping the pretty moral will prevail.

Th' *inferior* beasts most bitterly complain'd,
(And who will not complain, whose cheek is smitten?)
That from the wolves much hardship they sustain'd,
And often most inhumanly were bitten.
This wantonness Dame Justice did cry, 'fie' on—
And mentioned it, but vainly, to the lion.

'Those damn'd furr'd rascals!' growl'd the angry beasts,
'Each wolf upon our meat continual feasts;
Yet *snap*'s the word, and quick off goes a head:
We must take out their teeth—it can't be borne—
Yes, from their jaws their grinders must be torn—
Behold, the very fields with blood are red.'

But first the bear must be consulted.—Bruin,
Who did not much approve jaw-ruin,
With his black hide, to all the beasts appear'd,
And with much gravity their story heard.

'Sirs' (quoth the bear), 'you talk of taking teeth
With such an easy and familiar breath,
As though it might be pleasant to their jaws;
But I must ask the wolves if they'll consent
That from their mouths their grinders shall be rent;
For this is necessary, sirs, because
The wolves are *owners* of the teeth, and therefore,
Before Ruspini's* call'd, will ask a *wherefore*.

Bruin, in consequence, the wolves addrest:
'Lord wolves, it is the wish of many a beast,
That you consent your teeth may all be pull'd;—
D-mn me if I would lose my snags, my lords;
I'd tell the knaves so, in so many words—
God d-mn me, of one's grinders to be gull'd!

'What! lose our teeth?' exclaim'd the wolves—'no no—
We'll keep them, if it only be for *show*.—
Say, my lord bruin, that, and let them *chew* it—
Nay, tell the fools, we wish them somewhat longer,
Sharper, and more of them, and stronger;
And, if we lose them, *force* shall only do it.'

This answer of the wolves, lord bear reported:
Which answer did not please the beasts at all;
Who slighted, now no longer *pray'd* and *courted*,
But on the villains fast began to fall,
Chok'd two or three *prime rogues*, and, on condition,
Receiv'd from all th' affrighted rest, *submission*.

* The chevalier, a famous dentist.

THE

TEARS OF ST. MARGARET;

ALSO

ODES OF CONDOLENCE

TO THE

HIGH AND MIGHTY MUSICAL DIRECTORS, ON THEIR DOWNFALL:

To which is added,

THE ADDRESS TO THE OWL.

LIKEWISE

MRS. ROBINSON's HANDKERCHIEF, AND JUDGE BULLER's WIG; A FABLE.

ALSO THE

CHURCHWARDEN OF KNIGHTSBRIDGE,

Or the Feast on a Child.

Delirant, Reges, plectuntur Achivi.

The king was wroth; and smelling matters out,
He put the Grand Directors to the rout.

TO THE READER.

THE frequent complaint of ignorance, partiality, profusion, &c. exhibited against the Most Noble Musical Directors, together with their quarrels with the principal singers and performers, having brought them into unpopularity; and what seemed worst of all, the Most Noble Directors having imprudently made a public declaration, without his majesty's consent, that there was an end of Abbey Commemoration, such a favourite hobby-horse of majesty; the King resolved on their dismission from all and every interference at the oratorio to be performed at St. Margaret's church. The immediate consequence of the royal denunciation was the *displeasure* of the directors, and was also, of consequence, the *displeasure* of the Lyric Bard, who sighed on the mournful occasion, and took up the cudgels in their defence. Great has been the cry against them, that they feasted at the *Saint Alban's Tavern,* at the expense of the Musical Fund. Although I do not credit such rumour, I have taken the fact for granted, that (like their de-

puties, who actually *did* feast at different times at the *Saint Alban's Tavern*, at the expense of the fund) the Noble Directors *did* condescendingly show the example; and I have hinted that those Most Noble Directors had as fair a right to be rewarded with dinners as *parish officers* and their friends, who so frequently have a jovial meeting, to *eat and tipple eleemosinary* on the birth of a bastard.

PROLOGUE TO THE ODES;

OR

THE TEARS OF ST. MARGARET.

NOW night, the negro, reign'd—'Past one o'clock,'
The drowsy watchman bawl'd—from murky vaults,
The dough-fac'd spectres crowded forth—the eye,
The sunk, the wearied eye of Toil, was clos'd:
Mute, Nature's busied voice, her brawl and hum;
While Horror, creeping on the world of gloom,
Breath'd her dark spirit through the death-like hour—
Now from her silver-fringed east the moon
Peep'd on the vast of shade--up-mounting slow,
In solemn stilness, till her lab'ring orb,
Freed from the caves of darkness, gain'd its sphere,
And mov'd in splendid solitude along.
At this blank hour of awe, amid her fane,
That caught a partial radiance on its walls,
A radiance stealing on the shadowy tombs,
Illuminating death,—the pious maid,
Whose flesh did wonders in its days of bloom,
And bones work'd marvels when she smil'd no more,
The pensive Margaretta stalk'd, and paus'd,
And paus'd and stalk'd, and stalk'd and paus'd agen;
Now nailing to the twilight floor her eye;
Now gazing on the holy windows dim;
Now motionless, and now with hurrying step

Along the hollow-sounding aisle she pass'd;
And leaning lorn at murder'd Raleigh's tomb,
Of Silence wak'd the pale and sacred sleep,
With plaintive accent, thus ——

MARGARET's LAMENTATION.

WHY should yon old Abbey, should'ring
My poor fane with Gothic pride,
Cracking, sinking, falling, mould'ring,
On the back of Marg'ret ride?

What is that huge ruin's merit?
Only fit for housing rats.
Be her guests, with all my spirit,
Hooting owls, and horrid bats!

Why am *I* to be despis'd,
Why am *I* to be kept under;
I who once by kings was priz'd?
What's the meaning on't, I wonder?

I whose pow'r could agues charm,
Fits and tooth-aches, cramps and evils;
Satan's wicked self disarm;
Him, the great proud prince of devils.

Lo, that abbey for past years,
At each grand commemoration,
For Directors boasted *peers*—
Peers the glory of the nation!

Who were *my* directors? Lo,
Doctor Parsons, Justice Collic;
Arnold and Dupuis and Co.
What a very pretty frolic!

But 'tis said the *king* commanded,
And the grand Directors fell:
By the king were they disbanded?
Fame will blush the tale to tell.

Soon I'll go (for what should hinder ?)
  To the first of rhiming men;
To that giant Peter Pindar—
  He shall hear—and then, and then !!

Peter in his wrath shall rise,
  And the scythe of verse prepare;
Lo, I see his lightning eyes !
  Lo, his arm of vengeance bare !

Backs of monarchs shall he slice,
  As he scorns them so *sincerely*—
Woman need not ask him twice;
  Peter loves the ladies dearly.

Thus spoke the saint!—When Morn her blushes spread,
  To Covent-garden's square she wing'd her flight,
And drew the curtains of the poet's bed,
  Who fortunately slept *alone* that night.

To *him* she told her story o'er and o'er;
  When Peter, rous'd by Marg'ret's sad narration,
Pull'd off his night-cap, and devoutly swore
  He'd *roast* a *certain* ruler of a nation.

Saint Marg'ret thank'd the bard with sweetest smiles;
And Peter thunder'd on the King of Isles.

ODES OF CONDOLENCE.

ODE I.

The Poet breaks mournfully out on the Fall of the Noble Directors—Threatens to expostulate with the King—Laments the Loss of Direction-importance, Boxes, White Wands, and Dinners at the Saint Alban's Tavern, &c.

POOR Leeds! poor Uxbridge! and poor Joah
Bates!
And all ye other poor ones, of hard fates!
'Tis a strange man this king of ours indeed—
There's reason, to be sure, in roasting eggs!
What? raise an oratorio at Saint Peg's,
And set a thing on *foot* without a *head!*

What? could the king have music in a church,
And leave the *great* directors in the lurch?
Ev'n so!—but lo, I'll parley with the king,
And such a peal into his ears I'll ring!

Thus will I say, howe'er it may disgust—
'An't please your majesty, you are *unjust*.'

'How, how?' the king will cry, with wild rapidity,
'Yes, sire, the grand directors take it ill;
Deeming themselves all men of tuneful skill,
And having all for crotchets, hawk-avidity;

'That they should lose the lead in this affair,
Which really makes them marvel, and so stare,
Not knowing what offence they have committed;
Being a set of very clever men,
So stuff'd with crotchet-knowledges, and then
For oratorios so nicely fitted!

'Behold! no boxes for directors! no!
Who at the Abbey form'd a raree-show,
With nice kid gloves, medallions, wands so white!
Tagrag and bobtail now condemn'd to join;
What's ten times worse, condemned to *pull out* coin;
Men so unus'd to pay a single doit!

'When proud to view of royalty the rays,
Your subjects had their bellies full of gaze,
Amid the Abbey's glory for past years;
Then would they ponder on the white-stick row,
Of Uxbridge, Grey de Wilton, Leeds, and Co.
And, *next* to majesty, admire the peers.

'Who's that slim, whey-fac'd gentleman, and thin,
With some old gentlewoman's nose and chin?
And *he* so surly, with a sable face?'
Would gaping strangers all so curious cry;
When, all so solemn, I have made reply,
'*That* lord is Leeds's very noble grace,

'With lath-like form, whey face, and cheeks so thin,
And good old gentlewoman's nose and chin—
And he who lours as though he meant to bite,
Is Earl of Uxbridge, with his face of night.'
And then I've told the names of all the rest;
At which the strangers have been all so *blest*,
Bow'd, curtsy'd low, so grateful—I don't doubt it,
They told their dear relations *all about it!*

'No more directors challenge admiration!
No more the tuneful rulers of a nation!
Unknown in *vulgar* seats they bite their thumbs;
Now half awake they nod, and now they sleep,
And now they sigh, and now in dreams they weep,
And mumble much displeasure midst their gums.

'Heav'ns! with what huge delight their eyes would hail
The *breeches** blazing at Saint Marg'ret's tail,
Instead of Stephen, who, to all belief,
Poor fellow, must have travell'd with a brief†!

'But, sir, this is not all—for in your ear,
Something more horrible brings up the rear!
No longer on the *tweedle-dum* account,
At yon fair tavern in Saint Alban's street,
Those men of taste and music joyful greet,
And load their stomachs to a large amount;

'All for the good of the *poor* fund, so kind!
Now this is dreadful to my simple mind;
To think those titled men, whose valiant jaws,
And stomachs all so keen, and deep as sacks,
And teeth so valorous in feast attacks,
So bravely battled in the tuneful cause,
Should, by the royal word so hard commanded,
Disgracefully be turn'd adrift—disbanded!

'I hear, I hear the angry lords exclaim,
"Thus to be all discarded! 'tis a shame—
The royal mandate will be *cruel* styl'd—

* Poor Saint Stephen had a very warm pair of breeches clapped to his . . . . lately; but the saint luckily shook them off.

† To solicit charity, like many others who suffer by fire.

Behold churchwardens, overseers so sleek!
Read their card-invitations ev'ry week—
'Sir, you're desir'd to come and eat a child.'
One child a week they constantly devour—
Sometimes they eat two children—sometimes four—
If thus those fellows live, the lazy drones,
Lords of a *charity* may pick the bones;
Yes, as provisions are so very dear,
Eat a *few fiddlers* once or twice a year."

'Such is the language lords employ, O king,
Enough the hearts of savages to wring,
And make, I hope, your royal conscience ache—
Such reas'nings are indeed extremely deep!
Why should of *lords* the teeth and stomachs sleep,
Whilst those of keen *churchwardens* are awake?

Thus to the king of nations will I cry—
But what will be his majesty's reply?—
'Thank, thank ye, Peter, for supporting straws—
Good advocate—good, good, in a bad cause:
I'll have no more such doings, let me tell ye—
No, no, no eating calves in the cow's belly.'

ODE TO ST. CECILIA.

The Poet very loyally calls upon St. Cecilia, the great Patroness of Music, by wąy of Justice of Peace, Constable, and Comforter, to come down from Heaven to the noble Directors, issue a Proclamation for dissolving Societies of Musical Instruments; taking them up, and knocking them to Pieces, as also the Heads of the Musicians against each other.—The Poet concludes with a Prophecy of returning Power to the Directors.

DIVINE Cecilia, pray, from Heav'n step down;
  Most wondrous are the doings in this town!
Behold, behold a tuneful revolution!
Directors banished, but no execution!
Thank God, no grinning heads of lords, poor souls,
Amid the mob, survey the streets on poles.
The fiddles screech with rapture one and all;
The flutes and hautboys whistle at the fall:
  The pompous organ, for rebellion ripe!
Glad of the long-wish'd overthrow, he opes,
To show the world his pleasure, all his stops,
  And pours his thunders through each giant pipe;

Whilst all his pigmies, trilling, squeaking, squalling,
Like mad things, every one his tune, are bawling:
The hoarse bassoons their nasal twang employ—
And hog-like bases grunt the song of joy.

Wild screams the trumpet's brazen note so clear;
  And on th' occasion, scorning to be mum,
Like cannon soundeth on the loaded ear,
  At solemn intervals, the double drum.

The various instruments of wind and string,
Thus to the world in saucy triumph sing—
'What are those Lord-directors?—arrant fools,
Mean mongrels—never bred in Music's schools—
With just as much of science as a pig;
Who scarcely know a psalm-tune from a jig.
Are these the men to lead us?—Music swears,
And to the pill'ry recommends their ears.'

And lo, of Music the choice bands,
Delighted, clad their madding hands;
And, raising to the stars their eyes devout,
'Thank Heav'n,' they roar, 'those *fellows* are turn'd [out.
No longer shall their tyranny impose,
And lead the king of nations by the nose.'

Then, sweet Cecilia, leave thy lofty station;
O haste and issue out thy proclamation—
  Of wondrous danger let it talk aloud—
Root up societies of flutes, bassoons;
Knock down the organ, for his rebel tunes,
  The brazen trumpet break, and crack the crowd.

Lay on the necks of the rebellious band
Thy powerful and chastising hand—
And for their impudent and senseless pother,
Sweet goddess, knock one head against another.

O haste and keep the mournful lords in heart,
As scarce a single mortal takes their part.
Except the lofty family of pride,
Few are the comforters they boast beside—

These are their constant friends indeed, and stout;
Friends that few nobles ever are *without*:

Hereditary friends of ancient date,
Accompanying great title and estate.

And yet 'tis said no virtues can reside
Where dwells that lofty scowling spirit, pride;
That aconite, the noisome weed of gloom,
That near it suffers not a flow'r to bloom.

Joy to my soul! of Leeds his glorious grace
Puts forth a simpering sweet prophetic face,
Amid this rough mischance, that seems to say,
'Though disappointment mocks the present hour,
Next year shall mark the triumph of my pow'r,
When Faction's scowling fiends shall shun the day.'

Thus when the monarch of the winds, in spite,
Rolls a dark phalanx on the golden light,
And blots the beauteous orb the world adorning,
Sol lifts the sable mantle of a cloud,
And peeping underneath the envious shroud,
Smiles hope, and says, 'I'll shine to-morrow morning.'

ODE.

The bard *advises the Directors to submit to their degraded Situation; and, by way of Consolation, informs them of the fallen State of the* Poets—*and, moreover, comforts the Directors with the Changes that take place amongst crowned as well as un-crowned Heads.*

YET not alone are *you* by kings despis'd;
Lo, lofty poets are no longer priz'd,
That to an eagle turn'd a popinjay;

That scorn'd of Time the ever-dreaded wars,
Turn'd winking rush-lights into blazing stars,
And stole from frail mortality, decay!

Poets, with that rare instrument call'd rhime,
Drew with the greatest ease the teeth of Time;
Snapp'd his broad scythe so keen, and broke his glass;
Clipp'd his two wings, and fix'd him on an ass:
Such was the envied pow'r of *ancient* bards,
When kings vouchsafd to crown them with rewards.

In days of old, the bards were sacred creatures,
Deem'd so exalted in their natures!
By numbers thought fit company for *gods!*
Lo, at the feasts of kings the minstrels sat;
Eat, sung, and mingled in the royal chat;
And scarcely did there seem a grain of odds.

Thus cried those kings of old, (delightful praise!)
'Touch not the men of other days;
Hurt not a hair of those sweet sons of song,
Whose voices shall be heard amidst our halls,
When we, amidst of death the narrow walls,
In gloomy silence shall be stretch'd along.'

Scot-free the poets drank and ate;
They paid no taxes to the state!
Now comes a *butcher*, roaring 'pay your bill;'
Now the blue-apron'd wight of beer,
And man of bread, approach and cry, 'Look here;
'Not one more morsel, not a single gill,
Shall, Master Poet, pass your piping throat,
Until you quickly pay up ev'ry groat.'
Unnatural! alas, what Gothic sounds!
Thus 'tis the *rude* profane a poet wounds!
At Windsor, when the monarch has been by,
How have I languish'd on the royal stye,
Where wanton'd fifty little grunting grigs!
But never had the king the grace to say,

'You're hungry, hungry, Peter—take away,
  Take, take a couple of the prettiest pigs.'

Oft of his geese too have I heard the notes,
And, hungry, wish'd to stop their gobbling throats;
  But vainly did mine eyes around them wander
How easily the monarch might have said,
'You don't eat roast meat often, I'm afraid;
  Take, take away the fattest goose or gander.'

Kings care not if we neither drink nor carve—
This is their speech in secret, 'Sing and starve.'
And yet our monarch has a world of books,
And daily on their backs so gorgeous looks;
So neatly bound, so richly gilt, so fine,
He fears to open them to read a line!

Since of our *books* a king can highly deem,
The *authors* surely might command esteem—
But here's the dev'l—I fear too many know it—
Some kings prefer the *binder* to the *poet*.

Yet though it never was poor Peter's fate
To get a sixpence from the man of state,
  Who rather tries to keep the poets under—
Oft have I dipp'd in golden praise the pen,
Writing *such handsome things* about great men,
  That Candour's eye-balls have been seen to wonder.
Yet *had* it *happen'd* that the bard
Had borne on high-bred folk *a little hard*;
Good for an *evil* mortals should return—
'Tis very wicked with revenge to burn.
The *sun*'s a bright example, let me say—
Obliges the black clouds that veil his ray;
Oft makes them *decent* figures to behold,
And covers all their dirty rags with gold.

But let us not an idle pother keep,
  And, ass-like, at a *revolution* bray;

Lo, *kings themselves*, like cabbages, grow cheap:
Thus ev'ry dog at last will have his day—
He who this morning *smil'd*, at night may *sorrow*;
The *grub to-day*'s a *butterfly to-morrow*.

ODE.

The Poet administers Comfort to the disgraced Directors.

POOR imps! we all are born, at times to groan!
Misfortune won't let Happiness alone;
Sharp as a cat for ever pleas'd to watch her,
And trying with a thousand traps to catch her.

Still must we all submit—it is our fate
To mourn at home, amid this mortal state!
Yet by our folly often worse we make it.—
At disappointment frequent have I sigh'd:
'P-x take the world!' indignant I have cry'd—
Life is not worth the terms on which we take it.'

Then on the lot of mortals did I scowl;
And angry thus, one night, address'd an owl.

ADDRESS TO AN OWL.

'Thou solemn bird on yonder ivy'd tow'r,
Wilt thou exchange thy nature owl with me?
Happy to take possession of thy bow'r,
I here protest I would exchange with *thee*.

'When to his western bed the sun retires,
Obeys the curfew, and puts out his fires;

When Evening, blushful harbinger of night,
Gems with the dews of health the drooping flow'r;
With cooling zephyrs fans the sober hour,
And wakes the myriads to the fading light;

'Forth, with what happiness I pass
Amid the moist reviving grass,
To meet the tribes by Nature made,
To crawl and wing the world of shade!

'Daughters and sons of night that creep the ground,
Blest must ye live, with such a calm around,
So unmolested, to enjoy your loves!
And *lighter* people, ye who spread the wing,
Now mid the moon's pale lustre sport and sing,
Now playful pierce the shadows of the groves.

'Ye harmless nations, with averted eyes,
The sons of men your silent world despise,
Because their eyes *no* punch houses behold;
Because *no* mobs, nor fires, nor thieves appear;
Because *no* riots with their yells they hear;
No brothels, scenes of sallow fate unfold.
Sweet owl, this short apostrophé excuse;
And willing now to *thee* returns the muse.

'O bird of wisdom, 'mid the twilight scene
Dimly I mark thy philosophic mien—
And now I see expand thy snowy wings:
To yonder elm, O happy happy fowl,
Thou rushest forth to call upon Miss Owl,
Expectant of her beau, who darkling sings.

'Together now ye sail the dusky vale,
Now dart on prey, now mount agen the gale;
Now on the moon-clad barn or silent grove,
Your four hands fill'd with various game, ye go
(For hunger must be satisfied, I trow);
And, after feasting, kiss and sing of love.

'To-morrow sullen must I move to town,
Shook in a wooden engine up and down,
For want, O owl, of thy soft gliding wing—
Stow'd with a gang of thieves perchance, and trulls;
Too noisy for the thickest human skulls—
Who smoke, and laugh, and roar, and swill, and
sing.

'Gladly at length I quit my wooden hive;
Fatigu'd, at busy London I arrive,
Parent of sin, and nastiness, and noise:
By coach and cart, and wheelbarrow and dray,
Through motley mob I force my sighing way;
Pimps, porters, chairmen, chimney-sweepers' boys:

'Saluted, as I pass along,
By all the various imps of song,
This crying rabbits rabbits, wild fowl that,
Another mack'rel, salmon, oyster, sprat!

'With such a howling ear-distracting note,
And mouth extended as a barn-door wide,
That fish and flesh forsooth may be *well* cried,
A man might leap into each cavern throat.

'In Covent-Garden, at the Hummums, now
I sit, but after many a curse and vow
Never to see the madding city more;
Where barrows truckling o'er the pavements roll,
And, what is horror to a tuneful soul,
Where asses asses greeting, love-songs roar;

'Which asses, that the Garden square adorn,
Must lark-like be the heralds of my morn.
Let others talk with wild affright
Of horrors and the shades of night;
You want not Sol's refulgent painful ray;
Night to your eyes is but a milder day.

'Let others mock your airs that simply flow—
Teeho teewhit, teewhit teeho—

But then, dear owl, 'tis *sweetly* simple, mind:
Avaunt the *scientific* squall—
I hate it—*nature* hates it all—
But lo! 'tis *science* and the *ton*, I find.

'The ear with *harsh chromatics* must be *teas'd*,
Grown much too *fashionable* to be *pleas'd*.
Here could I wander 'mid the dewy glade,
On sacred silence feast, and shade:
But ah! farewell—rest calls me—'tis night's noon;
On wings of freedom as thou sweep'st the sky,
Sweet child of shadows, o'er my hamlet fly,
And kindly sooth my slumber with a tune.'

Thus out of humour I address'd the bird,
Wishing to change conditions with the fowl;
But at the cheerful morn, upon my word,
I lik'd the *man*-state better than the *owl*.

Thus anger'd at the wayward tricks of fate,
Pettish you wish your grandeur at the devil;
Yet, after cursing *high* and *mighty* state,
You wisely deem it not so *huge* an *evil*:
Contented to be *men of worship* till,
Pleas'd with the gifts that *kings*, not *Heav'n*, bestow;
Proud, from the height of title's star-clad hill,
To mock us poor *unhonour'd* grubs below.

ODE.

The Poet comforteth again and again and again the noble Directors with moral Reflections, &c.

'TIS giv'n as gospel both in prose and rhimes,
That people should not be for ever blest;
Misfortune therefore must be good at times,
A salutary, though satiric guest;

That goads to Virtue's works the rump of Sloth ;
Like gout, that bites us into health so fair;
Or like the needle, while it wounds the cloth,
It puts the rag into repair.

Sigh now no more, nor let those suns, your eyes,
Be dimly gleaming through perpetual show'rs—
Let pleasure bring the beam of summer skies,
And gild the pinions of your sable hours.

Let not Grief's surge along your bosom roll,
Nor Fancy gather sorrows for the soul.

Ah! sigh no more, sweet lords, pray sigh no more!
Not all, not all your consequence is dead;
In Tot'nam-street you still preserve a pow'r,
And proudly bear an elevated head;
Where, all obedience, and with one accord,
Musicians learn to tremble at the Lord*.

ODE.

The Vicissitudes of Life, wonderful!

LIFE changes—now 'tis calm—now hurricane—
Up, down, down, up—a very windmill's vane
Is man, poor fellow—much too like a ball;
'Tis high, 'tis low—'tis this way now, now that,
Just as its *wooden master* wills, the bat—
Thus majesty can bid us rise or fall.

The monarch may repent him of the deed—
His heart, so soft, at your dismission bleed.

* Of the night, who selects the music, and sometimes gives a *soprano* song to a *bass voice*, and who once ordered, in the *Jubilate*, the trumpet part to be executed by the German flute.

To House of *Buckingham* you may be call'd,
  And at the queen's sweet little concerts sing;
Then how the tribe of nobles will be gall'd!
  This will be soaring on the eagle's wing.

Thus to the world then be it understood,
What seems *misfortune*, happens for our *good:*
This from my rhiming store-house, or my *stable*,
May be elucidated by a *fable*.

MRS. ROBINSON's HANDKERCHIEF AND JUDGE BULLER's WIG.

A FABLE.

A Handkerchief, that long had press'd
The snows of Laura's swelling breast,
  O'er which fair scene full many a longing lover,
With panting heart, and frequent sighs,
And pretty modest leering eyes,
  Had often often been observ'd to hover—

This handkerchief to Kitty giv'n,
Was forc'd at length to leave its heav'n,
  And enter a Jew clothes-man's ample bag—
O what a sad reverse, poor soul!
To sweat in such a horrid hole;
  With ev'ry sort of dirty rag!

'Pray, who are *you?*' the plaintive 'kerchief cry'd,
Perceiving a rough neighbour at her side:
  'You smell as though your master was a *pig*—
What are you? tell me, stinking creature.'—'Ma'am,'
The hairy neighbour grave replied, 'I am
  The most tremendous great Judge Buller's wig.'

'Indeed sir! O how chang'd our fate!
How diff'rent were we both of late!

Now to be lodg'd in this vile place—
What will become of us at last? O dear,
Something more terrible than this, I fear;
Something that carries huge disgrace.'

'Madam,' rejoin'd the wig, 'don't cry;
No cause have you indeed to sigh;
So trust for once a wig's prophetic words—
My fate is to be just the same, I find;
Still for a scarecrow's head design'd,
To frighten all the thieves—the birds.

'But, luckier, *you* so chang'd will rise,
A fav'rite of ten thousand eyes;
Not burnt (as you suppos'd perhaps) to tinder;
Chang'd to the whitest paper—happy leaves,
For *him*, the bard who like a god conceives,
The great, th' immortal Peter Pindar.'

'La, sir, then what a piece of news!
God bless, I say, God bless the Jews—
I wish my dear dear mistress did but know it:
Her hands then I shall happy touch again;
For madam always did maintain
That Mister Pindar was a *charming* poet.'

ODE.

Still more Comfort for Directors!

ONCE more I pray you, be not sad;
Remember what the proverb doth declare:
'Tis better riding on a pad,
Than on a horse's back that's bare.
At Tot'nam's concert, to delight ye—
Behold, my lords, you still are mighty

Think of your titles too—the name of *lord*,
What merit it proclaims of head and heart!

It is a tradesman's handsome board,
  In letters fair of gold that doth impart
To people who their mouths of wonder ope,
What goodly articles are in the shop.

Yes, as of yore, the pompous name of *lord*
  Doth still our awe-clad admiration rule—
And comfort to the hungry doth afford—
  As nods of lords are dinners for a *fool*.

'I thank my God, I am not like those fellows,'
Cried the proud Pharisee, the bellows
  Or trumpet of his reputation blowing—
And you in triumph also may exclaim
Proud of a peer's exalted name,
  With pride of title and fair birth o'erflowing,

'I thank my stars, I am not like the *mob*,
Whom Nature fabricated by the *job*.'

You shall, you shall return to pow'r,
And o'er the grumbling million tow'r;
  Your sacred laws shall be obey'd—
Musicians to allegiance *must* return—
In sackcloth and in ashes mourn;
  Submitting, if you will it, to be flay'd.

Their eyes so fierce, that flash'd like tin reflectors,
As though they meant to roast the grand directors,
  Shall from their meteor fury fade away—
Becoming mild and placid as the light
Shed by the worm, the lamp of dewy night,
  Or Luna's modest melancholy ray.

Yes! to your noble hearts' delight,
With waving wands and gloves so white,
  And gilt medallions blest, shall ye appear;
Smile at us *mob*, the many-headed beast;
And, as you seem to like a *gratis*-feast,
  Eat a few fiddlers ev'ry year.

THE CHURCHWARDEN,

OR

THE FEAST ON A CHILD.

A TALE.

The following Story, founded on a Fact that happened some Years since, at the Swan at Knightsbridge, is introduced to illustrate the Meaning of eating a Child, *mentioned in the first Ode.*

AT Knightsbridge, at a tavern, call'd the Swan,
Churchwardens, overseers, a jolly clan,
Order'd a dinner, for themselves and friends—
A very handsome dinner, of the best:
Lo! to a turn, the diff'rent joints were drest—
Their lips, wild licking, ev'ry man commends.

Loud was the clang of plates, and knives, and forks;
Delightful was the sound of claret corks,
That stopp'd so close and lovingly the bottle:
Thou *Savoir-vivre* club, and *je n' sais quoi,*
Full well the voice of honest corks ye know,
Deep and deep-blushing from the gen'rous pottle.

All ear, all eye, to listen and to see,
The landlord was as busy as a bee—
Yes, Larder skipp'd like harlequin so light;
In bread, beer, wine, removal swift of dishes,
Nimbly anticipating all their wishes—
Now this, to man voracious as a kite,

Is pleasant—as the trencher-heroes hate
All obstacles that keep them from the plate,
As much as jockeys on a running horse
Curse cows or jack-asses that cross the course.

Nay, here's a solid reason too; for mind,
Bawling for things, demandeth *mouth* and *wind*:
Whatever therefore weak'neth *wind* and *jaws*,
Is hostile to the gormandizing cause.

Having well cramm'd, and swill'd, and laugh'd, and [sung,
And toasted girls, and clapp'd, and roar'd, and rung,
And broken bones of tables, chairs, and glasses,
Like happy bears, in honour of their lasses,
Not *wives!* not *one* was toasted all the time—
Thus were they decent—it had been a crime,
As wives are delicate and sacred names,
Not to be mix'd indeed with wh—s and flames:

I say, when all were cramm'd unto the chin,
And ev'ry one with wine had fill'd his skin,
In came the landlord with a cherub smile:
Around to ev'ry one he lowly bow'd,
Was vastly *happy—honour'd*—vastly *proud*—
And then he bow'd again in *such* a style!

'Hop'd *gemmen* lik'd the dinner and the wine:'
To whom the *gemmen* answer'd, 'very fine!
'A glorious dinner, Larder, to be sure.'—
To which the landlord, laden deep with bliss,
Did with his bows so humble almost kiss
The floor.

Now in an *alter'd* tone—a tone of gravity,
Unto the landlord full of smiles and suavity,
Did Mister Guttle the churchwarden call—
'Come hither, Larder,' said soft Mister Guttle,
With solemn voice and fox-like face so subtle—
'Larder, a little word or two, that's all.'

Forth ran th' obedient landlord with good will,
Thinking most nat'rally upon the bill.

'Landlord,' (quoth Guttle, in a soft sly sound,
Not to be heard by any in the room,
Yet which, like claps of thunder, did confound)
'Do you know any thing of Betty Broom?

'Sir?' answer'd Larder, stamm'ring—'Sir! what, sir?
Yes, sir, yes—yes—she liv'd with Mistress Larder;
But may I never move, nor never stir,
If but for *impudence* we did discard her:
No, Mister Guttle—Betty was too brassy—
We never keep a *sarvant* that is saucy.'

'But, landlord—Betty says she is with child.'—
'What's that to *me?*' quoth Larder, looking wild—
'I never kiss'd the hussey in my life,
Nor hugg'd her round the waist, nor pinch'd her cheek;
Never once put my hand upon her neck—
Lord, sir, you know that I have got a wife.

'Lord! nothing *comely* to the girl belongs—
I would not touch her with a pair of tongs:
A little puling chit, as white as paste;
I'm sure that never suited with *my* taste.

'But then, *suppose*—I only say, *suppose*
I *had* been wicked with the girl—alack,
My wife hath got the cursed'st keenest nose,
Why, zounds, she would have catch'd me in a crack;

'Then quickly in the fire had been the fat—
Curse her! she always watch'd me like a cat.

'Then, as I say Bet did not hit my taste,
It was impossible to be unchaste:—
Therefore it never can be true, you see—
And Mistress Larder's *full enough* for *me*.'

'Well,' answer'd Guttle, 'Man, I'll tell ye what—
Your wind and eloquence you now are wasting:

Whether Miss Betty hit your *taste* or not,
There's good *round* proof enough that you've been *tasting*.

'And, Larder, you've a wife, 'tis very true,
Perhaps a little somewhat of a shrew;
But Betty *was not* a bad piece of stuff.'—
'Well, Mister Guttle may I drop down dead,
If ever once I crept to Betty's bed!
And that, I'm sure, is swearing strong enough.'

'But, Larder, all *your* swearing will not *do*,
If Betty swears that she's with child by *you*.
Now Betty came and said she'd *swear* at once—
But *you* know best—yet mind, if Betty'll *swear*,
And then again! should Mistress Larder *hear*,
The Lord have mercy, Larder, on thy sconce.

'Why, man, were this affair of Betty told her,
Not all the dev'ls in hell would hold her.
'Then there's your modest stiff-rump'd neighbours all;
There'd be a pretty kick-up—what a squall!
You could not put your nose into a shop—
There's lofty Mistress Wick, the chandler's wife,
And Mistress Bull, the butcher's imp of strife,
With Mistress Bobbin, Salmon, Muff, and Slop,
With fifty others of such old *compeers*—
Zounds, what a hornet's nest about thy ears!'

From cheerful smiles, and looks, like Sol so bright,
Poor Larder fell to looks as black as night;
And now his head he scratch'd, importing guilt—
For people who are innocent *indeed*,
Never look down, so black, and scratch the head;
But, tipp'd with confidence, their noses tilt,
Replying with an unembarrass'd front;
Bold to the charge, and fix'd to stand the brunt.—

Truth is a tow'ring dame—divine her air;
In native bloom she walks the world with *state*:

But Falsehood is a meretricious fair,
Painted and mean, and shuffling in her gait;

Dares not look up with Resolution's mien,
But sneaking hides, and hopes not to be seen;
For ever haunted by a doubt
That all the world will find her out.

Again—there's honesty in *eyes*,
That shrinking show when tongues tell lies—
With Larder this was verily the case;
Informers were the eyes of Larder's face.

'Well, sir,' said Larder, whisp'ring, hemming, haing,
Each word so heavy, like a cart-horse drawing—
This is a d-mn'd affair, I can't but say—
Sir, please t' accept a note of twenty pound;
Contrive *another* father may be found;
And, sir, here's not a halfpenny to pay.'

Thus ended the affair, by prudent treaty;
For who, alas! would wish to make a pother?
Guttle next morning went and talk'd to Betty,
When Betty swore the bantling to *another**.

* By this ingenious mode of parish cookery, the same child may be devoured a dozen times over.

A

PAIR OF LYRIC EPISTLES

TO

LORD MACARTNEY

AND HIS SHIP.

Yes, of our Bagshot wonders tells Kien Long;
Delicious subjects for an epic song!
EPISTLE TO LORD MACARTNEY.

O, if successful, thou wilt be ador'd!
Wide as a Cheshire cat our court will grin,
To find as many pearls and gems on board
As will not leave thee room to stick a pin.
EPISTLE TO THE SHIP.

TO THE READER.

IT has been my wish, that the following pair of Lyric Epistles might be presented, with my Odes, to the Emperor Kien Long, on account of the quantity of original merit—but, to use a sublime phrase, as it would be *'letting the cat out of the bag,'* I have forborne.

The bustle and prowess of the invincible Duke on Bagshot Heath—the Heath on fire—the royal visit—the man of straw blown from the mine—the explosion of the powder mills at *Hounslow*—the attention of gods, as well as of the crows, to the camp—the humility of the Bagshot bushes, &c. are circumstances which, however they may be disdained by the fastidious pen of history, ought to be recorded. Indeed, I from my soul believe, that our *historians*, as they are called, are *too conceitedly lofty* to think of sullying a page with an account of the camp transaction; but *poets* were the only historians of ancient times, which I am ready to

prove by a profusion of learned quotation; and consequently *your* dull uninspired prose-men are invaders. For my part, I am resolved to support the *poetical charter*; and consequently, as often as the Duke, and the King and the Queen, and Madam Schwellenberg, and Lord Cardigan, and old Nicolai the fiddler, and Sir Francis Drake, and the *pages*, the *cooks*, and the *stable-boys*, &c. shall utter good things, achieve great actions, and be seen in close and important conversation together, such *events* shall be honoured with niches in my Lyric Temple of Immortality.

The Epistle to the Ship seems to be full of poetry and good wishes; but the horrid picture of the future disappointment of our Ambassador and his *Suite* at *Pekin*, with the disgracefully attendant circumstances, we hope to be merely a playful sketch of fancy of the Muse, and that she has really been visited by no such flogging illuminations.

A LYRIC EPISTLE

TO

LORD MACARTNEY,

AMBASSADOR TO THE COURT OF CHINA.

O CROWN'D with glory by our *glorious* king,
Deck'd in his liv'ry too, a *glorious* thing,
Amid the wonders at Saint James's done;
At house of Buckingham, in Richmond bow'rs,
At Kew, and lastly Windsor's lofty tow'rs,
Rich scenes at once of *majesty* and *fun*;

Forget not *thou* the *camp* on Bagshot Heath,
Where met the grimly regiments of death;
Where not the dev'l their rage sublime could damp;
Though heav'n, as if it meant to *mock* the matter,
Pour'd on their powder'd heads huge tubs of water,
And made the mighty Heath a dirty swamp.

Yes, of our Bagshot wonders tell Kien Long—
Delicious subjects for the epic song.

Talk of the valiant troops, all heav'n-descended,
On which the Kings of Britain oft depended,
When bold Rebellion through the nation ran;
Her venom spread, and told a *vulgar* host,
To humble, sweet *Subordination* lost,
That lo! the *mightiest monarch* was *but man!*

Such soldiers! such rare gen'rals! no *poltroons*,
Swell'd by the *gas* of courage to balloons;
Where, though those men like bacon all were smok'd,
Not *one*, by God's good providence, was *chok'd*.

Of Richmond's mighty chieftain, Richmond speak—
'*Now* wet, a riding dishclout,' shalt thou say—
Now broiling, whizzing, dropping like a steak,
So val'rous, 'mid the sun's meridian ray!'

Talk to Kien Long about his grace's *soul*;
What wisdom, sweetness, love, pervades the whole!

But *souls* in *common* are a dreary waste,
By brambles, thistles, barb'rous docks disgrac'd;
That need the ploughshare, harrow, and the fire—
Some souls are caves of filth and spectred gloom,
That want a window and a broom,
To yield them light, and clear the mire.
When honours lift th' unworthy fool on high,
On Fortune how with fierce contempt I scowl!
She hangs a dirty cloud upon the sky,
And with an eagle's pinion imps an owl.

Yet knaves and fools enjoy their *lucky hours*,
And ribbons, 'stead of ropes, their backs adorn—
Thus crawls the toad amid the fairest flow'rs,
And with the lily drinks the dews of morn.

But royal Richmond honours exaltation—
The pole-star of our military nation.
How pleasant then to see a Richmond rise!
Friend of a king, and *fav'rite* of the skies!

Charles*, to support a bastard and a wh—,
Impos'd a tax on coals, that starv'd the poor:

* King of England, whose mistress was a French woman, the *great, great*, and *illustrious* ancestor of his present grace.

Those *sans-culottes*-men made the saddest din!
But mark, how often *good* proceeds from *evil!*
This deed of Charles is now a *white-wash'd* devil—
Lo, Richmond casts a lustre round the sin!

By means of this *once shameful* tax on coal,
He sniggles *modest* Merit from her hole!

Where is the soldier that is not his friend?
See Admiration to his virtues bend;
And lo, the scar-clad veteran adores!
While Glory humbly kneeling to the skies,
With supplicating hands and fervent eyes,
A length of days upon his head implores.

Say, that his grace, ambitious of a name,
Is ever angling to catch martial fame:
And say too, how most fortunate the duke,
What noble fishes hang upon his hook;
Whilst *humbler* mortals, lab'ring day and night,
Poor patient creatures, seldom feel a *bite*.

Pow'r in the hands of Virtue is heav'n's *dew*,
That fost'ring feeds the flow'r of happiest hue—
In Vice's grasp, it withers, wounds, and kills:
'Tis *then* the fang so fatal, form'd to make
A passage for the venom of the *snake*,
That Nature's *life* with *dissolution* fills.

Bow down, ye armies, then, and thank your God,
That Richmond holds the military rod:
No *Janus he*, with *selfish views* to *fob*,
And touch the nation's pocket with a job*.

* Witness the *convenient* house and gardens near Plymouth Dock, so *œconomically* built with the public money. The annals of honour furnish us not with a sublimer instance of *self-denial*.

Yes, let the emp'ror all about him hear,
Talk of the bold transactions of the peer;
And say, what probably he can't believe,
That lo, the dauntless body of his grace,
In duels bor'd, has scarcely one sound place—
A honeycomb, a cullender, a sieve!

Say *how* that nothing could his courage check;
Proud of his post, and fearless of his neck,
Though only *one* upon his shoulders *dear*—
Thus Valour smiles at danger, death, and pain,
And feels an eighteen-pounder through his brain,
Coolly as *some* a pat upon the ear!

Say, how he gallop'd wild, up hill, down dale;
Frighten'd each village, turn'd each hovel pale;
Struck all the birds with terror, save the crows,
Who, spying such commotion in the land,
Concluded some great matter was in hand,
Much blood and carnage 'midst contending foes.

Say, how the world his deeds with wonder saw;
Say, that the Bagshot bushes bow'd with awe;
And say, his phiz such valour did inspire,
That lo, the very ground he trod, caught fire*.

Say, how went forth to see him, half the nation,
Their mouths well cramm'd with dust and admiration,
So ardent ev'ry eye's devouring look
To seize the galloping, the flying duke.

Such eating and such guzzling ev'ry day!
Nothing to pay!
All the duke's friends, great quality and small;
Our great King George, and lovely queen,
Were entertain'd scot-free, I ween—
Our generous nation doom'd to pay it all.

* This is a literal fact.

And yet, when Parliament beholds the bill,
I think that Parliament, with much ill will,
  May growl, and swear it was an idle thing,
This game of soldiers, such a *childish* play—
But let *me* answer Parliament, and say,
  It was not *childish, for it pleas'd the king*—

It made Tom Paine, the bull-dog, hold his tongue;
Arm'd with such lion-paws, and teeth so long;

Say, that the sun-like duke shone forth so bright,
That Punch ne'er triumph'd in a fiercer fight.
  Say, how he fir'd the *Hounslow* mills of powder;
Say, how the sympathizing grain, with sound,
Frighten'd the tiles from all the roofs around,
  Defying the *bold* thunder to roar louder!

Say, that immortal Cæsar* trod the place
Now fiercely gallop'd over by his grace.

Say, that the gods beheld him from on high—
That, to the lord of battles†, with a sigh,
  Thus spoke the monarch of the clouds—'Son Mars,
Had Troy possess'd a hero like the duke,
With *such* a soul, and *such* a fighting look,
  Our city had been safe amidst her wars.

'Go quickly, pull thy hat off to the duke,
And beg a lesson from the hero's book.'

Lord! as the duke, where *powder* only flam'd,
  Was so inspir'd, so val'rous, and so hot;
How had this duke the sons of battle sham'd,
  'Mid scenes of thunder, where they charg'd with
    shot!

Say too (and verily it was no joke)
  Although so lofty on their *cloud-capp'd* tow'rs,
Such were the volumes of ascending smoke,
  Smutty as blacksmiths look'd the heav'nly pow'rs;

* Julius Cæsar was most certainly at Bagshot.
† Mars.

And that the man of straw* (a thought how bright!)
Flew up, and put their godships in a fright!

Tell him, which probably may cause a smile,
That, at the distance of a mile,
His grace, a skull that powder wants, can note;
(Which, when it happens, let that skull beware)
See too a club with *one* disorder'd hair,
And mark *one* spot of grease upon a *coat*.

Thus war was Gothic, slovenly unchaste,
Till Richmond usher'd in the morn of taste!

Say too, that, for the honour of the nation,
We hope to see a book on *reputation*,
Proving that *public* vice should bring no shame†;
That *private* only damns a noble name.

Thus the poor nymph, too easy to contend,
Who blushing sins in secret with a friend,
Shall be a viler hussey than the woman
Who hangs her lips like cherries out for sale,
And shows her bosom's lilies, to regale
Each grazing beast that offers—quite a common.

'Why should I say all this unto the king?'
Thou cryest, O Macartney.—Good may spring:
It may unto thy embassy give weight,
By putting great Kien Long into a fright.

* It is *reported*, that a colossal figure, stuffed with straw, was blown out of the hill, to give *their majesties* an adequate idea of the ascent of ten thousand men or so, a frequent event at grand sieges. It is moreover reported, that this stuffed figure obtained a large portion of royal approbation. Indeed I am strongly inclined to believe the story.—It was quite a *new* idea.

† The reader is desired to ask Lord Lauderdale concerning this matter.

'Who knows,' Kien Long may whine with rueful
face,
'But all the rank and file are like his grace—
Then shall I shake upon my sapphire throne:
For troops like Richmond, that on valour feast,
May, like wild meteors, pour into mine east,
And leave my palace neither stick nor stone;

'Like roaring lions rush to eat me up—
In Britain breakfast, and in China sup.'

TO THE SHIP.

O THOU, so nicely painted, and so trim,
Success attend our court's delightful whim;
And all thy gaudy gentlemen on board;
With coaches just like gingerbread, so fine,
Amid the Asiatic world to shine,
And greet of China the imperial lord.

Methinks I view thee tow'ring at Canton:
I hear each wide-mouth'd salutation-gun;
I see thy streamers wanton in the gale;
I see the sallow natives crowd the shore,
I see them tremble at thy royal roar;
I see the very Mandarines turn pale.

Pagodas of Nang-yang, and Chou-chin-chou,
So lofty, to our trav'ling Britons bow;
Bow, mountains sky-enwrapp'd of Chin-chung-chan;
Floods of Ming-ho, your thund'ring voices raise;
Cuckoos of Ming-fou-you, exalt their praise,
With geese of Sou-chen-che, and Tang-ting-tan.

O monkeys of Tou-fou, pray line the road,
Hang by your tails, and all the branches load;
Then grin applause upon the gaudy throng,
And drop them honours as they pass along.

Frogs of Fou-si, O croak from pools of green;
Winnow, ye butterflies, around the scene;

Sing O be joyful, ev'ry village pig;
Goats, sheep, and oxen, through your pastures prance;
Ye buffaloes and dromedaries, dance;
And elephants, pray join th' uuwieldy jig.

I mark, I mark, along the dusty road,
The glitt'ring coaches with their happy load,
All proudly rolling to Pe-kin's fair town;
And lo, arriv'd, I see the emp'ror stare,
Deep marv'ling at a sight so very rare;
And now, ye gods! I see the emp'ror *frown.*

And now I hear the lofty emp'ror say,
'Good folks, what is it that you want, I pray?'
And now I hear aloud Macartney cry,
'Emp'ror, my court, inform'd that you were rich,
Sublimely feeling a strong money-itch,
Across the eastern ocean bade me fly;

'With tin, and blankets, O great king, to barter,
And gimcracks rare for China-man and Tartar.

'But presents, presents are the things we mean:
Some pretty diamonds to *our gracious* queen,
Big as one's fist or so, or somewhat bigger,
Would cut upon her petticoat a figure—
A petticoat of whom each poet sings,
That beams on birth-days for the best of kings.

'Yes, presents are the things we chiefly wish—
'These give not half the toil we find in trade.'—
On which th' astonish'd emp'ror cries, 'Odsfish!
Presents;—present the rogues the bastinade.'

Stern Resolution's eye, that flash'd with fate,
At danger cow'ring, wears a wither'd look;
Palsy'd his sinewy arm, where vengeance sate,
Whose grasp the rugged oak of ages shook—
His blood, so hot, grown suddenly so chill;
Sunk from a torrent to the creeping rill.

In short, behold with dread Macartney stare;
Behold him seiz'd, his seat of honour bare;
The bamboo sounds—alas! no voice of Fame:
Stripp'd, schoolboy-like, and now I see his train,
I see their lily bottoms writhe with pain,
And, like his lordship's, blush with blood and shame.

Ah! what avails the coat of scarlet dye,
And collar blue, around their pretty necks?
Ah! what the *epaulettes,* that roast the eye,
And loyal buttons blazing with *George Rex?*
Heav'ns! if Kien Long resolves upon their stripping,
These are no talismans to ward a whipping.

Now with a mock solemnity of face,
I see the mighty emp'ror gravely place
Fools'-caps on all the poor degraded men—
And now I hear the solemn emp'ror say,
''Tis thus we kings of China *folly* pay;
Now, children, ye may all go home agen.'

O beauteous vessel, should this prove the case,
How in Old England wilt thou show thy face?
I fear thy visage will be wondrous long.
Know, it may happen—ministers and kings,
Like common folk, are fallible—poor things!
Too often sanguine, and as often wrong.

Yet, if successful, thou wilt be ador'd—
Lo, like a Cheshire cat our court will grin!
How glad to find as many gems on board,
As will not leave thee room to stick a pin!

ODES TO KIEN LONG;

The present Emperor of China;

WITH

THE QUAKERS, A TALE;

TO A FLY,

Drowned in a Bowl of Punch;

ODE

TO MACMANUS, TOWNSEND, & JEALOUS,

The Thief-Takers;

TO CÆLIA.—TO A PRETTY MILLINER.
TO THE FLEAS OF TENERIFFE.—TO SIR W.
HAMILTON.—TO MY CANDLE, &c.

Ανα βαρβιτον δονησω, &c. ANACREON.

'Yes, let us strike the lyre, and sing, and rhime;
By far the wisest way of spending time.'
So says Anacreon, my dear Kien Long;
Let Britain then, and China, hear *our* song.

TO THE

EMPEROR OF CHINA.

DEAR KIEN LONG,

AT length an opportunity presents itself for conversing with the *second* potentate upon earth, George the Third being most undoubtedly the *first*, although he never made verses. Thy praises of Moukden, thy beautiful little Ode to Tea, &c. have afforded me infinite delight; and to gain *my plaudit*, who am rather difficult to please, will, I assure thee, be a feather in thy imperial cap.

Principibus *placuisse* viris, *non ultima laus est*.

Praise from a bard of my poetic spirit,
Proclaims indeed no small degree of merit.

Excuse this piece of egotism—it is natural, and justified by the sublimest authorities. What says Virgil?

'*Tentanda via est quâ me quoque possim,
Tollere humo, victorque virûm volitare per ora*.

What, likewise, Lucretius?

> '*Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam*
> *Unde prius nulli velarunt tempora musæ.*'

What, also, Ovid?

> '*Jamque opus exegi*,' &c.

What, moreover, Horace?

> '*Exegi monumentum ære perennius*,' &c.

What, Ennius?

'*Nemo me lacrumeis decoret nec funera fletu*,' &c.

What, again, the great father of poetry, Homer, in his delightful Hymn, that some impudent scholiasts declare he never wrote?

> —— τίς δ' ὔμμιν ἀνὴρ ἥδιστος ΑΟΙΔΩΝ
> Ἐνθάδε πωλεῖται; καὶ τέῳ τέρπεσθε μάλιστα;
> Τυφλὸς ἀνήρ· οἰκεῖ δε Χίῳ ἐνὶ παιπαλοέσσῃ·
> Τοῦ πᾶσαι μετόπισθεν ἀριστευούσιν Ἀοιδαί.

Which, with a few preceding lines omitted in the quotation, I thus a little paraphrastically and beautifully translate:

> Should Curiosity at times inquire
> Who strikes with sweetest art the muse's lyre?
> This be thine answer—' A poor man, stark blind;
> An aged minstrel that at Chios dwells,
> Who sells and sings his works, and sings and sells,
> And leaves all other poets far behind.'

So much for my profound learning in defence of

egotism; for where is the man that does not rank himself amongst his own admirers?

Now to the point.—As Lord Macartney, with his most splendid retinue, is about to open a trade with thee, in the various articles of tin, blankets, woollen in general, &c. in favour of the two kingdoms; why might not a *literary commerce* take place between the great Kien Long, and the no less celebrated Peter Pindar? Thou art a man of rhimes—and so am I. Thou art a genius of uncommon versatility—so am I. Thou art an enthusiast to the Muses—so am I. Thou art a lover of novelty—so am I. Thou art an idolater of royalty—so am I. With such a congeniality of mind, in *my* god's name, and *thine*, let us surprise the world with an interchange of our lucubrations, both for its improvement and delight. And to show thee that I am not a literary swindler, unable to repay thee for goods I may receive from thy imperial majesty, I now transmit specimens of my talents, in ode, ballad, elegy, fable, and epigram.

I am, dear Kien Long,

Thy humble servant, and brother poet,

P. PINDAR.

ODES TO KIEN LONG.

ODE I.

Peter complimenteth Kien Long on his poetical Talent, and condemneth the Want of literary Taste in western Kings.

DEAR Emp'ror, prince of poets, noble bard,
Thy brother Peter sendeth thee a card,
To say thou art an honour to the times—
Yes, Peter telleth thee, that for a king,
Indeed a most extraordinary thing,
Thou really makest very charming rhimes.

Witness thy Moukden*, which we all admire;
Witness thy pretty little Ode to Tea,
Compos'd when sipping by thy Tartar fire;
Witness thy many a madrigal and glee.

Believe me, venerable, good Kien Long,
Vast is my pleasure that the muse's song
Divinely soundeth through thy Tartar groves;
Still greater, that the *first* of eastern kings
Should praise in rhime the Tartar vales and springs,
And pay a tuneful tribute to the Loves.

* A favourite city of the emperor.

Yet how it hurts my classic soul, to find
Some western kings to poetry unkind!
What though they want the skill to make a riddle,
Charade, or rebus, or conundrum;—still
Those kings might show towards them some good will,
And nobly patronize Apollo's fiddle.

But no—the note is, 'How go sheep a score?
What, what's the price of bullock? how sells lamb?
I want a boar, a boar, I want a boar;
I want a bull, a bull, I want a ram.'
Whereas it should be this—'I want a bard,
To cover him with honour and reward.'

Kings deem, ah me! a grunting herd of swine
Companions sweeter than the tuneful Nine;
Preferring to Fame's dome, a hog-stye's mire;
The roar of oxen to Apollo's lyre.

'Lord! is it possible?' I hear thee groan—
Kien Long, 'tis true as thou art on thy throne:
For souls like thine, 'tis natural to doubt it—
Macartney can inform thee all about it.

ODE II.

More Compliments to the Emperor—A Dissertation on Thrones, and Kings and Queens—A very proper Attack on the French Revolutionists—The Fate of poor Religion, prophesied—Also, of his Holiness the Pope—More Lamentations on degraded Royalty.

THOU art a second Atlas, great Kien Long;
Supporting half th' unwieldy globe, so strong;
But, Lord! what pigmy souls to empire rise!
Unconscious of its glorious frame, they sleep—
Now just like mice from pyramids that peep,
Thinking a hole's a hole, where'er it lies.

Fortune has too much pow'r in this same world—
Things are too often topsy-turvy hurl'd!
  A bug condemn'd to *fly* that scarce can *crawl*;
A maggot taken from his little nut,
(There by the great All-wise most *wisely* put)
  To grovel 'midst the grandeur of St. Paul!

Unluckily most thrones are placed so high,
That kings can scarce their loving subjects spy,
  Hopping beneath them, like so many crows;
Which subjects have in France been taking
Great liberties in ladder-making,
  To get up nearer to the royal nose.

Thus *wrens* ere long their pigmy pow'rs will try;
And, turning to the clouds their little eye,
Aim to arrest, by frequent daring flights,
Their elder brothers of the skies, the kites!

And yet I hate a fool upon a throne—
  We have been happy hitherto, thank God;
How boys would burst with laughter, ev'ry one,
  Were *monkey*-schoolmasters to hold the *rod!*

Yet much more mischief follows *royal* fools,
  As *realms* are on a larger scale than *schools*—
Th' Americans provide against all this:
Which *certain gentlefolk* take much amiss!

And then again, the *wives* of glorious kings,
In generosity, and such-like things,
  And temper *mild*, who well themselves demean,
Are for the *subject* a *rare* happy matter;
And let me say indeed, who scorn to flatter,
  We Britons are most lucky in a *queen*.

Of humbling their superiors, folks seem fond,
  And treating monarchs as so many logs;
Whereas it is in courts, as in a pond,
        Some fish, some frogs.

Thus do the rebel foes of sovereigns cry.
Rending with wild disloyalty the sky.

'*When* will the lucky day be born that brings
A bridle for the insolence of kings?
Too slowly moves, alas! the loitering hour!
When will those tyrants cease to fancy man
A fawning *dog* in Providence's plan,
Ordain'd to lick the blood-stain'd rod of Pow'r?'

Kings have their faults undoubtedly, and *many*—
The man who contradicts me, is a zany.
Some rob, some kill, some cheat, some cringe and beg;
Curst with an av'rice, some would shave an egg.
And yet, with all their sins, I drop a tear
On what I'm daily forc'd to see and hear.

Great is the change of late! such horrid scenes,
Such little rev'rence both for kings and queens!
Thus cry the Frenchmen, seldom over-nice—
'We want no scepter'd plunderers of states;
Out with them—folly to maintain more cats
Than capable of catching mice.

'Death to their parasites—we'll have no more
Leeches that suck the heart's blood of the poor.
Down with dukes, earls, and lords, those Pagan *Josses*,
False gods!—away with stars, and strings, and crosses!'

The French are very wicked, I declare;
They raise upon one's head, one's very hair;
So much those fellows majesty abuse—
Of royalty the purple robe so grand,
Which seizes the deep rev'rence of a land,
They to a malkin turn, to wipe their shoes.

'Out with state-pickpockets!' they cry aloud:
Death to the rav'nous eagles,' cries the crowd,
'That happy hover o'er a people's groan;
Thieves, in the plunder of an empire drest;
Flatt'ry's vile carrion flies, on kings that feast;
Rank bugs that shelter in the wood of thrones!

'The dustman in his cart that hourly slaves,
Drawn by an ass, the partner of his toils,
Tow'rs far superior to those titled knaves,
In coaches glitt'ring with a kingdom's spoils!',

The old *sic volo,* that with thund'ring sound,
Rous'd all the provinces of France around
(And if great things we may compare to small,
Just like the boatswain's whistle, that makes skip
The jovial fellows of a ship)
This great *sic volo* is not heard at all—

To *humbler* phrases chang'd by some degrees;
'With your good leave, Messieurs'—'Sirs, if you please.'

Yes, savage are the French to kings and quality;
Void of good manners, common hospitality—
Barb'rous, they dog-like wish to pick their bones;
Make just as much of dukes as of a duck
(Nobility has therefore shocking luck),
And dash an infant prince against the stones.
Thus butchers calmly stick a sucking pig,
And o'er a bleeding lambkin hum a jig.

Religion too is in a deep decline,
Her vot'ries treated like a herd of swine,
Rich reliques look'd upon as rotten lumber!
Who will be canoniz'd for fright'ning devils,
For bringing back lost limbs, and curing evils,
Scald heads, wry necks, and rickets beyond number,
Without a draught, a bolus, or a pill,
That of redoubted doctors foil the skill?

Religion, who in France some years ago,
Made in rich silks so wonderful a show,
So us'd with all the pride of curls to charm,
Is now, poor soul, oblig'd to beg her bread,
With scarce a cap or ribbon to her head,
Or woollen petticoat to keep her warm.

Ah! sinking fast, 'tis thought she may expire;
Her whips demolish'd, and extinct her fire,
  Her pincers broken, snapp'd in twain her cleaver,
That flogg'd, that burnt a sinner to salvation,
Roasting away the soul's adulteration,
  And chopp'd and pinch'd him to a true believer.

No longer are her priests to be maintain'd—
Thus is that horrid beast the Dev'l unchain'd,
  That roaring bull at once his triumph shows—
For, if not paid, what priests will prove their might,
  Fight the good fight,
  And, like staunch bull-dogs, nail him by the nose!

Death and the Dev'l, the smutty rogue, and Sin,
A pretty junto, are upon the grin;
Hoping to *fill* the dark infernal hole,
If all the priests refuse to help a soul—
That most important contest then is o'er;
Pull Dev'l, pull parson, will be seen no more.

Yes, at her wounded pow'r Religion faints;
Alas! no more *old* bones shall make *new* saints;
  No more shall Lent, lean lady, cry her fish;
No more shall slices of the cross be courted;
Despis'd the manger that our Lord supported,
  His sacred pap-spoon, and the Virgin's dish.

No absolutions, like, potatoes, sold;
No purgatory-souls redeem'd by gold:
No more in cloth of gold, and red-heel'd shoes,
Bag-wig and sword, a mob the Saviour* views—
Sold no certificates† of good behaviour,
To show the Lord, the Virgin, and that Saviour.

* Once a year this *fine* mummery is exhibited in France, and in other Romish countries.

† In some part of Russia, narrow slips of paper, in form of a ribbon, consecrated by the bishop, are sold for about three-pence a-piece, and bound about

No more shall Miracle obtain applause,
Laugh at old Time, and break Dame Nature's laws;
No more dead herrings, fill'd with life and motion,
Leap from the frying-pan, and swim the ocean.

Soon may this wicked spirit steal to Rome,
And poison ev'ry sacred dome;
Reliques be kick'd and mock'd by many a giber—
The pontiff to the *very workhouse* brought,
Or, what could never have been thought,
Plump'd with his triple crown into the Tiber:

There may we view him flound'ring wild about,
With not a saint he dubb'd to pull him out:

The fair chaste quills, from angel wings procur'd,
Be turn'd to uses not to be endur'd;
To villain pens, instead of crow-quills cut,
To draw lew'd figures, and deliver *smut*:

Melted the church's sacred plate to mugs,
To candlesticks, to punch-ladles, and jugs;
To porringers the pipes* of sacred tunes,
And silver Christs to canisters and spoons.

Phials that held of saints the suffering sighs,
Seen by the dimmest of believing eyes,
Lo, to the meanest offices shall sink—
Hold *aquafortis*, or reviling ink!

The Virgin's gowns and garters, stockings, shoes,
Sold to her enemies, perhaps, the Jews—
Her paint, curls, caps, hoop, gauzes, muslin, lace,
Sold to trick harlots for a rogue's embrace!

the heads of dying people. They are certificates of their good behaviour. The inscription on each is as follows:—'To old God Almighty, to young God Almighty, and young God Almighty's mamma—this is to certify that the bearer hereof died a good Christian.'

* Of the organs.

Now to disloyal mongrels we return,
That bark at kings, and for confusion burn.

How have our mighty monarchs been brought down!
Trod in the dust, like some old wig, the crown!
The wearers—some confin'd in jails so dread;
Some shot—some poison'd with as much *sang froid*,
As though the mob had merely been employ'd
To knock a thieving polecat on the head.

In *birth* the public sees no kind of *merit!*
Think of the present equalizing spirit!
Amidst the populace how rank it springs!
Nay, from the palaces the Virtues fly,
While boldly entering from their beastly stye,
The vulgar passions rush to pig with *kings!*

ODE III.

The Poet sweetly reproveth the Emperor for neglecting to turn a Penny in an honest Way, and demonstrateth the Inconveniency of Generosity —proving that a Mind on a broad *Scale may be productive of* narrow Circumstances.

GREAT king, thou never educatest swine,
Nor takest goslins under thy tuition;
Nor boardest by the week thy neighbour's kine,
Like Pharaoh's—that is, in a lean condition.

Nor dost thou cut down palaces to pens,
Nor sendest unto market cocks and hens;
Nor to a butcher sellest pork and beef:
Nor wool nor egg merchant, O king, art thou;
Nor dost thou watch the girl who milks the cow,
For fear the girl might sip, and prove a thief;

Nor settest traps to save thy fowls and eggs,
And catch thy loyal subjects by the legs.—

Nor dost thou go a *shopping*, mighty king;
I know that thou *despisest* such a thing;
  Yes, to expose such meanness thou art loath—
Thou scorn'st to pride thyself on *buying* cheap,
  And for some trifle a huge pother keep,
  An ounce of *blackguard**, or a yard of cloth.

Nor dost thou (which *some people* may deem strange)
Send pages with a halfpenny for change;
Nor dost thou (which would be a crying sin)
Cheat of his dues the parson of Pe-kin.

Thy mind was form'd upon an ampler scale:
Each thought is generosity—a whale:
  Not a poor sprat to dunghills to be hurl'd—
Thy soul a dome illum'd by Grandeur's rays,
That o'er thy mighty empire casts a blaze;
    A beacon to inform a world.

But, ah! Kien Long, thou never wilt be rich,
If generosity thy heart bewitch:
  What says Œconomy? 'Let subjects groan—
Let Misery's howl be music to thine ear—
Yes, let the widow's and the orphan's tear
  Fall printless on thy heart as on a stone.'

The souls of many kings are vulgar entries,
  With not a rushlight 'midst the dismal winding;
  A long, dark, dangerous, dreary way, past find-
      ing—
Hypocrisy and Meanness the two sentries.

Ambition, that on riches casts its eyes,
Mounts on the tempest of a people's *sighs!*
O emp'ror, Generosity's a fool—
She wants advice from *saving* Wisdom's school.

* A coarse snuff, so emphatically called.

Look at a smiling field of grass:
Nothing can eat it out, nor horse nor ass,
Provided that you put, to spare the feast,
A padlock on the mouth of ev'ry beast.
Thus, muzzle but thy palace now and then,
Thou wilt be wealthy among scepter'd men.

Invite not a whole million* to thine hunt:
Thy purse with such a heavy weight would grunt.
In England, when a king a deer unharbours,
The sport a half a dozen butchers share;
Of smutty chimney-sweeps *perchaunce* a pair;
With probably a brace or two of barbers.

What though 'tis not *quite royal*—still we boast
Of gaining glorious fun with little cost.
The pocket is a very serious matter—
Small beer allayeth thirst—nay, *simple water*.

The splendor of a chase, or feast, or ball,
Though strong, are passing, momentary rays—
The lustre of a little hour; that's all—
While *guineas* with *eternal* splendor blaze.

ODE IV.

Peter breaketh out into a strange *Rhapsody, so unlike Peter, who christeneth himself the Poet of the People—He adviseth the Emperor to Actions*, never practised *by Kings!—Is it, or is it* not, *one continued Vein of happy Irony?*

GIVE nothing from thy privy purse away,
I say—
Nay, should thy coffers and thy bags *run o'er*,
Neglect or *pension* Merit on the *poor*.

* This is the number of the emperor's attendants, in general, at a hunt.

Give not to hospitals—thy *name's enough:*
To death-face Famine, not a pinch of snuff—
On wealth thy quarry, keep a falcon-view,
And from thy *very children* steal their *due.*

Shouldst thou, in hunts, be tumbled from thy horse,
Unlucky, 'midst some river's rapid course;
Though sharp between *thyself* and *Death* the strife,
Give not the page a *sous* that saves thy life.

Should love allure thee to some fair-one's arms,
Who yields thee all the luxury of charms,
And deluges thy panting heart with blisses;
Take not a *sixpence* from thy groaning chest,
To buy a ribbon for the fragrant breast
That swell'd with all its ardour to thy kisses.

Buy not a garland for her flowing hair;
Buy not of mittins, or of gloves, a pair,
To shield her hands from frost, or summer's ray;
Buy not a bonnet to defend her face,
Nor 'kerchief to protect each snowy grace,
And deck her on some rural holiday.
But suffer her in homely geer to *pine,*
In simple elegance where *others shine.*

Thou probably mayst answer, with a groan,
'What! give a vile contagion to the throne!
Perdition catch the wealth, in heaps that lies,
Whilst trodden merit lifts her asking eyes.

'That calf, shall garish Ostentation grin,
Deck'd by the sweat of Labour's sun-burnt skin,
Poor cart-horse, envied ev'n his *very oats?*
Heav'ns! shall this mummer Ostentation cry,
Roast in the sun, thou mob, in ashes lie;
Mine be the *guineas,* slave, and *thine* the *groats*

'Mine be the luxury of wine and oil,
Thine that I *condescend* to drink thy toil.'
Ah! say'st thou thus?—dares honour this high pitch?
Then, noble emp'ror, thou wilt ne'er be *rich.*

Gold should not gather in a *subject's* chest—
The crew grows mutinous—it cannot rest;
  It talketh of *equality*, indeed!
No, let the *monarch's* bags and coffers hold
The flatt'ring, mighty, nay, *all*-mighty gold;
  On this shall brawny Pow'r his sinews feed;

Jove's eagle near the throne, with eye of fire,
The vengeance-bearer of the royal ire!
Enrich the realm, Subordination dies—
Wealth gives a wing that *dashes* at the skies.

Blush not, though up to neck, to nose, in gold,
To let thy fav'rite mandarine be told,
  'The emp'ror pants for money—hunt about:'
And should thy minister, with impious breath,
Say, 'Sire, we've squeez'd the people nigh to death.'
  Off with the villain's head, or kick him out.

'Tis pleasant to look down upon the *hovel*,
And count the royal treasure with a *shovel!*
Pleasant to mark the whites of wishing eyes,
And hear of Poverty the fruitless sighs!
Grand, on their knees to see the million cow'r!
Pale, starv'd submission is the *feast* of pow'r.

Pr'ythee, to Europe come, Kien Long, with speed:
We'll give thee much instruction on this head;
Nay, *some examples* also shall be brought,
Which beats a cold dry precept all to nought.
Precept's a pigmy, hectic, weak, and slight;
Example is a giant in his might.
Then, prythee, to our Europe haste to stare;
Lo, Europe shall produce thee *such a pair!*
A pair! to whom lean Av'rice is a *fool*,
And means to take a lesson from *their school*.

ODE V.

Peter giveth an Account of the Expedition of Lord Macartney, and, contrary to the Tenour of the preceding Ode, absolutely recommendeth Generosity to the Emperor.

KIEN LONG, our great great people, and 'Squire
Pitt,
Fam'd through the universe for *saving wit*,
Have heard uncommon tales about thy wealth;
And now a vessel have they fitted out,
Making for good Kien Long a monstrous rout,
To trade, and beg, and ask about his health.

This to my simple and *unconnying* mind,
Seems œconomical and very kind!
And now, great Emperor of China, say,
What handsome things hast thou to give away?

Accept a proverb out of Wisdom's schools—
'Barbers first learn to shave, by shaving *fools*.'
Pitt shav'd *our* faces first, and made us grin—
Next the *poor French*—and now the hopeful lad,
Ambitious of the honour, seemeth mad
To try this razor's edge upon *thy* chin.

Thee as a *generous* prince we all regard;
For ev'ry present, lo, returning *double*—
'Tis therefore thought that thou wilt well reward
The *ship* and Lord Macartney for their trouble.

And now to George and Charlotte what the presents?
No humming-birds, we beg—no owls, no pheasants;

Such gifts will put the palace in a sweat—
For God's sake send us nothing that can *eat.*
'What gifts, I wonder, will thy king and queen
Send to Kien Long?' thou cry'st.—Not much I ween;
They can't afford it; they are very poor—
And though they shine in so sublime a station,
They are the *poorest* people in the nation,
So wide of charity their neat trap-door*!!!

Our king may send a dozen cocks and hens;
Perhaps a pig or two of his own breeding;
Perhaps a pair of turkeys from his pens;
Perhaps a duck of his own feeding—

Or *possibly* a half a dozen geese,
Worth probably a half a crown a-piece;
And that he *probably* may deem *enough.*—
Her gracious majesty may condescend
Her precious compliments to send,
Tack'd to a pound or two of snuff:

The history of *Strelitz* too, perhaps;
A place that *cuts a figure* in the maps.

Most mighty emp'ror, be not thou afraid
That *we* shall Generosity upbraid:
Send heaps of things—poh! never heed the measure—
If palaces wont hold the precious things,
Behold, the best of queens and *eke* of kings
Will build them barns to hold the treasure.

I know thy delicacy's such,
Thou fanciest thou canst send *too much*—
But as I know the great ones of our isle,
The very *thought* indeed would make them smile.

* Reader, this expression is uncommonly beautiful.—The *most secret* charities are generally the largest, and most acceptable to God.

Lord! couldst thou send the Chinese empire o'er,
So hungry, we should gape for *more:*
Yes, couldst thou pack the Chinese empire up,
We'd make no more on't than a China cup;
Ev'n then my Lady Schwellenberg would bawl,
'*Gote dem de shabby fella—vat, dis all!*'

Whales very rarely make a hearty meal—
Thus Princes an eternal hunger feel;
Moreover, fond of good things *gratis*;
Whose stomach's motto should be, *nunquam satis.*

Then load away with rarities the ship,
And let us cry, 'She made a *handsome trip*'—
But mind, no humming-birds, apes, owls, mackaws;
The dev'l take presents that can *wag their jaws.*

ODE.

SIMPLICITY, I dote upon thy tongue;
And *thee*, O white-rob'd Truth, I've rev'renc'd long—
I'm fond too of that flashy varlet Wit,
Who skims earth, sea, heav'n, hell, existence o'er,
To put the merry table in a roar,
And shake the sides with laugh-convulsing fit.

O yes! in sweet Simplicity I glory—
To *her* we owe a charming little story.

WILLIAM PENN, NATHAN, AND THE BAILIFF; A TALE.

AS well as I can recollect,
It is a story of fam'd William Penn,
By bailiffs oft beset, without effect,
Like numbers of our lords and gentlemen—

William had got a private hole to spy
The folks who came with writs, or 'How d'ye do!'
Possessing, too, a penetrating eye,
Friends from his foes the quaker quickly knew.

A bailiff in disguise one day,
Though not disguis'd to our friend Will,
Came, to Will's shoulder compliments to pay,
Conceal'd, the catchpole thought, with wondrous skill.

Boldly he knock'd at William's door,
Drest like a gentleman from top to toe,
Expecting quick admittance, to be sure—
But no!

Will's servant Nathan, with a strait-hair'd head,
Unto the window gravely stalk'd, not *ran*—
'Master at home?' the bailiff sweetly said—
'Thou canst not speak to him,' replied the man.

'What,' quoth the bailiff, 'won't he see me then?'
'Nay, snuffled Nathan, 'let it not thus strike thee;
Know, verily, that William Penn
Hath seen thee, but he doth not *like* thee.'

TO A FLY,

TAKEN OUT OF A BOWL OF PUNCH.

AH! poor intoxicated little knave,
Now senseless, floating on the fragrant wave;
Why not content the cakes alone to munch?
Dearly thou pay'st for buzzing round the bowl;
Lost to the world, thou busy sweet-lipp'd soul—
Thus Death, as well as Pleasure, dwells with Punch.

Now let me take thee out, and moralize—
Thus 'tis with mortals, as it is with flies,
For ever hankering after Pleasure's cup:
Though Fate, with all his legions, be at hand,
The beasts, the draught of Circe can't withstand,
But in goes every nose—they *must*, *will* sup.

Mad are the passions, as a colt untam'd!
When Prudence mounts their backs, to ride them mild,
They fling, they snort, they foam, they rise inflam'd,
Insisting on their own sole will so wild.

Gadsbud! my buzzing friend, thou art not dead;
The Fates, so kind, have not yet snipp'd thy thread—
By heav'ns, thou mov'st a leg, and now its brother,
And kicking, lo, again thou mov'st another!

And now thy little drunken eyes unclose;
And now thou feelest for thy little nose,
And finding it, thou rubbest thy two hands;
Much as to say, 'I'm glad I'm here again'—
And well mayst thou rejoice—'tis very plain,
That near wert thou to Death's unsocial lands.

And now thou rollest on thy back about,
Happy to find thyself alive, no doubt—
  Now turnest—on the table making rings;
Now crawling, forming a wet track,
Now shaking the rich liquor from thy back,
  Now flutt'ring nectar from thy silken wings:

Now standing on thy head, thy strength to find,
And poking out thy small, long legs behind;
And now thy pinions dost thou briskly ply;
Preparing now to leave me—farewel, Fly!

Go, join thy brothers on yon sunny board,
And rapture to thy family afford—
  There wilt thou meet a mistress, or a wife,
That saw thee drunk, drop senseless in the stream;
Who gave, perhaps, the wide-resounding scream,
  And now sits groaning for thy precious life.

Yes, go, and carry comfort to thy friends,
And wisely tell them thy imprudence ends.

Let buns and sugar for the future charm;
These will delight, and feed, and work no harm—
  Whilst Punch, the grinning merry imp of sin,
Invites th' unwary wand'rer to a kiss,
Smiles in his face, as though he meant him bliss,
  Then, like an alligator, drags him in.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SA ATI MAHAL

ELEGY

TO THE FLEAS OF TENERIFFE.

Written in the Year 1768, at Santa Cruz, in Company with a Son of the late Admiral Boscawen, at the House of Mr. Mackerrick, a Merchant of that Place.

YE hopping natives of a hard, hard bed,
Whose bones, *perchaunce*, may ache as well as ours,
O let us rest in peace the weary head,
This night—the first we ventur'd to your bow'rs.

Thick as a flock of starlings on our skins,
Ye turn at once to brown, the lily's white;
Ye stab us also, like so many pins—
Sleep swears he can't come near us whilst ye bite.

In vain we preach—in vain the candle's ray
Broad flashes on the imps, for blood that itch—
In vain we brush the busy hosts away;
Fearless on *other parts* their thousands pitch.

And now I hear a hungry varlet cry,
'Eat hearty, fleas—they're some outlandish men—
Fat stuff—no Spaniards all so lean and dry—
Such charming ven'son ne'er may come agen.'

How shall we meet the morn?—With shameful eyes!
With nibbled hands, and eke with nibbled faces,
Just like two turkey-eggs, we speckled rise,
Scorn'd by the Loves, and mock'd by all the Graces.

What will the stately nymph, Joanna*, say?
  How will the beauteous Catherina* stare!
'Away, ye nasty Britons—foh! away,'
  In sounds of horror will exclaim the fair.

What though we tell them 'twas Mackerrick's† bed?
  What though we swear 'twere all Mackerrick's fleas?
Disgusted will the virgins turn the head;
  No more we kiss their fingers on our knees.

No more our groaning verses greet their hand;
  No more they listen to our panting prose;
No more beneath their window shall we stand,
  And serenade their beauties to repose.

The *conversationi*‡ meet their end;
  The love-inspir'd *fandango* warms no more!
The laugh, the nod, the whisper, will offend;
  The leer, the squint, the squeezes, all be o'er.

But, O ye ruthless hosts, an Arab train,
  Ye daring light-troops of that roving race,
Know ye the strangers whom with blood ye stain?
  Know ye the voyagers ye thus disgrace?

One is a doctor, of redoubted skill,
  A Briton born, that dauntless deals in death;
Who to the Western Ind proceeds to kill,
  And, probably, of *thousands* stop the breath:

A bard, whose wing of thought, and verse of fire,
  Shall bid with wonder all Parnassus start;
A bard, whose converse monarchs shall admire,
  And, happy, learn his lofty odes by heart§.

* Young Spanish ladies of the first fashion.

† He is a principal man in the island, and much respected.

‡ At his excellency's the governor.

§ Part of this prophecy has been amply verified.

he other, lo, a pupil rare of Mars,
A youth who kindles with a father's flame;
oscawen call'd, who fought a kingdom's wars,
And gave to *Immortality* a *name*.

o, such are *we*, freebooters, whom ye bite!
Such is our British quality, O fleas!—
hen spare our tender skins this one, one night—
To-morrow *eat* Mackerrick, if ye please

The present unnatural and fatal Enmity towards those best Creatures in the World, Kings and Queens, putting our most august Couple more on their Guard against evil Machinations, by selecting Mr. Townsend, Mr. Mackmanus, and Mr. Jealous, the most accomplished Thief-takers upon Earth, to watch over them as a Garde du Corps; *such an important Circumstance, so illuminative of the historical Page, could not escape the Eagle Eye of the Lyric Bard, who in consequence, has addressed un Ode of Praise and Admonition to the three aforesaid Gentlemen.*

ODE

TO

MESSIEURS TOWNSEND, MACMANUS, AND JEALOUS,

The Thief-takers, and Attendants on Majesty.

YE friends to Justice Gibbet, Justice Jail,
And Justice Cart's slow-moving tail,
Accept the bard's sincere congratulation—
Ye glorious imps, of thief-suppressing spirit,
Elected, for your most heroic merit,
The guardians of the rulers of the nation.

When Blood, that enterprising chap,
Attempted *only* on the *crown* a rape,
  Pale Horror rais'd her hands, and roll'd her eyes—
But should *some knave*, with fingers most unclean,
Attempt to steal away our king and queen,
  How would the empire in disorder rise!

Just like the nations of the honied hive,
Who, if they lose their sov'reign, never *thrive.*

At midnight, lo, some knave might steal so sly,
In silence, on the royal sleepy eye,
  And, giving to his sacrilege a loose,
Bear off the mighty monarch on his back,
Just as sly *Reynard*, in his night attack,
  Bears from the farmer's yard a gentle goose.

Ye glorious thief-takers, O watch the pair;
We cannot such a precious couple spare—
  O, cat-like, guard the door against Tom Paine!
Tom Paine's an artful and rebellious dog,
Swears that a sacred throne is but a log,
  And monarchs too expensive to maintain.

I know their majesties are in a fright;
I know they very badly sleep at night—
  Tom Paine's indeed a most terrific word;
A name of fear, that sounds in ev'ry wind,
A goblin damn'd, that haunts the royal mind;
  Of Damocles, the hair-suspended sword.

Why should our glorious sov'reigns be unblest?
Why by a paltry subject be distrest?
  Is there no poison for Tom Paine?—alas!
Is there no halter for this knave of knaves?
Audacious fellow! lo, the crown he braves,
  And calls the kingdom a poor burden'd *ass*.

For this poor burden'd *ass*, he swears he feels,
And bids him lift, a regicide, his heels.

What a bright thought in George and Charlotte,
Who, to escape each wicked varlet,

And disappoint Tom Paine's disloyal crew,
Fix'd on the brave Macmanus, Townsend, Jealous,
Delightful company, delicious fellows,
To point out, ev'ry minute, *who* is *who!*

To hustle from before their noble graces,
Rascals with ill-looking designing faces,
Where treason, murder, and sedition dwell;
To give the life of ev'ry Newgate wretch;
To say who next the fatal cord shall stretch—
The sweet historians of the pensive cell.

O with what joy felonious acts ye view!
How pleas'd, a thief or highwayman to hunt!
Blest as Cornwallis Tippoo to pursue;
Blest as old Purs'ram Bhow, and Hurry Punt!

How itch your fingers to entrap a thief!
How nimbly you pursue him!—with what soul
Track him from haunt to haunt, to mercy deaf,
And drag at last the felon from his hole!

Thus when a chamber-maid a flea espies,
How beats her heart! what lightnings fill her eyes!
To seize him, lo, her twinkling fingers spread,
And stop his travels through the realm of bed.

He hops—the eager damsel marks the jump;
Now sudden falls in thunder on his rump—
She misses—off hops bloodsucker again:
The nymph with wild alacrity pursues;
Now loses sight of him, and now gets views,
Whilst all her trembling nerves with ardour strain.

Now fairly tir'd, with melancholy face,
Poor sighing Susan quits th' important chase:—
Once more resolv'd, she brightens up her wits,
And, furious, to her lovely fingers spits—
Thrice happy thought! yet, not to flatter,
'Tis not the cleanliest trick in nature.

Now in the blanket deep she sees him hide,
Who, winking, fancieth Susan cannot see;

Now Susan drags him forth, with victor pride,
  The culprit crusheth; and thus falls the flea!

What pity 'tis for this important nation,
The princes all have had their education!
  What pounds on Gottingen were thrown away!
How had ye moraliz'd their youngling hearts!
How had ye giv'n an insight of the arts,
  So necessary, sirs, for sov'reign sway!

Cunning's a pretty monitor for kings;
She teacheth most extraordinary things;
  She keepeth subjects in their proper sphere;
She brings that fool, the million, tame to hand,
To dance, to kneel, to prostrate at command—
  A kingdom is a monarch's dancing bear.
By means of this same humble capering beast,
What royal showmen fill their fobs, and feast.

O tell the world's great masters, not to *spare*—
A subject's murmur is beneath their care:
When well accustomed to the busy thong,
Flogging's a matter of mere sport—a song.

All know the tale of Betty and the eel—
  'You cruel b—h (a man was heard to say)
  To serve poor creatures in that horrid way!'
'Lord, sir,' quoth Betty, turning on her heel,
'The eels are *us'd* to it!'—so saying,
And humming *ça ira*, continued *flaying*.

O how I envy you each happy name!
Time shall not eat the mountain of your fame;
For *thus* myself your epitaph shall write,
And dare the vile old stone-eater to bite.

THE EPITAPH.

'Here lie three crimps of death, knock'd down by [Fate;
  Of justice the staunch blood-hounds too, so keen;
Who chok'd the little plund'rers of the state,
  And, glorious, sav'd a mighty king and queen.'

BEHOLD, the guards, so disappointed, mourn!
With jealousy their glorious bosoms burn,
To find by *you*, dread sirs, usurp'd their places:
'What! not the regiments of Death be trusted!
By thief-takers, O Jesu! to be ousted!
Thief-catchers *gardes de corps* unto their graces!'

Thus, thus exclaim the angry men in red,
Who, with their swords and guns, may go to bed.

Gods! how I envy our great folk their joys!
Your tales of house-breakers, those nightly curses;
Of heroes of the heath, Saint Giles's boys;
Hist'ries of pocket-handkerchiefs and purses.

O for minds-royal, what delightful food!
Stories surpassing those of Robin Hood.

Sweet are of slight-hand Barrington the tales;
Of *changeful* Major Semple, charming too!
Delicious story through each hulk prevails,
Full of instruction, pleasant, sage, and new.

Hence the pure streams of thieving science flow,
Which through your mouths to gaping monarchs go;
And frequently the royal gaze, ye greet
With curious instruments, for robbing mete.

Who would not wish to see the gliding crook,
With whom the purses oft in silence stray?
Who would not on the tools with rapture look,
That from post-chaises snap the trunks away?

Who would not ope false dice, ingenious bones?
A curious speculation, worthy thrones.

Laugh the loud world, and let it laugh again;
The great of Windsor shall such mirth disdain—
In days of *yore*, dull days, insipid things
Kings trusted *only* to a people's *love*—
But modern times in politics improve,
And *Bow-street runners* are the shields of kings.

ODE TO CÆLIA.

ENVY must own that thou art passing fair;
Love in thy smiles, and Juno in thy air:
Yet, Cælia, if with gods I may be free,
I think that Jove commits a sort of sin,
By stripping all the Graces to the skin,
Merely to make a *nonpareille* of *thee*.

Cælia, thou knowest too that thou art pleasing;
Most spider-like, the hearts of mortals seizing;
And what too maketh me confounded sour,
Thou knowest what I wish to hide,
Which rather mortifies my pride,
That I'm a simple fly, and in thy pow'r.

When Nature sent thee blooming from above,
She meant thee to support the cause of love;
To keep alive a beautiful creation—
Thy graces hoarded, girl, thou must be told,
Are really like the sordid miser's gold,
Worthless, for want of circulation.

Behold! a guinea, by a proper use,
Another pretty guinea will produce;
And thus, O peerless girl, thy beauty
May bring thee *cent. per cent.* within the year;
That is, another beauty may appear,
If properly it minds its duty.

Of wonder, lo, thou puttest on the stare—
It seems a dark and intricate affair;
Thou wantest a good, able, sound adviser—
Well, then, my dear, at once agree,
As *chamber*-counsel to take *me*;
I know none better qualified, nor wiser.

AN ODE
TO A PRETTY MILLINER.

O NYMPH, with bandbox tripping on so sweet,
For Love's sake stay those pretty tripping feet,
Join'd to an ancle, form'd all hearts to steal—
That ancle to the neatest leg united,
Perhaps—with which I should be much delighted
For men by *little* matters guess a deal—

Love lent thee lips, and lent that bloom divine—
But, dearest damsel, what can make them mine?
Heav'n rests upon those heaving hills of snow;
The fascinating dimple in thy chin;
In short, thy charms without, and charms within,
Speak, are they purchasable?—aye, or no?

Thou seest my soul wild staring from my eyes;
Let me not burst in ignorance, fair maid—
Why showest thou, O peerless nymph, surprise?
I am no wolf to eat thee—why afraid?

O could I gain by gold those heav'nly charms?
Could gold once give thee to my eager arms,
Lo, into guineas would I coin my heart;
Those would I pour pell-mell into thy lap,
With thee to wake to love, and then to nap,
Then wake again—again to sleep depart.

All happy circled in thy arms of bliss;
To snatch, with riot wild, *thy* burning kiss;
A *kiss!*—a *thousand* kisses let me add—
Ten thousand from thy unexhausted mint,
And then ten thousand of *my own* imprint—
Speak, tempting Syren, to a swain stark mad.

Heav'ns! o'er thy cheek how deep the crimson glows,
And spreads upon thy breast of purest snows!

Why mute, my angel? thou disdain'st reply?
'Sdeath! what a cuckoo, what a rogue am I!
O nymph, so sweet, forgive my wild desires;
That knave, thy bandbox, wak'd my lawless fires,
Bade me suspect what Chastity reveres:—
What will wipe out th' affront, O virgin, speak,
That flush'd the rose of virtue on thy cheek,
Chill'd thy young heart, and dash'd thine eye with tears?

Go, guard that honour which I deem'd departed—
O yield thy beauties to some swain kind-hearted,
Whose soul congenial shall with thine unite,
And Love allow no respite from delight.

A MORAL AFTER-THOUGHT

ON THE ABOVE.

DEAR Innocence, where'er thou deign'st to dwell,
The Pleasures sport around thy simple cell;
The song of Nature melts from grove to grove;
Perpetual sunshine sits upon thy vale;
Content and ruddy Health thy hamlet hail,
And Echo waits upon the voice of Love.

But where—but where is scowling Guilt's abode?
The spectred heath, and Danger's cavern'd road;
The shuffling monster treads with panting breath;
The cloud-wrapp'd storm insulting roars around,
Fear pales him at the thunder's awful sound,
He stares with horror on the flash of death.

He calls on Darkness with affright,
And bids her pour her deepest night;
Her clouds impenetrable bring,
And hide him with her raven wing!

Are these the pictures? Then I need not muse,
Nor gape, nor ponder *which* to choose—
O Innocence, this instant I'm thy slave—
What but the greatest *fool* would be a *knave*?

A

LYRIC EPISTLE

TO

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.

SIR William! what, a new estate!
  I give thee joy of Gabia's* fate—
More broken pans, more gods, more mugs,
More snivel bottles, jordens, and old jugs,
More saucepans, lamps, and candlesticks, and kettles,
In short, all sorts of culinary metals!

Leave not a dust-hole unexplor'd;
Something shall rise to be ador'd—
  Search the old bedsteads and the rugs;
Such things are sacred—if, by chance,
Amidst the wood, thine eye should glance
  On a nice pair of antique bugs;

Oh, in some box the curious vermin place,
And let us Britons breed the Roman race!

Old nails, old knockers, and old shoes,
Would much Daines Barrington amuse;
Old mats, old dish-clouts, dripping-pans, and spits,
Would prove delectable to other wits;
Gods' legs, and legs of old joint stools,
Would ravish all our antiquarian schools.

* A newly-discovered town, sister in misfortune to Herculaneum, Pompeia, and Pæstum.

Some rev'rend moth, with ne'er a wing,
  Would charm the knight* of Soho-square:
A headless flea would be a pretty thing,
  To make the knight of wonders stare.

A curl of some old emp'ror's wig,
  Or Nero's fiddle, 'mid the flames of Rome,
That gave so exquisite a jig,
  Believe me, would be well worth sending home.

Oh, if some *lumping* rarity of gold,
Thy lucky lucky eyes by chance behold,
  Send it to our good k*** and gracious q****:
No matter what th' inscription—if there's none,
    'Tis all one!
Plain gold will please, as well as *work'd*, I ween—
Much will the present their *great* eyes regale,
Let it but cut a figure in the *scale*.

Oh! could an earthquake shake down Wapping,
And catch th' inhabitants and goods all napping,
And then a thousand years the ruin shade,
What fortunes would be quickly made!
What rare musæums from the rubbish rise,
Wapping antiquities to glad the eyes!

How portraits of Moll Flanders, Hannah Snell,
And Miss D'Eon, those heroines, would sell!
    Canning and Squires!
How would the *dilettanti* of the nation
Devour the prints with eyes of admiration!
And to their merits, poets strike their lyres!

Sign-posts, with Old Blue Boars, and heads of nags,
Would from the proud possessor draw *such* brags!
  Red Lions, Crowns and Magpies, George the Third;
The Cat and Gridiron, our most gracious Queen,
With rapt'rous adoration would be seen;
    They would upon my word.
Such would transport the people of hereafter,
Though subjects now of merriment and laughter.

* Sir Joseph Banks.

POSTSCRIPT (*sub rosâ*).

HIST!—what fresh ovens of Etrurian ware;
What pretty jordens has my friend to spare?
What gods are ripe for digging up, O knight?
What Britons, *knowing* in the *virtú* trade,
Soon as a grand discov'ry shall be made,
Are near thee, gudgeon-like, prepar'd to bite!

What brazen god, baptiz'd with chamber lye*,
For which the future *connoisseurs* may sigh,
Is going into ground, with front sublime?
Hereafter to be worshipp'd soon as seen;
A resurrection rare, array'd in green,
A downright satire upon Time;
Who seems, a poor old fumbling fool, to dote;
Taking two thousand years to make a coat.

A whisper—lock'd is the Musæum door†,
From whence antiques were wont to stray;
Whose parents ne'er sat eyes upon them more,
So much the little creatures lost their way?
Pity thou couldst not news of them obtain,
And send the gods and godlings back again!

Sir William, what's become of that same monk‡,
From whose old corner-cupboard, or old trunk,

* Sir William keeps an old antiquarian to hunt for him, who, when he stumbles on a tolerable statue, bathes him in urine, buries him, and when ripe for digging up, they proclaim a great discovery to be made, and out comes an *antique* for universal admiration.

† Some valuable *antiques*, not long since, made their escape from the Royal Musæum, and travelled *the Lord knows where*.

‡ He lived in the neighbourhood of Vesuvius, and furnished the knight with all his volcanic observa-

Thine hist'ry issued about burning mountains?
For who would toil, and sweat, and hoe the hill,
To find, perhaps, of knowledge a poor rill,
Who easily can buy the fountains?

O knight of Naples, is it come to pass,
That thou hast left the gods of stone and brass,
To wed a deity of *flesh* and *blood*?*
O lock the temple with thy strongest key,
For fear thy deity, a *comely* she,
Should one day ramble in a frolic mood.

For since the idols of a *youthful* king,
So very volatile indeed, take wing;
If *his*, to wicked wand'rings can incline,
Lord! who would answer, poor old knight, for *thine?*
Yet *should* thy Grecian goddess fly the fane,
I think that we may catch her in Hedge-lane†.

tions, which pass on the world as *his own.—Nam quod emis, possis dicere jure tuum.*

* It is really true—the knight *is married* to a beautiful *virgin*, whom he styles his *Grecian*. Her attitudes are the most *desirable* models for *young* artists.

† The resort of the Cyprian corps, an avenue that opens into Cockspur-street.

EPIGRAM,

On a Stone thrown at a very great Man, *but which missed him.*

TALK no more of the lucky escape of the *head*,
From a flint so unluckily thrown—
I think very diff'rent, with thousands indeed,
'Twas a lucky escape for the *stone*.

TO CHLOE.

DEAR Chloe, well I know the swain,
Who gladly would embrace thy chain;
And who, alas! can blame him?
Affect not, Chloe, a surprise;
Look but a moment on *these* eyes,
Thou'lt ask me not, to *name* him.

ON A NEW-MADE LORD.

THE carpenters of ancient Greece,
Although they bought of wood a stubborn piece,
Not fit to make a block—yet, very odd!
No losers were the men of chipping trade,
Because of this same stubborn stuff they made
A damn'd good god!

Thus, of the Lower House, a stupid wretch,
Whose mind to A, B, C, can scarcely stretch,
Shall, by a *monarch's* all-creative word,
Become, a very decent lord.

TO MY CANDLE.

THOU lone companion of the spectred night,
I wake amid thy friendly-watchful light,
To steal a precious hour from lifeless sleep—
Hark, the wild uproar of the winds! and hark,
Hell's genius roams the regions of the dark,
And swells the thund'ring horrors of the deep.

From cloud to cloud the pale moon hurrying flies;
Now blacken'd, and now flashing through her skies.

But all is silence here—beneath thy beam,
I own I labour for the voice of praise—
For who would sink in dull Oblivion's stream?
Who would not live in songs of distant days?

Thus while I wond'ring pause o'er Shakespeare's page,
I mark, in visions of delight, the sage,
High o'er the wrecks of man, who stands sublime;
A column in the melancholy waste
(Its cities humbled, and its glories past),
Majestic, 'mid the solitude of time.
Yet now to sadness let me yield the hour—
Yes, let the tears of purest friendship show'r.

I view, alas! what ne'er should die,
A form, that wakes my deepest sigh;
A form that feels of death the leaden sleep—
Descending to the realms of shade,
I view a pale-ey'd panting maid;
I see the Virtues o'er their fav'rite weep.

Ah! could the muse's simple pray'r
  Command the envied trump of Fame,
Oblivion should Eliza spare:
  A world should echo with her name.

Art thou departing too, my trembling friend?
Ah! draws thy little lustre to its end?
  Yes, on thy frame, Fate too shall fix her seal—
O let me, pensive, watch thy pale decay;
How fast that frame, so tender, wears away!
  How fast thy life the restless minutes steal!

How slender now, alas! thy thread of fire!
Ah, falling, falling, ready to expire!
In vain thy struggles—all will soon be o'er—
At life thou snatchest with an eager leap:
Now round I see thy flame so feeble creep,
    Faint, less'ning, quiv'ring, glimm'ring—now no more!

  Thus shall the suns of science sink away,
  And thus of Beauty fade the fairest flow'r—
For where's the giant who to Time shall say,
  'Destructive tyrant, I arrest thy pow'r?'

A POETICAL, SERIOUS, AND POSSIBLY IMPERTINENT, EPISTLE TO THE POPE.

ALSO,

A PAIR OF ODES TO HIS HOLINESS,

On his keeping a Disorderly House;

WITH

A PRETTY LITTLE ODE TO INNOCENCE.

— *Paulo majora canamus.* VIRG.

To kings and courtiers we have chirrup'd long—
Muse, give we now His Holiness a song.

PROLOGUE TO THE EPISTLE.

'A CAT may look upon a king;'
So says the proverb! and the proverb's right;
For monarch now is prov'd a *human* thing;
Although it lifts its nose to such a height.
The *Lord's anointed* is an antique phrase,
Left out by Dictionaries of our days.
King-making unto *man* is justly giv'n—
Once the great perquisite indeed of *Heav'n.*
I say, a cat may look upon a king—
But foreign potentates say, 'No such thing.'
Sicilia's king, replete with *right divine,*
Thinks he may hunt his subjects like his swine;
And other continental kings, beside,
For glory and blood-royal all agog,
Think they may hunt a subject like a hog:
This mortifies of us *small rogues* the pride.
What hurts me more, and both my eyes expands,
And lifts with horror from my head, my wig,
Those birth-puff'd kings of foreign lands,
To *common* Christians, have *preferr'd* the pig!

A dead pig, to be sure, is better eating
Than a dead Christian—handsomer for treating:
But both alive—how diff'rent in their nature!
Man surely is the much sublimer creature.

Since cats may look upon a king, I hope
A bard may write a letter to the Pope,

Though hand and glove with Heav'n—a great connexion!
Who deals for souls, salvations from his wallet,
As from their shops, green-grocers, for the palate,
Deal garden-stuff of all complexion;
And sells a good snug seat amidst the skies,
To any wicked gentleman that dies;
As unto John, Sir Will, my lord, his grace,
Great Madam Schwellenbergen *gives* a place;
A cook-like dame, who understands place-carving,
And saves *such worthy* families from starving.

So much for prologue to my Pope's Epistle;
To which his holiness may cry, 'Go—whistle.'
Perchance his holiness may also add,
'P—x take me, Peter, if you ar'n't too bad:
Dare fix thine impious foot on my dominions,
I'll *pay* thee for epistles and opinions.'
Well then, since things are *bonâ fide* so,
And Danger with his poniard lurks at Rome,
I'll not set off to kiss your worship's toe;
But wave the glory, and remain at home.

A SERIOUS,

THOUGH POSSIBLY IMPERTINENT,

EPISTLE

TO THE POPE.

WHILE France, for freedom mad, invades thy
rights,
And pours her millions o'er the world, like mites;
Knocks the poor growling German o'er the snout,
And threatens hard the man of cheese and grout;
Gives poor Sardinia's monarch a black eye,
And makes the Nimrod King of Naples cry;
What's worse too, threaten poor Loretto's shrine,
Where the good Virgin goes each day so fine*,
Threatens to tear the muslin from her head,
And put the cap† of flannel in its stead;
Where is th' Almighty's man, the church's hope,
Prince of salvation, Peter's heir, the pope?
O thou, the true descendant of Saint Peter,
In very anger, lo, I pen this metre!

* She has a dress for every day in the year.
† The cap of liberty.

There was a time when popes behav'd with spirit—
But nought, save indolence, dost thou inherit.
Go, ope thy churches, convents, all thy chapels,
Since atheism with the true religion grapples;
Think of thy ancestors so great of yore,
And bid thy noble bull as usual roar;
They whose stern looks could make an emp'ror cow'r,
And kings like school-boys shudder at their pow'r.
Most dangerous are the times—I scorn to flatter—
Then ope thy cataracts of holy water;
Gather thy crucifixes, wood, brass, stones;
Bid the dark catacombs disgorge their bones;
Create new regiments of saints for fight;
And chase the gathering gloom of Pagan night.
See France* against her rightful lord rebel!
And see! her Satan banish'd from his hell!
Blind wretch! now justly suff'ring for her evil!
For what are states, without a king and devil?
A pair so sweetly suited to control!
Th' insurgent body, one; and one, the soul.
To thee (thy slaves) the miracles belong;
As music waits on Lady Mary's tongue,
Humility on K———, void of art—
As melting mercy *hangs* on B———'s heart.
If marvels by thine ancestors were done,
Why not perform'd, in God's name, by the son?
As Becket, that good saint, sublimely rode,
Thoughtless of insult, through the town of Strode,
What did the mob?—Attack'd his horse's rump,
And cut the tail so flowing, to the stump:
What does the saint?—Quoth he, 'For this vile trick,
The town of Strode shall heartily be sick.
And lo, by pow'r divine a curse prevails!
The babes of Strode are born with horses' tails!

* The author here does not mean to treat with unfeeling ridicule the fate of the unfortunate Louis, but merely to notice the extinction of monarchy and religion in France.

Lodg'd in the talons of a famish'd kite,
And just about to bid the world good night,
A gentle goslin on Saint Thomas call'd!
At once the feather'd tyrant look'd appall'd;
Sudden his iron claw grew nerveless, loose,
And dropp'd the sweet believing babe of goose.

Such was the pow'r of saints, tho' dead and rotten,
By thee (one verily would think) forgotten:
Then, prithee, do at once thy best endeavour,
As all the saints are wonderful as ever.
Saint Dunstan can'd the Devil, the story goes,
And pinch'd with red-hot tongs the imp's black nose;
In vain he swore, and roar'd, and danc'd about—
Sore was his back, and roasted was his snout.
The pow'r he boasted, to his bones are giv'n:
Such is the gift of saints, when lodg'd in heav'n.

Hear with what blasphemy this France behaves!
'Rome, I despise thee: all thy popes are knaves;
Thy cardinals and priests the earth encumber—
Avaunt the saints, and all such holy lumber!
Chop off their heads; away the legs and toes:
Away the wonder-working tooth and nose:
Away the wonder-working eyes and tears,
The vile imposture of a thousand years!
Calves' heads, pigs' pettitoes, perform as well,
Raise from the dead, and plagues and devils expel.
Saint Genevieve no longer is divine—
The wise Parisians mock her worm-gnaw'd shrine;
Whose coffin planks that could such awe inspire,
May go to light the kitchen-wench's fire.
Saint Jail, Saint Whip, Saint Guillotine, Saint Rope,
Possess (we think) more virtue than the pope.
My wool-comber, my saddler, and my hatter
No more Saint Blaize, Saint James, Saint Saviour
flatter:
My carpenter, my farrier, and my furrier,
My fishmonger, my butcher, baker, currier,

And eke a hundred trades besides, no more
Bow to those marvel-mongers, and adore*.
'Hang *me*,' the barber cries, 'if I'm the fool
To trim for nought the Virgin Mary's poll!'
'Burn me,' cries Crispin, 'if I don't refuse
To find the gentlewoman in her shoes!'
'Curse me,' the mercer cries, 'if *I* give gowns,
To be the laughing-stock of all our towns!'
'Damn me,' the hosier roars, 'if 'tis not shocking,
That I should give the woman's legs a stocking!
'And why,' the linen man exclaims, 'a pox,
Should I, forsooth, be forc'd to find her smocks?
No more shall bumpkins near the altar place
Fair veal and mutton, for th' Almighty's grace;
Grace to increase the loves of bulls and rams,
And make more families of calves and lambs;
No more shall capons too for grace be swapp'd,
By priests ador'd, and in a twinkling snapp'd.
My bumpkins, once such fools, think wiser now,
That God without *their* aid can *bless* the cow,
With due fertility the poultry keep,
And kindle love sufficient for the sheep.
On their past folly with amaze they stare,
And mock the solemn mummery of pray'r;
No more on Anthony's once hallow'd feast,
The horse and ass shall travel to be blest;
No more shall Hodge's prong and shovel start,
Boot, saddle, bridle, wheelbarrow, and cart;
No more in Lent shall wiser Frenchmen starve,
While God affords them a good fowl to carve.
Away with fasts— a *fool* could only hatch 'em—
Frenchmen, eat fowls, wherever you can catch 'em.
Let not the fear of hell your jaws control—
A capon, trust me, never damn'd a soul.
Heav'n kindly sends to man the things man chooses;
And he's an impious blockhead who refuses.

* Every trade has its saints.

Melt all the bells to cannon with their grace;
And, 'stead of demons, let them Austrians chase.
Away with relics, holy water, oils,
At which Credulity herself recoils!
Lo, Kellerman's and Custine's gun-clad pow'r
Will do more wonders with their iron show'r,
Than all the saints and crosses of the nation,
Since saints and crosses grew a foolish fashion.
Let crucibles and crucifixes join,
And silver saints perform their feats *in coin*;
Make a good rubber of the Virgin's wig—
Out with her ear-rings, and the dame unrig;
Sell off her gowns and petticoats of gold!
A piece of timber need not fear the cold.
Out with the priests, to lust's wild phrensy fed,
Who put the bridegroom and the bride to bed;
One eye to Heav'n with sanctity applied,
The other leering on the blushful bride;
Who loads her in hot fancy with caresses,
And cuckolds the poor bridegroom as he blesses!
Perish the masses for a burning soul,
That never yet extinguish'd half a coal!
No more for sins let pilgrims visit Rome—
Th' Almighty can forgive a rogue at home.
Strike me that purgatory from our creed—
Heav'n wants not fire to clarify the dead.
Break me old Januarius's bottle;
And let Contempt the old impostor throttle!
A truce to pray'rs for saints in Heav'n to hear—
'Tis idle—since not one of them is there.
Away with benedictions—canting matter!
A horsepond is as good as holy water.
Unveil the nuns, and *useful* make their charms;
And let their prison be a *lover's* arms.
I scout your porter Peter and his keys,
That ope to ev'ry rogue a pope shall please.
Avaunt the institutions that *enslave!*
The man who thought of marriage was a knave;

'Rais'd a huge cannon against human bliss,
And spoil'd that first of joys, the rapt'rous kiss;
Delicious novelty from Beauty drove,
And made the gloomy state the tomb of Love;
To *discord* turning what had *charm'd* the ear:
Converting Burgundy to sour small-beer.
Thus from his bright domain a sun is hurl'd,
To gild a pin-hole, that should light a world.
Exulting Reason from her bondage springs,
Claims Heav'n's wide range, and spreads her eagle wings;
While Superstition, lodg'd with bats and owls,
With Horror, and the hopeless maniac, howls.'

Thus crieth France!

Thus Infidelity walks bold abroad,
And, 'stead of Faith, the cherub, see a *toad!*
Such is th' impiety of France, alas!
And shall such blasphemy unpunish'd pass?
No!—for the honour of Religion, rise,
And flash conviction on their miscreant eyes.
The French are devils—devils—downright devils;
In heavenly wheat, accurs'd destructive weevils!
Abominations! atheists, to a man;
Rogues that convert the finest flour to bran;
In Vice's drunken cup for ever guzzling;
Just like the hogs in mud uncleanly nuzzling.
I know the rascals have a sin *in petto*,
To rob the holy lady of Loretto;
Attack her temple with their guns, so warrish,
And thrust the gentlewoman on the parish—
A lady all so graceful, gay, and rich,
With gems and wonders lodg'd in ev'ry stitch.
Heir of Saint Peter, kindle then thine ire,
And bid France feel thy apostolic fire;
Think of the quantity of sacred wood
Thy treasuries can launch into the flood;
What ships the holy manger can create!
At least a dozen of the largest rate—

And, lo, enough of sweet Saint Martha's hair,
To rig this dozen mighty ships of war.
Our Saviour's pap-spoon, that a world adores,
Would make a hundred thousand pair of oars,
Gather the stones that knock'd down poor Saint
Stephen,
And fling at Frenchmen in the name of Heav'n;
Bring forth the thousands of Saint Catherine's nails,
That ev'ry convent, church, and chapel hails—
For storms, uncork the bottled sighs of martyrs,
And blow the rogues to earth's remotest quarters.
Such relics, of good mother Church the pride,
How would they currycomb a Frenchman's hide!
Son of the church, again I say, arise,
And flash new marvels in their sinner eyes;
With teeth and jaw-bones on thy holy back,
Thumbs, fingers, knuckle-bones, to fill a sack;
With joints of rump and loins, and heels and toes,
Begin thy march, and meet thy atheist foes:
Struck with a panic shall the villains leap,
And fly thy presence, like a flock of sheep.
Thus shall the rebels to Religion yield,
And thou with holy triumph keep the field.

Thus in Jamaica, once upon a time,
(Ah! well remember'd by the man of rhime!)
Quako, high priest of all the negro nation,
And full of negro faith in conjuration,
Loaded his jackass deep with wonder-bags
Of monkeys' teeth, glass, horse-hair, and red rags*;
When forth they march'd—a goodly solemn pace,
To pour destruction on the Christain race;
To send the husbands to th' infernal shades,
Hug their dear wives, and ravish the fair maids;
To bring god Mumbo Jumbo into vogue,
And sanctify the names of wh—— and rogue!

* These little bags are called by the Negroes, *obia*, and are supposed to be possessed of great witchcraft virtues.

By Fortune's foot behold the scheme disjointed;
And, lo, the black apostle disappointed!
But mark! this diff'rence, to the world's surprise,
Between your Holiness and Quako lies:—
O'er France (no more an unbelieving foe,
Who bought thy relics, and ador'd thy toe)
Divine dominion shalt thou stretch, O pope,
While luckless Quako only stretch'd—a *rope*.

Where is the priest that cannot curse a rat,
A weasel, locust, grasshopper, and gnat?—
If *journeymen* can curse the reptile clan,
The master certainly can curse a *man*.
Father of miracles, then stir thy stumps,
And break the legs of Sin, that takes such jumps;
Fall not upon thy face, and cur-like yelp;
And, panting, panic-stricken, cry—'God help!'

To show that pray'r alone will not avail,
The muse shall finish with a well-known tale.

THE WAGGONER AND JUPITER.

A LUCKLESS waggon roll'd into a slough—
Clod scratch'd his head, and growl'd, and knit his brow;
But what avail'd it?—Fast the waggon lay—
Now Clod imagin'd, like an idle lout,
A pray'r or two might help the pris'ner out;
Then unto Jupiter he howl'd away.

'How now! you lazy lubber!' cried the god—
'Clap to the wheel your shoulder, Master Clod;
And, mind me, let your horses be well flogg'd.'—
Clod took th' advice, exerted all his strength:
The waggon mov'd, and mov'd; and lo, at length,
Forc'd from the quagmire, on again it jogg'd.

Such is the simple tale, O man of God!
Go thou, and imitate the bumpkin Clod.
  I do not call your holiness a *lubber*;
But let me tell thee, in an easy way,
Contrive with skill this *game of saints* to play;
  Thou'lt beat thy ancestors, and win the rubber.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO

THE READER.

Just as I had finished my Epistle, it struck me that his Holiness kept a bad *House at Rome—Marvelling Reader, nothing less than a large B-wdy House, from which he derives an Immensity of* impure *Emolument: so that this great Son of the Church, God's Vicegerent on Earth taxes female Flesh, winks at Fornication, and consequently promotes the Cause of Carnality. Thus is a great Commandment broken, and Lasciviousness become sanctioned by the Successor of the Apostolic Peter. From this sad Circumstance probably the Bone, Wood, and Metal Conductors of Miracle, like the Electric Machine in foul Weather, will not answer so well; and consequently a Disappointment may attend the Experiments. The Bard therefore wishing the Moral Hemisphere to be as clear as possible, very properly addresses a Pair of reprimanding Odes to his Holiness on the Occasion, in sanguine Hopes of a Reformation.*

ODE.

LET me confess that beauty is delicious :
 To clasp it in our arms, is nice—but vicious :
That is to say, *unlawful* hugs—caresses
Which want those bonds which God Almighty blesses.
I do not say that we should not *embrace:*
We *may*—but then it should be done with *grace:*
The flesh should scarce be thought of—there's the merit:
Sweet are the palpitations of the spirit !

Pure are indeed the kisses of th' upright ;
So simple, meek, and sanctified, and slight !
 Good men so *softly* press the virgin lip !
But *wicked* man ! what does he, carnal wretch,
With all his horse-like passions on full stretch ?
 The mouth, sweet cup of kisses, scorns to *sip*—

But with the spicy nectar waxing warm,
The knave gets drunk upon the pouting charm ;
 Seizes the damsel round the waist so handy ;
And, as I've said before, gets drunk, the beast,
Like aldermen, the guttlers at a feast:
 For ladies' lips are cherries steep'd in brandy.

The flaxen ringlets, and the swelling breast;
The cheek of bloom ; the lip, delightful nest
 Of balmy kisses, moist with rich desires ;
The burning blushes ; and the panting heart ;
The yielding wishes that the eyes impart,
 Oft in our bosom kindle glass-house fires.

Oh ! shun the tempting nets that Satan spins !
The highest pleasures are the deepest sins !

'Woman's a lovely animal, 'tis true—
 Too well, indeed, the lawless passions know it:
Unbridled rogues, that wild the charm pursue,
 And madly with the scythe of Ruin mow it.

Thus giving it of death the wicked wound—
A tender flow'r stretch'd sweetly on the ground!

' Ware lark,' the sportsman to his pointer cries;
 Designing him for partridge—nobler game.
As the soul's partridge is the skies,
 ' Ware girl,' should Piety exclaim.

Blest is the simple man by virtue sway'd,
Who wishful burns not for the blooming maid;
 Whose pulses calm as sleeping puppies lie;
Who rusheth not to prey upon her charms,
Full of Love's mad emotions, mad alarms,
 Just like a famish'd spider on a fly,
That in the tyrant's claws resigns its breath,
Unhappy humming till it sleeps in death.

Blest is the man who marks the cherry lip,
And sigheth not the nectar'd sweets to sip,
 Nor press the heaving hills of purest snow;
Who marks the love-alluring waist so taper,
Without one wish, or pulse's single caper,
 And to his hurrying passions cries out, ' No!
Stop, if you please, young imps, your hot career,
And shun the precipice of Fate so near;
Draw in, or, with the horses of the sun,
You drive, like Phaëton, to be undone.

O pope, I've heard that, when a friar
(And Fame, in this, is not a liar),
 Thou oft didst smuggle beauty to thy cell,
And, 'stead of flogging thy own sinful back,
Didst give a sweet Italian girl the smack—
 The *smacks* indeed of love that lead to Hell.

And lo, thou sinner, pope, instead
Of counting ev'ry sacred bead,

Thou wickedly didst count the damsel's charms:
Instead of clasping the most holy cross,
Such was of sanctity thy loss,
Thou squeezed'st mortal limbs amid thy arms:
Instead of kissing the most sacred wood,
Lo, were thy lips defil'd by flesh and blood.

Instead of psalmody, the skies to greet,
In sinful catches didst thou deal, and glee;
And lo, to put the angels in a sweat,
Thou dandled'st the young harlot on thy knee,
Singing that wanton song of shame,
'A lovely lass to a friar came!'

Instead of begging gracious Heav'n,
For all thy sins to be forgiv'n,
Ready wert thou to manufacture more!
Thy passions, ev'ry one a mutineer,
Just like a cask of cider, ale, or beer,
Fermenting, frothing, frisking, foaming o'er.

The songs of harlots to thine ear,
So full of witchery, were dear,
And bosom of desire that hook'd thine eye!
Dear as an execution to a judge,
A well-known wight who seems to grudge
Life and enjoyment to a fly;
Who fond of hanging, robs the very cats,
And on a gibbet mounts his captive rats
And moles,
To look like dangling men and maids, poor souls!

Instead of loudly crying, 'Let us pray,'
Thou in thy twilight cell so snug,
Didst to an armful of rich beauty say—
In whisper soft, 'Bettina, let us hug.'

Instead of turning *upwards* thy two eyes
Devoutly, for a blessing from the skies;
What was thy most unhallow'd action? Oh!
Vile didst thou cast those eyes on *things* below.

ODE II.

THE world was never wickeder than now—
Wedlock abus'd—her bond pronounc'd a jail;
A wife call'd vilely 'ev'ry body's cow,
'A canister, or bone to a dog's tail!'
What dare not knaves of this degenerate day,
Of marriage, decent hallow'd marriage say?
'Wedlock's a heavy piece of beef, the rump!
Returns to table, hash'd and stew'd, and fry'd,
And in the stomach, much to lead ally'd,
A hard unpleasant undigested lump:
But fornication ev'ry man enjoys—
A smart anchovy sandwich—that ne'er cloys—
A *bonne bouche* men are ready to *devour*—
Swallowing a neat half dozen in an hour.
'Wedlock,' they cry, 'is a hard, pinching boot,
But fornication is an easy shoe—
The first won't suit;
It won't do.

'A girl of pleasure's a light fowling piece—
With this you follow up your game with ease;
That heavy lump, a *wife*, confound her!
Makes the bones crack,
And seems upon the sportsman's breaking back,
A lumb'ring eighteen pounder.

'*One* is a summer-house, so neat and trim,
To visit afternoons for Pleasure's whim;
So airy, like a butterfly so light;
The *other* an old castle with huge walls—
Where Melancholy mopes amid the halls,
Wrapp'd in the doleful dusky veil of night.'

Then, pope, on fornication turn thy back :
Oh, let it feel the thunder of attack !
  Most dangerous is this habit, sir, of sinning :
Hang all the bawds ; for where's a greater vice,
Than taking in young creatures, all so nice ?
  And yet to them, 'tis merely knitting, spinning—
            No more !
Although the innocent is made a wh——.

With just as much *sang froid*, as at their shops
The butchers sell rump steaks, or mutton chops,
  Or cooks serve up a fish, with skill display'd,
So an old abbess for the rattling rakes,
A tempting dish of human nature makes,
  And dresses up a luscious maid :
I rather should have said, indeed, *un*dresses,
To please a youth's unsanctified caresses.

Thus, in the practices of fleshy evil,
They're off upon a gallop to the Devil ;
Yet deem themselves, poor dupes, cocksure of
        heav'n—
As though salvation could to bawds be giv'n,
To jades encouraging those rebel fires,
Pepper'd propensities, and salt desires ;
Curs'd by the Bible, if we trust translators ;
Which sayeth, 'Woe be to all fornicators.'

At Rome, each hour, are horrid actions done !
  By *thee* approv'd, thou dar'st not, pope, deny :
Yes, yes, the lawless places are well known,
  Where youth for venal pleasures madly fly,
Bargain for beauteous charm, and pick, and cull it,
As at a poulterer's *Betty* turns a pullet.

I like examples of a wicked act—
Take, therefore, reader, from the bard a fact.
  An old *procuress* groaning, sighing, dying,
A rake-hell enters the old beldame's room—
'Hæ, mother ! thinking on the day of doom ?
  'Hæ—dam'me, slabb'ring, whining, praying, cry-
        ing ?

Well, mother! what young filly hast thou got,
To give a gentleman a little trot?'

'O captain, pray, your idle nonsense cease,
And let a poor old soul depart in peace!
What wicked things the Dev'l puts in your head,
Where can you hope to go, when you are dead?'

'How now, old beldame?—shamming Heav'n with praying!
Come, come, to bus'ness—don't keep such a braying;
Let's see your stuff—come, beldame, show your ware;
Some little Phillis, fresh from country air.'

'O captain, how *unpiously* you prate!
Well, well, I see there's no resisting fate;
Go, go to the next room, and there's a bed—
And such a charming creature in't—such grace!
Such sweet simplicity! and *such* a face!—
Captain, you are a devil—you are, indeed.

'I thank my stars that nought *my* conscience twits;
Which to my parting soul doth joy afford;
O captain, captain! what, for nice young *tits*,
What will you do, when I am with the Lord?'

REFLECTION.

Such was the fact! thus was this bawd persuaded,
Heav'n's massy door would not be barricaded!
Sure, in her mind, that Peter would unlock it!
Thus had her soul thy passport in its pocket.

Though the Author has so severely reprimanded His Holiness for his Incontinency, he, with the utmost Candour, suspecteth his own Frailty.

ODE TO INNOCENCE.

O NYMPH of meek and blushful mien,
Lone wand'rer of the rural scene,
Who lovest not the city's bustling sound,
But in the still and simple vale
Art pleas'd to hear the turtle's tale,
'Mid the gay minstrelsy that floats around!

Now on the bank, amid the sunny beam
I see thee mark the natives of the stream,
That break the dimpling surface with delight;
Now see thee pitying a poor captive fly,
Snapp'd from the lov'd companions of his joy,
And, swallow'd, sink beneath the gulf of *night*.

Now see thee, in the humming golden hour,
Observant of the bee, from flow'r to flow'r,
That loads with varied balm his little thighs,
To guard against chill Winter's famish'd day,
When rains descend, and clouds obscure the ray,
And tempests pour their thunder thro' the skies.

Now see thee happy, with the sweetest smile,
Attentive stretch'd along the fragrant soil,

Beholding the small myriads of the plain,
The pismires, some upon their sunny hills,
Some thirsty wand'ring to the crystal rills,
Some loaded bringing back the snowy grain;

So like the lab'ring swains, who yet look down
Contemptuous on their toils and tiny town!

Now see thee playful chase the child of spring,
The winnowing butterfly with painted wing,
That busy flickers on from bloom to bloom;
Pursuing wildly now a fav'rite fair,
Circling amid the golden realm of air,
And leaving, all for *love*, the pea's perfume.

Now see thee peeping on the secret nest,
Where sits the parent wren in patient rest;
While at her side her feather'd partner sings;
Chants his short note, to charm her nursing day;
Now for his loves pursues his airy way,
And now with food returns on cheerful wings.

Pleas'd could I sit with thee, O nymph so sweet,
And hear the happy flocks around thee *bleat*;
And mark their skipping sports along the land;
Now hear thee to a fav'rite lambkin speak,
Who wanton stretches forth his woolly neck,
And plucks the fragrant herbage from thy hand.

Thus could I dwell with thee for many an hour:
Yet, should a rural Venus from her bow'r
Step forth with bosom bare, and beaming eye,
And flaxen locks, luxuriant rose-clad cheek,
And purple lip, and dimpled chin, so sleek,
And archly heave the love-seducing sigh;

And cry, 'Come hither, swain—be not afraid;
'Embrace the *wild*, and quit the *simple* maid'—
I *verily* believe that I should *go:*
Yet, parting, should I say to thee, 'Farewel—
I cannot help it—Witchcraft's in her cell—
The passions like to be where tempests blow—

Go, girl, enjoy thy fish, and flies, and doves;
But suffer *me* to giggle with the *Loves*.'

Thus should I act—excuse me, charming saint:
An imp am I, in Virtue's cause so faint;
  Like David in his youth, a lawless swain!
Preferring (let me own with blushing face)
The storms of Passion to the calms of Grace;
  One ounce of *pleasure* to a pound of *pain*.

PATHETIC ODES.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND's DOG THUNDER,

AND THE WIDOW's PIGS;

A TALE.

THE POOR SOLDIER OF TILBURY FORT.—ODE TO CERTAIN FOREIGN SOLDIERS.—ODE TO EASTERN TYRANTS.—THE FROGS AND JUPITER; A FABLE.—THE DIAMOND PIN AND CANDLE; A FABLE.—THE SUN AND THE PEACOCK; A FABLE.

Far off the hero *bleeds* in Brighton wars,
At least his horse's *ribs* so glorious bleed:
Where, nobly daring danger, death, and scars,
He flies and rallies on his bounding steed.

EPISTLE DEDICATORY,

TO HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND.

SIR,

YOUR Grace's well-known accomplishments; your Grace's well-known liberality; your Grace's well-known love of sham-fights; your Grace's well-known rage for public liberty; your Grace's well-known political œconomy; your Grace's well-known private œconomy; and last, though not least, your Grace's well-known Christian-like benevolence to objects of charity; form such a constellation of virtues as must inspire every author with an ambition of dedicating his labours to so splendid a character. Flies are fond of the sun.

The great displeasure lately given by your Grace to their *high mightinesses Messieurs Pitt* and *Dun-*

das, and *one or two* more whom we forbear to mention, has spurred the muse to take the part of exalted merit, defend you with her ægis against the united wishes of a whole kingdom, and endeavour to restore your Grace to a *firm seat* on that high-mettled war-horse, Ordnance, upon which your Grace seems to sit so *dangerously loose*.

I am your Grace's, &c.

P. PINDAR.

ODE.

The Poet giveth Philosophy's modest and sublime Picture of Infinity, a Picture damned by the great Folk of the present Day.—Peter maketh a most sagacious Discovery of a Connexion never thought of before, viz. between Folly and Grandeur.—He talketh of Wisdom, and abuseth the Blindness of the Vulgar.—*He talketh of Flattery.—He plumply contradicteth the* Vulgar, *and advanceth unanswerable Reasons.— He descanteth on Mind and Body, proving that a Horsewhip is as necessary for the one as the other.—The wise and elegant Speech of the 'Squire, or elder Brother.—The Poet discovereth Distance to be the Parent of Admiration, and confuteth the Opinion of Mob, by a pantomimical Illustration.—Peter attacketh many great Men, most aptly making Use of a Windmill and a Warming-pan.—He selecteth* one *great and good Man from the herd of* bad.

THOUGH huge to *us* this flying world appears,
And *great* the bustle of a thousand years;
How *small* to him who form'd the vast of nature!
One trembling drop of animated water*!

'What are we?—Reptiles claiming Pity's sigh,
Though in our own conceits so fiercely stout;
Nay, such small wights in Providence's eye,
As asks *Omnipotence* to *find us out*.'

So says Philosophy.—'*Fudge*, cant, mere words,
Trash, nonsense, impudence,' cry kings and lords.

Ah, sirs! believe the sacred truths I tell—
Folly and Grandeur oft together dwell:
Folly with Title oft is seen to skip,
Stare from his eye, and grin upon his lip.

Wisdom descendeth not from king to king,
Or lord to lord, like an estate;
The present day believeth no such thing—
Matters are *vastly* chang'd of late.

What says Experience from her sober school?
'Nature on many a titled front writes *fool*.
But, lo! the vulgar world is blind, stone blind;
The beast can see no writing of the kind;
Or if it *sees*, it cannot *read*—
Now this is marvellous indeed.'

Hark to the voice of Flatt'ry! thus she sings—
'Gods of the earth are emp'rors, popes, and kings;
Godlings, our dukes and earls, and such fine folk.'
And thus the liar Flatt'ry sung of yore;
The fascinated million cry'd *encore*,
For Wisdom was too young to smell the joke.

Wide was the sphere of Ignorance, alas!
And faint, too faint, of Truth's young sun the ray;

* Consult the wonders of the microscope.

Too feeble through th' immense of gloom to pass,
And beaming chase a world of fog away.

Ye Vulgar cry, 'Great men are wondrous wise.'—
Whoever told you so, told arrant lies:
It cannot be.—Not! why?—Hear me, pray,
They are so dev'lish *lazy*, let me say.

The mind wants lusty flogging, to be *great:*
To use a vulgar phrase, 'The mind must *sweat.*'
Now men of worship will *not* sweat the mind;
Meat, clothes, and pleasure, come *without*, they find.

What man will make a drayhorse of the soul,
To drag from Science's hard quarry, stone,
Who really wanteth nothing from the hole—
A toil which therefore may be let alone?

Th' idea seems so wondrously *uncouth*,
As maketh ev'ry elder brother *start*;
Who openeth thus his widely-grinning mouth,
'Fine fun, indeed, for *me* to drag a *cart!*

'Let *younger brothers* join it, if they please;
Old Square-toes, thank my God, has caught *my* fleas.'

Suppose ye want a fine strong fellow?—speak,
Where for this fine strong fellow would ye seek?
'Seek! seek a drayman,' with one voice ye cry;
'A chairman or a ploughman, to be sure;
Men who a constancy of toil endure;
Such are the fellows that we ought to try.'

This then is granted—well then, don't ye find
Some likeness 'twixt the *body* and the *mind?*

Distance has wonderful effects indeed;
But, sirs, this is not ev'ry body's creed:
Mob is not in the secret—that's the case;
Mob deemeth great men gods!—yes, ev'ry where,
Far off, or near.
Now let a short remark or two take place.

First, I assure you that things are not *so*;
By G-d, they are *not* gods.—I pray ye, go
To pantomimes, where fine cascades and fields,
And rocks, a huge delight to Wonder yields:

Approach them—what d'ye find the frowning rocks?
Lord! what imagination really shocks!
Black pairs of breeches, scarcely worth a groat:
What are the fields so flourishing? green baize,
The objects of your most astonish'd gaze:
What the cascade? a tinsel petticoat,
And tinsel gown upon a windlass turning
The fields and rocks so *nat'rally* adorning.

Great men, I've said it, often are great fools,
Great sycophants, great swindlers, and great knaves;
Too often bred in Tyranny's dark schools,
Happy to see the under-world their slaves.
Great men, at *diff'rent* times, are *diff'rent* too;
More so when int'rest is the game in view.

A windmill and a warming-pan, no doubt,
Are most unlike each other in their nature;
Yet, trust me, the same man, *in* place and *out*,
Is to the full as opposite a creature.

Yet *some* great men are good!—and, by mischance,
Their eyes on mis'ry will not always glance;
As, for example, Richmond's glorious grace,
A duke of most *unquestionable* merit,
With Merc'ry's cunning, and dread Mars's spirit,
Who took the Ordnance, a tremendous place!

This Duke of Thunder is for ever *spying*;
To find out objects of sheer merit, trying:
How happy too, if objects of *distress*;
Thus is his Grace of Guns ador'd by all;
For this, where'er he rides, both great and small,
Him and his horse, with eyes uplifted, bless.

This Turenne* would be sorry, very sorry,
  Should *one* pale form of want his eye escape:
'No,' cries his grace, 'Misfortune shall not worry,
  Whilst *I* a sixpence for the poor can scrape'
How much like majesty in Windsor town,
Hunting for Pity's objects up and down!

Yet since distress *has* 'scap'd his grace's eye,
The muse o'er Tilb'ry Fort shall breathe a sigh.
Yet ere on Tilb'ry Fort we drop a tear,
Lo! with a tale we treat the public ear—
  Relate a pretty story of his grace:
Much will the tale his grace's soul display—
Happ'ning ('tis said) at Goodwood on a day—
  'Twill put a smile or frown on ev'ry face.

* A French General, of the last century, possessed of the sublimest qualities.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND's DOG THUNDER,

AND THE WIDOW's PIG.

The Widow's whole Fortune lodged in the Sow.—Her Joy on the Sow's lying-in.—The Duke's Dog Thunder much like Courtiers.—Thunder killeth the young Pigs, yet surpasseth Courtiers in Modesty.—The Sow crieth out.—The Widow joineth the Sow in her Exclamations.—The old Steward cometh forth at the Cry of the Sow and Widow, and uttereth a most pathetic Exclamation.—A sensible Dissertation on the different Species of Compassion.—*The Widow's piteous Address to his Grace.—His Grace's humane and generous Answer to the Widow.*

A DAME near Goodwood own'd a sow, her all,
Which nat'rally did into travail fall,
And brought forth many a comely son and daughter;
On which the widow wondrously was glad,
Caper'd and sung, as really she were mad—
But tears oft hang upon the heels of laughter.

At Goodwood dwelt the duke's great dog, call'd
Thunder,
A dog, like courtiers, much inclin'd to plunder;
This dog, with courtier-jealousy so bitter,
Beheld the sweetly-snuffling sportive litter.

Bounce! without 'by your leave,' or least harangue,
Upon this harmless litter, Thunder sprang,
And murder'd brothers, sisters, quick as thought;
Then sneak'd away, his tail between his *rear*,
Seeming asham'd—unlike great courtiers here,
Who (Fame reporteth) are asham'd of *nought*.

The childless sow set up a shriek *so* loud!
All her sweet babies ready for the shroud;
Now chas'd the rogue that such sad mischief work'd:
Out ran the dame—join'd Mistress Sow's shrill cries;
Burst was at once the bag that held her sighs,
And all the bottles of her tears uncork'd.

'Oh! the duke's dog has ruin'd me outright;
Oh! he hath murder'd all my pretty pigs.'
Forth march'd the steward grey, with lifted sight,
And lifted hands, good man, and cry'd 'Odsnigs!'

Word of surprise! which, with a plaintive tone,
And rueful countenance, and hollow groan,
Did seem like *pity* also, for her case:
Yet what's *odsnigs*, or moan, or groan, or sighs,
Unhelp'd, by Famine if the object *dies?*
Or what a yard of methodistic face?

Compassions differ very much, we find!
One deals in *sighs*—now sighs are merely *wind:*
Another only good advice affords,
Instead of alms—now this is only *words:*
Another cannot bear to *see* the poor;
So orders the pale beggar from the door.

Now *that* compassion is the best, I think
(But, ah! the human soul it rarely graces),

'Instead of groans, which giveth meat and drink;
Off'ring *long* purses too, instead of faces.

But, muse, we drop dog, duke, and sow, and dame,
To follow an old pitiful remark;
Like wanton spaniels that desert the game,
To yelp and course a butterfly or lark.

Now to his Grace the howling widow goes,
Wiping her eyes so red, and flowing nose.

'Oh! please your Grace, your Grace's dev'lish dog,
Thunder's confounded wicked chops
Have murder'd all my beauteous hopes—
I hope your Grace will pay for ev'ry hog.'

What answer gave his Grace?—With placid brow,
'Don't cry,' quoth he, 'and make so much foul weather—
Go home, dame; and when Thunder eats the *sow*,
I'll pay for all the *family* together.'

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

ODE TO A POOR SOLDIER

OF

TILBURY FORT.

The Poet pronounceth the very great Shyness *subsisting between Merit and Money.—Merit's Connexion with Poverty, and the Consequence.—Attack on Fortune.—Address to the poor Soldier. He pitieth the poor Soldier's pitiable Fate, viz. his ragged Coat, hungry Stomach, and Want of Fire.—His Companions on the Mud.—Peter smileth at the Hubbub made on Account of a Shot-hole in the* little *Coat of a* great *Prince, a Remnant of Glory that may probably add another Ray to the Lustre of St. Paul's.—Peter most pathetically inquireth for his Grace—proclaimeth him to be at Brighton, most heroically engaged.—The different Amusements of his Grace at Brighton, awake and asleep.—Crumbs of Consolation to the poor Soldier.*

MERIT and Money very seldom meet;
Form'd for each other, they should oftener greet;
Indeed *much* oftener should be seen together:
But Money, vastly shy, doth keep aloof;
Thus Poverty and Merit beat the hoof,
Expos'd, poor souls, to every kind of weather.

Thus as a greyhound is meek Merit lean,
So slammakin, *untidy*, ragged, mean,
  Her garments all so shabby and unpinn'd:
But look at Folly's fat Dutch lubber child;
How on the tawdry cub has Fortune *smil'd*,
  When with contempt the goddess should have
      grinn'd!

So much for preamble; and now for thee,
Whose state forlorn his Grace could never *see*.

Poor Soldier, after many a dire campaign,
Drawn mangled from the gory hills of slain,
  Perhaps the soul of Belisarius *thine*;
Why with a tatter'd coat along the shore,
Where Ocean seems to heave a pitying roar,
  Why do I see thee thus neglected pine?

Poor wretch! along the sands condemn'd to go,
  And join a hungry dog, or famish'd cat,
A pig, a gull, a cormorant, a crow,
  In quest of crabs, a muscle, or a sprat!

Now, at Night's awful, pale, and silent noon,
  Along the beach I see thee lonely creep,
Beneath the passing solitary moon,
  A spectre stealing 'mid the world of sleep.

Griev'd at thy channell'd cheek, and hoary hair,
  And quiv'ring lip, I mark thy famish'd form,
And hollow jellied orbs that dimly stare,
  Thou piteous pensioner upon the storm.
The muse's handkerchief shall wipe thine eye,
And bring sweet Hope to sooth the mournful sigh.

Deserted hero! what! condemn'd to pick,
  With wither'd, palsy'd, shaking, wounded hand,
Of wrecks, alas! the melancholy stick,
  Thrown by the howling tempest on the strand?

Glean'd with the very hand that grasp'd the sword,
To guard the throne of Britain's sacred lord!

While Cowardice at home from danger shrinks,
And on an empire's vitals eats and drinks.

Heav'ns! let a spent and rambling shot
Touch but a *prince's* hat or coat,
  Expanded are the hundred mouths of Fame;
Whilst braver thousands (but *untitled* wretches),
Swept by the sword, shall drop like paltry vetches,
  Their fate unpitied, and unheard their name!

Poor soldier! is that stick to make a fire,
  To warm thyself, and wife, and children dear?
Where is the goodly duke—of coals the 'squire,
  Whose heart hath melted oft at Mis'ry's tear?

And, vet'ran! is that *coat* thy ragged all?
  Sport of the saucy winds and soaking rain!
For *this* has Courage fac'd the flying ball?
  For *this* has bleeding Brav'ry press'd the plain?

Where is the man who mocks the grin of Death,
Turns Bagshot pale, and frightens Hounslow Heath?

Far off, alas! he bleeds in Brighton wars;
  At least his horse's ribs so glorious *bleed*;
Where, nobly daring danger, death, and scars,
  He flies and rallies on his bounding steed.

There too his Grace may wield his happy pen,
To prove that truly great and valiant men,
In idle duels never should engage,
But nurse for dread reviews their godlike rage.

Far off, the hero, in his tent reclin'd,
  Where high and mighty meditations suit,
On leather, leather, turns his lofty mind,
  To make a cannon of an old jack-boot!

Great geniuses, how loftily they jump!
  Lord! what his rapture when he deigns to ride!
To feel beneath his Grace's gracious rump,
  An eighteen-pounder in his horse's hide!

There too, to barracks, fir'd in Freedom's cause,
And to Mount Wyse*, his lyre the hero tunes;
There too the pow'r of doating Fancy draws
The Royal George to sight by air-balloons†.

This, Fancy's pow'r most earnestly can dare—
By Fancy's pow'r the royal ship may rise,
Borne by her bladders through the fields of air,
Just like a twig, by rooks, along the skies.

There too, at midnight drear, the hero schemes,
'Midst hum and snore of troops, for England's good;
Explores machines of death in happy dreams,
For hills of bones, and cataracts of blood.

There, like King Richard, whom the furies rend,
He bustles in his sleep, and starts, and turns;
Now grasps the sword, and now a candle end,
That, blazing like *himself,* beside him burns.

Thus, 'mid his tent reclin'd, the godlike man
Vast schemes in slumber spins for England's sake;
'And, lo!' quoth Fame, 'his godlike Grace can plan
As wisely in his sleep as when awake.'

When with his host, Caligula came over,
No matter where—for rhime-sake call it *Dover*—
What were the trophies hence to Rome he bore?
Of paltry perriwinkles just a score!

But Richmond from his Brighton wars shall bring
Life to the state, and safety to a king!

Blest man! from Brighton field, with laurels crown'd,
He triumphs up the town without a wound‡;

* A place near Plymouth Dock, on which the national treasure has been so *wisely* expended for the *innumerable conveniences* of his brother Lennox.

† This was actually proposed by his Grace, with every sanguine idea of success.

‡ The poet seems to have forgotten himself: his

From Brighton wars, that witness'd not a corse!—
Most lucky, losing neither man nor horse!

Thus then, O soldier, *distance* hides his Grace;
  Thus is the sun, at times, of clouds the sport:
Yet soon the glories of his lordship's face
  Shall, like a comet, blaze o'er Tilb'ry Fort.

There shall the muse thy piteous tale unfold,
Gain thee a coat, and coals, to kill the cold;
  Nay, fat shall swim upon thy meagre porridge:
The sympathizing duke her tale will hear,
And drop, at sound of coat and coals, a tear—
  For Richmond's *bounty* equals Richmond's *courage*.

motto talks a different language: but the *quidlibet audendi* belongs as much to P. P. as to every other poet.

AN ODE
TO CERTAIN FOREIGN SOLDIERS,
IN CERTAIN PAY.

A complimentary Address to the Soldiers.—Wholesome Advice.—Peter draweth a natural and pathetic Picture of poor little Louis, reported to have been disgracefully put an Apprentice to a Cobbler.—The Insolence and Cruelty of his Master the Cobbler. — The Cobbler blasphemously abuseth Title.—The little Cobbler King crieth.—Sensible Reflections on the Genius of Kings, with a Lick at the French Convention, and also at his own Stupidity.— Peter supplicateth for the little Louis.—Adviseth the Soldiers to a bold Action.—Inquireth of Soldiers who *is to receive their* Death-money.*—Peter comforteth, and reconcileth them to* Death.

Peter blesseth the King and the War, and curseth Reform, a Word in the Mouths of Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Richmond before *they got into Office. Peter adviseth* more *taxes, for a weighty political Reason,* videlicet, *on Account of the* Impudence *of a Nation, which always increaseth in an insufferable* ratio *with Riches.*

YE heroes, from your wives and turnips far,
Who wage so gloriously the flying war,
I give you joy of hand and leg endeavour;
And though ye sometimes chance to run away,
The generous General Murray's pleas'd to say,
'Tis very great indeed—'tis vastly clever.'

O cut the Frenchmen's throats, the restless dogs!
O with the tiger's gripe upon them spring!
A pack of vile, degrading, horrid hogs;
To make a dirty cobbler of a king!

See *stool-propp'd* majesty the leather spread!
Behold his pretty fingers wax the thread,
And now the leather on the lap-stone, hole;
Now puts his majesty the bristle in,
Now wide he throws his arms with milk-white skin,
And now he spits and hammers on the sole.

And, lo! a rascal christen'd *sans-culotte*,
Leers on the window of his shed; and, lo!
He bawls (without of awe a single jot)
'Come, Master King—quick, sirrah, mend my shoe.'

And see! the *shoe* the little monarch takes,
And, lo! at ev'ry stitch with fear he quakes—
Such is of *Liberty* the blessed fruit!
The name *Licentiousness* would better suit.

Behold Saint Crispin's picture, strange to tell,
The low-life cobbler's tutelary saint,
Of little Louis deck the dirty cell;
How diff'rent from the lofty Louvre's paint!

See! his hard master catches up the strap,
And lashes the young king's poor back and side—
How! flog his majesty!—for what mishap?
Ye gods! because he spoil'd a bit of hide!

Nay, hear the cruel tyrant thus exclaim:
'Sirrah, there's nothing in a lofty name;

'Tis all mere nonsense, sound, and stuff together
Don't think, because thy ancestors, so *great*,
Have to a *paring* brought a glorious state,
I give thee leave to spoil a *piece* of leather.'

And now behold the little tears, like peas,
Course o'er his tender cheek in silence down;
And now, with bitter grief, he feels and sees
The diff'rence 'twixt a stirrup and a crown.

Folly! to make a *cobbler* of a *king!*
'Tis such a piece of madness, to my mind!
What could Convention hope from such a thing?
The race is fit for *nothing*—of the kind.

Heav'ns! then how dull I am! It was *disgrace*
France meant to put upon the royal race;
'Aye, and disgrace upon the *cobbler* too,'
Most impudently roars the man of shoe.

O from the lap-stone set the monarch free!
O snatch the stirrup from his royal knee;
Pull the hand-leather off and seize the awl!
Seize too the hammer that his fingers gall!

Soldiers! to Paris rush—strike Robespierre,
Knock Danton down, and crucify Barrere;
Crush the vile egg which from the serpent springs,
To dart th' envenom'd fang at sacred kings.

O soldiers, *whose* your skin-money, I pray?
At thirty guineas each—how dear your hides!
Much should I like the contract, let me say:
Thrice lucky rogue, that o'er your lives presides!

Then pray don't grumble, sirs, should ye be *shot*;
That is to say, if ye desire to *thrive*;
For know, if death should prove your lucky lot,
You're worth a vast *deal more* than when *alive*.

POSTSCRIPT.

NOW God bless our good king, and this good war,
  And d-mn that wicked word we call Reform;
Breeding in Britain so much horrid jar,
  So witch-like, conj'ring up a dangerous storm!

Yet in the mouths of Pitt and Richmond's lord,
Once what a sweet and inoffensive word!
Thus proving the delightful proverb true,
'What's meat to *me*, may poison be to *you*.'

And now God bless once more good Mister Pitt,
  Who for *invention* beats nineteen in twenty;
And may this gentleman's most ready wit
  Supply the nation all with taxes plenty;
And as the kingdom has unclench'd its fist,
Pick out a few odd pence for civil list.

We are too rich—Dame Fortune grows too saucy,
Wealth is inclin'd to be confounded *brassy*.

War is a wholesome blister for the back;
  Draining away the humours all so *gross*;
Else would the empire be of guts a sack—
  A Falstaff—woolsack—an unwieldy joss.

War yieldeth such rare spirits to a nation!
Giving the blood so brisk a circulation!
A kingdom, and a poet, and a cat,
Should never, never, never be *too fat*.

ODE.

Cats and Princes very much alike.

A CAT who from a window peepeth *out*,
'Is very like a cat who peepeth *in*'—
Thus is it said—and he who is no lout,
Knoweth that *cats* are unto *men* akin.

For princes looking *up* towards a throne,
Are very much like princes looking *down*;
That is, love pow'r, love wealth, have great propensities,
Sublimely dealing ever in *immensities*.

Princes have *clawing* passions too, I ween—
Yes, many a *foreign* king and *foreign* queen;
With stomachs wide too as a whale's, or wider:
The subject and a king, in *foreign* land,
I often have been giv'n to understand,
Are a poor jack-ass and his rider.

ODE TO TYRANTS.

Peter, with his poetical Broomstick, belaboureth foreign Tyrants.—Taketh the Part of the oppressed Poor.—Asketh Tyrants knotty and puzzling Questions.—Giveth a Speech of Cato.—Peter seriously informeth them that they are not like the Lord.—Peter taketh a Survey of the Furniture of their Heads.—Peter solemnly declareth that the Million *doth not like to be ridden.—Giveth an insolent Speech of Tyrants, and calleth them* Highwaymen.—*The Taylor and the Satin Breeches.—The Shoemaker and the Shoes.—Peter lamenteth that there should be* some who *think it a* Sin *to* resist *Tyrants.—Adviseth them to read Æsop's Fables.*

WHO, and *what* are ye, sceptred bullies ?—speak,
That millions to *your* will must bow the neck,
And, ox-like, meanly take the galling yoke ?
Philosophers your ignorance despise ;
Ev'n Folly, laughing, lifts her maudlin eyes,
And freely on your *wisdoms* cracks her joke.

How dare ye on the men of labour tread,
Whose honest toils supply your mouths with bread ;
Who, groaning, sweating, like so many hacks,
Work you the very clothes upon your backs ?
Clothes of calamity, I fear,
That hold in ev'ry stitch a tear.

Who sent you?—Not the Lord who rules on high,
Sent you to man on *purpose* from the sky,
  Because of *wisdom* it is not a *proof:*
Show your credentials, sirs:—if ye refuse,
Terrific gentlemen, our smiles excuse,
  Belief most certainly will keep aloof.

Old virtuous rugged Cato, on a day,
Thus to the Soothsayers was heard to say,
'Augurs! by all the gods it is a shame,
  To gull the mole-ey'd million at this rate;
Making of gaping blockheads such a game,
  Pretending to be hand and glove with Fate!

'On guts and garbage when ye meet,
To carry on the holy cheat,
How is it ye preserve that solemn grace,
Nor burst with laughter in each other's face?'

Thus to our courtiers, sirs, might I exclaim—
        'In Wonder's name,
How can ye meanly grov'ling bow the head
    To pieces of gilt gingerbread?
Fetch, carry, fawn, kneel, flatter, crawl, tell lies,
To *please* the creature that ye should *despise?*

Tyrants, with all your wonderful dominion,
Ye ar'n't a whit like God, in my opinion;
  Though *you* think otherwise, I do presume:
Hot to the marrow with the *ruling* lust,
Fancying your crouching subjects so much *dust,*
  Your *lofty selves* the mighty sweeping *broom.*

Open the warehouses of all your brains;
Come, sirs, turn out—let's see what each contains:
  Heav'ns, how ridiculous! what motley stuff!
Shut, quickly shut again the brazen doors;
Too much of balderdash the eye explores;
  Yes, shut them, shut them, we have seen enough.

Are *these* the *beings* to bestride a world?
To *such* sad beasts, has God his creatures hurl'd?

Men want not *tyrants*—overbearing knaves;
Despots that rule a realm of *slaves*;
  Proud to be gaz'd at by a *reptile* race:
Charm'd with the music of their clanking chains,
Pleas'd with the fog of state that clouds their brains,
  Who cry, with all the impudence of face,

'Behold your gods!—down, rascal, on your knees;
  Your money, miscreants—quick, no words, no strife;
Your lands too, scoundrels, vermin, lice, bugs, fleas;
  And thank our mercy that allows you *life!*'

Thus speak the highwaymen in purple pride,
On *Slavery's* poor gall'd back so wont to ride.

Who would not laugh to see a tailor bow
  Submissive to a pair of satin breeches?
Saying, 'O breeches, all men must allow
  There's something in your aspect that bewitches!

'Let me admire you, breeches, crown'd with glory;
And though *I made* you, let me still *adore* ye:
Though a rump's humble servant, form'd for need,
  To keep it warm, yet, Lord! you are so fine,
I cannot think you are my work indeed—
  Though merely mortal, lo! ye seem divine!'
Who would not quick exclaim, 'The tailor's mad?'
      Yet tyrant-adoration is as bad.

See! Crispin makes a pair of handsome shoes,
Silk and bespangled, such as ladies use—
  Suppose the shoes so proud, upon each heel,
Perk it in Crispin's face, with saucy pride,
And all the meanness of his trade deride,
  And all the state of self-importance feel:

Tell him the distance between *them* and *him*,
Crispin would quickly cry, 'A pretty whim!

Confound your little bodies, though so fine,
Is not the silk and spangles that ye boast
Put on you at *my* proper cost?
Whatever's on ye, is it not all *mine?*
Did not I put you *thus* together, pray?'
What could the simple shoes in answer say?

There too are *some* (thank Heav'n they do not *swarm)*
Who deem it *foul* to stay a tyrant's arm,
That falls with fate upon their humble skulls:
Some for a despot's rod have heav'd the sigh!
Let *such* on wiser Æsop cast an eye,
And read the fable of the *Frogs*, the fools.

THE FROGS AND JUPITER.

THE frogs so happy, 'midst their peaceful pond,
Of *emp'rors* grew at once extremely fond;
Yes, yes, an *emp'ror* was a *glorious thing*;
Each really took it in his addle pate,
'Twould be so *charming* to exchange their state!
An *emp'ror* would *such* heaps of blisses bring!

Sudden out hopp'd the nation on the grass,
Frog-man and yellow wife, and youth and lass,
A numerous tribe, to knuckle down to Jove,
And pray the gods to send an *emp'ror* down,
'Twas such a pretty thing, th' imperial crown!
So form'd their pleasures, honours, to improve.

Forth from his old blue *weather-box*, the skies,
Jove briskly stepp'd, with two wide-wond'ring eyes:
'Mynheers,' quoth Jove, 'if ye are wise, be quiet;
Know when you're happy'—but he preach'd in vain;
They made the most abominable riot;
'An emp'ror, emp'ror, yes, we *must* obtain.'

'Well, *take* one,' cry'd the god, and down he swopp'd
A monstrous piece of wood, from whence he chopp'd
Kings for the gentlefolks of ancient days:
Stunn'd at the sound, the frogs all shook with dread;
Like dabchicks, under water push'd each head,
Afraid a single nose so pale to raise.

At length *one* stole a peep, and then a *second*,
Who, slily winking to a *third* frog, beckon'd;
And so on, till they all obtain'd a peep;
Now nearer, nearer edging on they drew,
And finding nothing terrible, nor new,
Bold on his majesty began to *leap:*

Such hopping this way, that way, off and on!
Such croaking, laughing, ridiculing, fun!

In short, so very shameful were they grown;
So much of grace and manners did they lack,
One little villain saucily squat down,
And, with a grin, defil'd the royal back.

Now unto Jove they, kneeling, pray'd again,
'O Jupiter, this is so sad a beast,
So *dull* a monarch—so devoid of brain!
Give us a king of *spirit*, Jove, *at least.*'

The god comply'd, and sent them emp'ror Stork,
Who with his loving subjects went to work;
Chas'd the poor sprawling imps from pool to pool,
Resolv'd to get a handsome belly full.

Now gasping, wedg'd within his iron beak,
Did wriggling scores most lamentably squeak:
Bold push'd the emp'ror on, wit stride *so* noble,
*Bolting** his subjects with majestic gobble.

* A term to be found in the Hampshire Dictionary, implying a *rapid* deglutition of bacon, without the

Again the noble croaking tribe began to pray,
'Midst hoppings, scramblings, murder, and dismay:

'O save us, Jove, from this inhuman Turk!
O save us from this imp of Hell!'
'Mynheers,' quoth Jove, 'pray keep your *emp'ror* Stork—
Fools never know when they are *well*.

sober ceremony of mastication. It is, moreover, to be observed, that Hampshire servants, who are bacon-*bolters*, have always less wages than bacon-*chewers*.

ODE.

Peter giveth a gentle *Trimming to the Jackets of foreign Potentates; and a Pair of pretty Fables, by way of Looking-glasses, for their* Most High Haughtinesses.

EMP'RORS, and popes, and nabobs, *mighty things,*
I think, too, we may take in *foreign* kings,
Too often deem their humble makers, *slaves;*
Now such high *folk* are either fools or knaves,
Or *both* together probably—a case
That happens frequently amongst the *race.*
Methinks now, this is scandalous—'tis hateful—
Wicked, and, what is full as bad, ungrateful.

The great of many a continent and isle,
Enough to make the sourest cynic smile,
Or, as the proverb says, '*make a dog laugh,*'
Think honours from *themselves* arise alone;
Thus are their makers at a *distance* thrown,
Consider'd as mere mob, mere dirt, mere chaff.

The following Fables then will let them know,
What to *us riffraff* of the world they owe.

THE DIAMOND PIN AND THE FARTHING CANDLE; A FABLE.

UPON a lady's toilet, full of lustre,
A di'mond pin one night began to bluster;
Full of conceit, like some young flirting girl,
Her senses lost in Vanity's wild whirl:

Highly disgusted at a farthing candle,
Left by the lady of the *broom*,
Nam'd Susan, slipp'd into another room,
Something of consequence to handle—

'You nasty tallow thing,' exclaim'd Miss Pin,
'Pray keep your distance—don't stay here, and wink;
loathe ye—you and all your greasy kin—
Good heav'ns! how horribly you look and stink!'

'Good Lord! Miss Pin,' Miss Candle quick reply'd,
'Soften a little that ungrateful pride:
You *shine* indeed—to this I must agree:
Yes, *Miss*, you make a very pretty blaze;
But let me tell ye, that your wondrous rays
Owe all your boasted brilliancy to *me*.'

'How! *Madam Impudence!*' rejoin'd Miss Pin,
First with a frown, and then a scornful grin;
'I should not, sure, have dreamt of *that*,
Miss Fat!'

'Susan,' Miss Candle bawl'd, 'Susan, come here!
Such saucy language I'll no longer bear:
Susan, come, satisfy the *lady's* doubt—
Take me away, I say, or blow me out.'

Susan, who, list'ning, heard the great dispute,
By no means could refuse Miss Candle's suit;
So into darkness Susan blew her beam:
'*Now*,' with a sharp sarcastic sneer,
'*Now*,' quoth Miss Candle, '*now*, my dear,
Where is of radiance *now* your boasted stream?

'Where are your keen and fascinating rays,
Ten thousand of them—[illegible]h a mighty blaze?'
Miss Di'mond star'd, and [illegible]d again,
To find departed radiance, but [illegible]n.

Quite vanish'd! not a sin[illegible]
Each sparkle swallow'd in [illegible]

Alter'd, quite alter'd, sadly disappointed,
The hopes of her high pride disjointed,
'I fear,' quoth Pin, 'I much mistake my nature.'
'True,' answer'd Candle, 'true, my dear Miss Pin;
Lift not, in future, *quite so high* your chin,
But show some rev'rence for your blaze-creator.'

THE SUN AND THE PEACOCK;

A FABLE.

A PEACOCK, mounted on a barn one day,
Blest with a *quantum sufficit* of pride,
All consequence amid the solar ray,
Spread with a strut his circling plumage wide.

'Good morrow,' quoth the coxcomb, 'Master Sun;
Your brassy face has greatly been admir'd—
Now pray, Sir, answer me—I'm not in fun—
What is there in it to be so desir'd?
If I have any eyes to see,
And, that I have, is clear to *me*,
My *tail* possesses far more splendid grace,
By far more beauty than your worship's *face*.'

The sun look'd down with smiles upon the fowl,
Supposing it at first an owl:
And thus with gravity reply'd, 'Sir, know,
That though unluckily my *worship's face*
Seems far beneath your *tail* in splendid grace,
Still to *my face that* glitt'ring *tail* you owe.'

'Poh!' quoth the peacock, 'Master Sun,
Your *highness* loves a bit of *fun*.'
'I beg your pardon,' answer'd Sol again—
'And, if you please, I'll condescend to show
How much to *me* you ev'ry moment owe
The boasted beauties of your waving train.'

'Agreed, with all my soul,' the bird reply'd,
In all the full-blown insolence of pride;
'To credit such a tale I'm not the noddy:
Prove that the glorious plumage I display
Owes all its happy colours to thy ray,
D-m'me I'll tear my feathers from my body.'

The challeng'd Sun in clouds withdrew
His flaming beams from ev'ry view,
And o'er the world a depth of darkness spread:
The bats their churches left, to wing the air;
The cocks and hens and cows began to stare,
And sulky went all supperless to bed;
For not an almanack had op'd its lips
About so very wondrous an eclipse.

The Peacock too, amongst the rest
Of marv'ling fowl and staring beast,
Turn'd to his feathers with some doubt,
Amaz'd to find his hundred eyes put out;
Indeed all nature did appear as black
As if old Sol had popp'd into a sack.

Pleas'd with his triumph, from a cloud,
The Sun, still hiding, call'd aloud,
'Well! can ye merit to *my face* allow?
What's now your colour; where your hundred eyes?
The mingled radiance of a thousand dies;
Speak, Master Peacock, what's your colour now?'

'What colour!' quoth the bird, as much asham'd
As courtiers high by loss of office tam'd—
'To own the truth, much-injur'd Phœbus, know,
I'm not one atom better than a *crow*.

[illegible] folly,—pity my poor train;
And let thy goodness bid it shine again.'

Tyrants of *eastern* realms, whose subjects' noses,
Like a smith's vice, your iron pow'r encloses;
Who treat your people just like dogs or swine;
The meaning of my tale, can ye divine?
If *not*, go try to *find* it, I beseech ye,
And do not let your angry subjects *teach* ye.

END OF VOL. II.